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THE NEW YORKER

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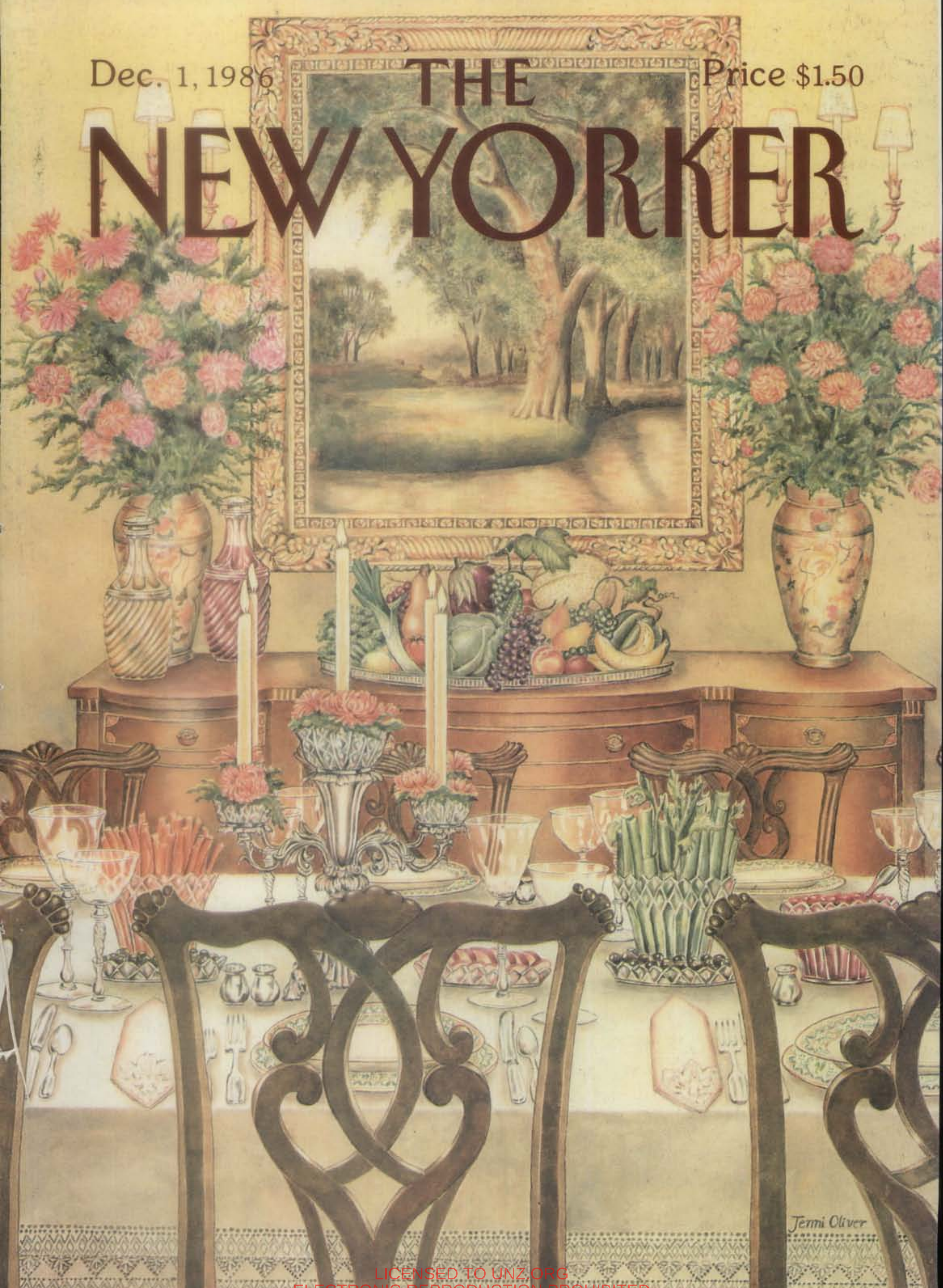
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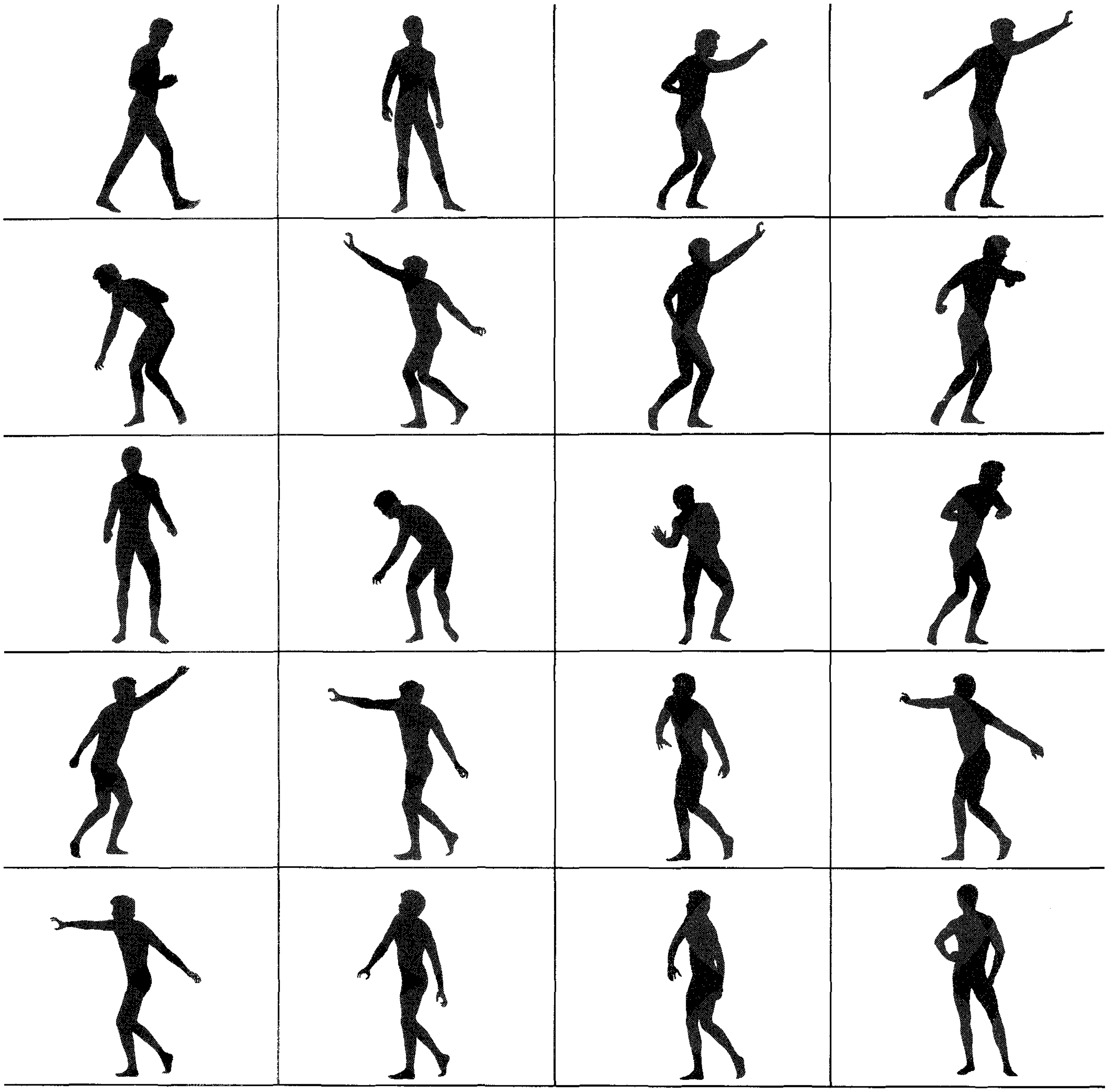

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(This week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 27. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Angry Housewives—A boring musical about four dissatisfied women who form a rock group. The closing number is funny, but there's a long, long wait. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/29/86.) (Minetta Lane, 18-22 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thursday and Friday, Nov. 27-28, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. Special performances Friday, Nov. 28, at 7 and 10.)

Arsenic and Old Lace—A slam-bang revival of a hit comedy of the early nineteen-forties. The cast is headed by Jean Stapleton, Polly Holliday, and Tony Roberts. (7/7/86) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 28, at 2.)

Broadway Bound—The final installment in Neil Simon's trilogy of semi-autobiographical plays. Gene Saks is the director. Previews through Wednesday, Dec. 3. Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 4. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 28, at 3.)

Brownstone—A revival of a little musical about a New York brownstone and its tenants. The music, by Peter Larson and Josh Rubins, is pleasant, and it is well sung, but the words—lyrics and book—don't come to much. (11/17/86) (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Dec. 7.)

Circle Repertory Company—A play by Caroline Kava, **THE EARLY GIRL**, is the second in this season's series. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100. Wednesday, Nov. 26, and Friday, Nov. 28, at 8; Saturday, Nov. 29, at 7 and 10; and Sunday, Nov. 30, at 3 and 7:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 30.)

Coastal Disturbances—Tina Howe's funny and beautiful play about love is set on a private beach on Massachusetts' North Shore. Annette Bening, as a photographer from this city, and Timothy Daly, as a lifeguard, are the beguiling lovers, and among the other actors, as summer people, are Rosemary Murphy, Jonas Abry, Heather Mac Rae, and Ronald Guttman. Tony Straiges and Dennis Parichy designed the distinguished setting and lighting. Carole Rothman was the able director. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103. Nightly, except Mondays and Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2; special matinée Sunday, Nov. 30.)

The Colored Museum—A sharp, satiric revue on the subject of blackness and related matters, which is almost done in by damnable sound amplification. George C. Wolfe was the clever writer, and L. Kenneth Richardson the able director. The performers, all of them splendid, are Loretta Devine, Tommy Hollis, Reggie Montgomery, Vickilyn Reynolds, and Danitra Vance. (11/10/86) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays and Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

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The Common Pursuit—An English import. Six Cambridge undergraduates, in the sixties, plan to launch a literary magazine in accordance with the rigorous standards of the critic F. R. Leavis, and in the ensuing twenty years manage to breach these standards. Simon Gray's play, while not especially original, is consistently entertaining, and it is very well performed, under the direction of the dramatist and Michael McGuire. With Michael Countryman, Nathan Lane, and Peter Friedman, among others. (11/3/86) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Face to Face—A play by Alexander Gelman, translated from the Russian by Zora Essman. David Groh and Ina Balin have the leads. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. 254-5076. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Front Page—A revival of a comedy by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, starring John Lithgow and Richard Thomas. The director is Jerry Zaks. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Groucho: A Life in Revue—A surprisingly lively and touching show about the great comedian/humorist. Frank Ferrante's dedicated impersonation becomes a true performance; Les Marsden, doubling, comes close to Chico and seems inspired as Harpo; and Faith Prince deftly acts the women in their lives, among them, of course, Margaret Dumont. Arthur Marx (son of Groucho) and Robert Fisher were the playwrights; Mr. Marx directed. (10/20/86) (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thursday and Friday, Nov. 27-28, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. Special performances Friday, Nov. 28, at 7 and 10.)

The Hands of Its Enemy—A play by Mark Medoff, starring Phyllis Frelich and Jeffrey DeMunn. On Sunday evening, Nov. 30, there will be two sign-language interpreters for deaf patrons. (Manhattan Theatre Club at

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Have I Got a Girl for You!—A ham-fisted musical takeoff on "Frankenstein" and other horror movies of the thirties and forties. For camp followers only. (Second Avenue Theatre, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 674-1460. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thursday and Friday, Nov. 27-28, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. Special performances Friday, Nov. 28, at 7 and 10.)

Highest Standard of Living—Keith Reddin's political farce about an American graduate student in Moscow is weak on politics, but quite a few of the jokes are funny (in Act I). A lot of steam escapes by the second act. Steven Culp does very well in the leading role. Don Scardino directed, and John Arnone designed the witty scenery. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The House of Blue Leaves—A superb revival of John Guare's brilliant, ferocious comedy, with Swoosie Kurtz and John Mahoney, among other fine performers. Jerry Zaks was the acute, perceptive director. (3/31/86) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 28, at 3.)

Krapp's Last Tape—A disappointing revival of Samuel Beckett's play. (9/15/86) (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 8 and 10; and Sunday at 7. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 30.)

Lady Day at Emerson's Bar & Grill—A play of sorts about one of Billie Holiday's last engagements, at a night club in Philadelphia, well sung and performed by the personable Lonette McKee, who bears no resemblance—vocal, physical, or temperamental—to the late Miss Holiday. (9/29/86) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 28.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Victor Herbert's **babes in toyland.** Opens with a special matinée on Friday, Nov. 28, at 2, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 4. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2287. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

Lily Dale—This play is one of Horton Foote's annals of Texas before the First World War. Don Bloomfield plays a young man who pays a visit to his mother and sister in Houston, Molly Ringwald is the sister, and Greg Zittel is their abrasive stepfather. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Samuel Beckett, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2826. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, Nov. 26, at 3.)

A Little Like Magic—A production by the Famous People Players, a company of puppeteers from Canada. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2; special matinées Thanksgiving Day at 5, and Friday, Nov. 28, at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 7.)

Me and My Girl—A fifty-year-old British musical, once starred in by Lupino Lane. His worthy successor is Robert Lindsay, who in his day has played Hamlet and can evidently play anything. (8/25/86) (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 947-0033. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 28, at 2.)

Negro Ensemble Company—Leslie Lee's **the war party,** the company's opening bill, is overloaded with plot, subplot, and incidents, but it is never tedious. Most of the action takes place in the offices of a black activist group in a Philadelphia slum. Among the good actors are Vondie Curtis-Hall, Adam Wade, Carla Brothers, and Kathryn Hunter. (11/17/86) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 8:30; and Sunday at 7. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 3, and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 30.)

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Oh Coward!—A revival of a musical revue devised by Roderick Cook and first presented Off Broadway in 1972. The Coward in the show's title is Sir Noël, and the music and lyrics are his. With Mr. Cook, who also directed, Catherine Cox, and Patrick Quinn. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays and Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 28, at 3.)

Olympus on My Mind—A larky little musical based on the Amphitryon legend. Music by Grant Sturiale and words (book and lyrics) by Barry Harman, who also directed. (8/18/86) (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 28, at 3.)

Shogun Macbeth—Shakespeare's play, set in thirteenth-century Japan, with Ernest Abuba and Freda Foh Shen. A presentation of the Pan Asian Repertory Theatre. (Playhouse 46, 423 W. 46th St. 245-2660. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Dec. 13.)

Smile—A musical taken from a 1975 film of the same title, with music by Marvin Hamlisch and a book and lyrics by Howard Ashman, who is also the director. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 575-9200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 28, at 3.)

Social Security—A lively, conventional comedy by Andrew Bergman. (4/28/86) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 28, at 3.)

Stardust—A revue featuring songs by lyricist Mitchell Parish and his many collaborators, including Hoagy Carmichael, Duke Ellington, and Glenn Miller. Conceived and directed by Albert Harris. (Theatre Off Park, 224 Waverly Pl., at 11th St. 627-2556. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Sweet Charity—A hit twenty years ago and deservedly a hit today. Bob Fosse has been its chief maker, assisted by Neil Simon (book), Cy Coleman and Dorothy Fields (songs), and Robert Randolph (scenery). Ann Reinking stars. (5/12/86) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 28, at 2.)

Time Out of Time—A play by and with Clifford Mason, directed by Al Freeman, Jr. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 7.)

You Never Can Tell—The Shaw play of 1896 has been given an agreeable production, with an exceedingly clever performance by Victor Garber as a lovesick intellectual (for whom read Bernard Shaw). Also in the cast are Uta Hagen, Philip Bosco, Lise Hilboldt, Stefan Gierasch, John David Cullum, and Amanda Plummer. The direction is by Stephen Porter. (10/20/86) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 28, at 3.)

Long Runs—**big river:** A musical version of "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn." Twain's great novel has been respectfully dealt with in a book by William Hauptman, with music and lyrics by Roger Miller. Heidi Landesman has somehow managed to put the Mississippi River onstage. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 28, at 2.) . . . **la cage aux folles:** A dazzling production of a musical that has little wit and a lot of phony sentimentality about the tenderhearted family life of homosexuals. The music, by Jerry Herman, is Broadway-romantic. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 28, at 2.) . . . **cats:** Ezra Pound nicknamed T. S. Eliot "Old Possum," and under that name Eliot wrote a collection of poems about cats, and now the cats are on display on Broadway, with music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, scenery by John Napier, and direction by Trevor Nunn. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 28, at 3.) . . . **a chorus line:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, and Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2; special matinées Friday, Nov. 28, and Sunday, Nov. 30, at 3.) . . . **the fantasticks:** 11,064 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42nd street:** Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 28, at 3.) . . . **i'm not rappaport:** Herb Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park, starring Ossie Davis and Hal Linden. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 28, at 3.) . . . **little shop of horrors:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **the mystery of edwin drood:** Old-fashioned mock-Victorian nonsense, with book and

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songs by Rupert Holmes and direction by Willford Leach. The cast includes George Rose, Donna Murphy, Loretta Swit, and Howard McGillin. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays and Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 28, at 3.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 28, at 2.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **PENN & TELLER:** A sublime combination of conjuring and comedy. Penn Jillette does the talking; Teller is silent. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Thursdays, except Thanksgiving, and Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 28, at 2.)

MISCELLANY

LE CIRQUE IMAGINAIRE—Circus arts are the inspiration for a troupe made up entirely of Victoria Chaplin; her husband, Jean-Baptiste Thierrée; their teen-age son, James Spenser; and two rabbits, three ducks, and a bird. (Triplex, 199 Chambers St. 618-1980. Wednesday through Saturday, Nov. 26-29, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 30, at 2 and 8.)

NEXT WAVE FESTIVAL—The annual convocation at BAM of established avant-gardists—The Flying Karamazov Brothers in an adaptation of Stravinsky's "The Soldier's Tale." With two guest performers and musical accompaniment by the Kamikaze Ground Crew. (Carey Playhouse. Tuesday, Dec. 2, at 7; Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 3-6, at 8; and Sunday, Dec. 7, at 2 and 7.) . . . ¶ Bill T. Jones/Arnie Zane & Co. performing "The Animal Trilogy," a dance work consisting of "How to Walk an Elephant," "Water Buffalo: An Acquired Taste," and "Sacred Cow: Lifting a Calf Everyday Until It Becomes an Ox." (Opera House. Wednesday, Dec. 3, at 7, and Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 4-6, at 8.) (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Through Tuesday, Dec. 30.)

THE KNEE PLAYS—The title for the sequences that David Byrne wrote (words and music) to connect the sections of Robert Wilson's epic "The Civil Wars." Performed by a company of eight actors, seven musicians, and a narrator. Choreography by Suzuchi Hanayagi. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 2-3, at 7:30 and 10.)

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL—The annual Christmas show, with, of course, the Rockettes. (Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 757-3100. Thursday, Nov. 27, at 2:30 and 7:30; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 28-29, and Saturday, Dec. 6, at 10, 1:30, 5, and 8:30; Sunday, Nov. 30, at 12:30, 4, and 7:30; Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 1-2, and Thursday, Dec. 4, at 11 and 2:30; and Friday, Dec. 5, at 2:30. Through Thursday, Jan. 8.)

BIG APPLE CIRCUS—A one-ring tent circus. (Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center. Thursday, Nov. 27, at 7:30; Friday, Nov. 28, and Sunday, Nov. 30, at 12:30 and 4; Saturdays, Nov. 29 and Dec. 6, at 12:30, 4, and 8; Tuesday, Dec. 2, and Thursday and Friday, Dec. 4-5, at 11 and 7:30; and Wednesday, Dec. 3, a benefit performance at 7:45. Through Sunday, Jan. 4. For information about tickets, call 391-0767; for benefit tickets, 391-0760.)

BEEHIVE—A musical revue, featuring songs of the sixties. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

FORBIDDEN BROADWAY 1986—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

BENEFIT PROGRAM—F. Murray Abraham, Ossie Davis, Lucie Arnaz, Rex Smith, and others in a staged reading of "A Christmas Carol," by Charles Dickens. A benefit for the Riverside Shakespeare Company and the Anglo-American School. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. Monday, Dec. 1, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 279-4200.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, Nov. 26, at 8: "Interplay," "Scotch Symphony," and "Dances at a Gathering." . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 28, at 8: "Concerto Barocco," "In G Major," and "Glass Pieces." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 29, at 2: "Interplay," "In G Major," and "Union Jack." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 29, at 8: "La Source," "Concerto for Two Solo Pianos," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 30, at 1: "Concerto Barocco," "Glass Pieces," and "Union Jack." . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 30, at 7: "Serenade," "In G Major," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Dec. 4-5, at 8, and Saturday, Dec. 6, at 2 and 8: "The Nutcracker." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through Sunday, Feb. 22.)

ALVIN AILEY AMERICAN DANCE THEATRE—Opening performances of a four-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Dec. 28—Tuesday, Dec. 2, at 7:30: "The Lark Ascending" and two New York premières—"Witness" and "Caverna Magica." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 3, at 8: "Divining," "Portrait of Billie," "Bad Blood" (New York première), and "For Bird with Love." . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 4, at 8: "Blues Suite," "Cry," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 5, at 8: "The Lark Ascending," "Treading," "Speeds," and "Caverna Magica." . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 6, at 2: "Blues Suite," "Portrait of Billie," "Suite Otis," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 6, at 8: "The Stack-Up," "Speeds," and "For Bird with Love." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

FLAMENCO PURO—Final performances by a troupe of twenty dancers, singers, and musicians from Seville. (Mark Hellinger Theatre, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Wednesday, Nov. 26, at 8; Friday, Nov. 28, at 3 and 8; Saturday, Nov. 29, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Nov. 30, at 3 and 7:30.)

MOISEYEV DANCE COMPANY—A hundred and fifty-five dancers and musicians from Moscow. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Wednesday, Nov. 26, at 2 and 8, and Thursday, Nov. 27, at 8.)

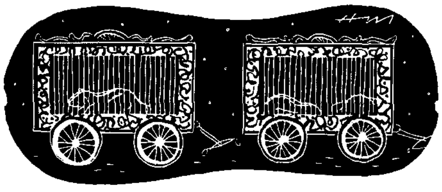
BALLET HISPANICO OF NEW YORK—A one-week engagement. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Tuesday, Dec. 2, at 7:30; Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 3-5, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 6, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Dec. 7, at 2 and 7:30.)

ANNA SOKOLOW'S PLAYERS' PROJECT—"Ellis Island," "Opus '65," "As I Remember," and "Steps of Silence." (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Wednesday, Nov. 26, and Friday through Sunday, Nov. 28-30, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ABILENE CAFÉ, 359 Second Ave., at 21st St. (473-8908)—A corner bar and restaurant that offers ribs, liver, Bud, and the blues. The Holmes Brothers band holds forth on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 28-29, and on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 5-6, **JIMMY ROGERS,** the veteran Chicago guitarist who played in Muddy Waters' first electric band, gets the call. Other bluespersons can be found here during the rest of the week. Music from nine. Closed Thanksgiving.



ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**JULIE WILSON** is in the Oak Room, concentrating on the songs of the late Harold Arlen. William Roy is her accompanist. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**BLOSSOM DEARIE** has a wee girl's voice but it is expressive and her diction is impeccable and the songs she chooses to sing ("I'm Hip," "Sweet Kentucky Ham," "Bye-Bye, Country Boy," "Bruce") are perfectly suited to her. Her concerts begin at six-thirty Wednesdays through Saturdays. At nine Tuesdays through Saturdays, Rita Gardner devotes herself to songs from the Age of Gatsby and Coolidge, and at eleven Wednesday through Saturday, Nov. 26-29, Laurie Beechman, one of the cats in "Cats," sings contemporary pop and show tunes.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A large, carpeted, bemirrored jazz club with a spectacular piece of neon art on the back wall (the Manhattan skyline and attendant celestial bodies) and with great clusters of musicians on the dais. The cheerfully eclectic **JAKI BYARD** directs his big band, the **APOLLO STOMPERS,** on Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 26-27, when the Basieless (but not, with **FRANK FOSTER** at the helm, leaderless) **COUNT BASIE ORCHESTRA** will also pulse and shine. The Basie band remains on view through Monday, Dec. 1, and on Tuesday, Dec. 2, drummer **BUDDY RICH** and his forces take charge. Music after nine. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Folk, rock, jazz, comedy, tables, chairs, and fries. The lineup: Wednesday, Nov. 26, David Johansen's alter ego, **BUSTER POINDEXTER,** and his tuxedoed accomplices, the **BANSHEES OF BLUE;** Friday, Nov. 28, Peter Case and David & David; Saturday, Nov. 29, **NRBQ;** Sunday, Nov. 30, Mick Taylor's New Electric Band; Tuesday, Dec. 2, former Mahavishnu Orchestra violinist Jerry Goodman; Thursday, Dec. 4, Kate Clinton and Deuce; and Saturday, Dec. 6, comedian Bob Goldthwait. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A real New York bar: it has dark wood panelling, Type A conversationalists, and some very good piano-bass and guitar-bass teams. The musicians: pianist **CEDAR WALTON** and bassist **DAVID WILLIAMS** through Saturday, Nov. 29; guitarist **JOE BECK** and bassist **JAY LEONHART** on Sunday, Nov. 30; and pianist **HILTON RUIZ** and bassist **RAY DRUMMOND** starting Monday, Dec. 1. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

CARLOS I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—It's so nice in here—silken woodwork and long tables with pink tablecloths and pink napkins—you might mistake it for a jazz club on a movie set but for the real musicians onstage. Tenor saxophonist **DAVID MURRAY,** who leads or plays with a half-dozen first-rate ensembles, is out in front of his trio (bassist **RICHARD DAVIS** and drummer **JOE CHAMBERS**) through Sunday, Nov. 30. On Tuesday, Dec. 2, saxophonist-pianist-vocalist **EDDIE HARRIS** brings in his quartet. Shows at nine and eleven, with an extra show at twelve-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. No music Mondays. Dining.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT,** a prince among café singers, presides over the little principality called the Café Carlyle. Bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **ROBBIE SCOTT** are his aides. Sets at ten and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Wednesday, Nov. 26, Mr. Short will be absent and **HELEN MERRILL** and a trio will be present. . . . ¶ Over in the Bemelmans Bar, Ludwig Bemelmans' rabbits perform everyday stunts on the walls and **BARBARA CARROLL** sings and plays the piano from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St.

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(982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too. Sundays and Mondays are showcase nights. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled below-stairs music room with a zigzag bar. A fourteen-piece band led by heavyweight pianist **MC COY TYNER** and featuring tenor saxophonist **BRANFORD MARSALIS** performs here through Sunday, Nov. 30, and on Tuesday, Dec. 2, **OREGON,** the chamber-jazz-of-the-planet quartet, begins a six-night residence. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Music nightly from eight except Mondays, when sets begin at nine. Dining.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—A cathedral-size bar and restaurant where you can hear and see (but from the bar you may want to use binoculars) good pianists. The roster: Wednesday, Nov. 26, **CHRIS ANDERSON;** Thursday, Nov. 27, **LARRY VUCKOVICH;** Friday and Saturday, Nov. 28-29, **BROSS TOWNSEND** (with bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM**); Sunday, Nov. 30, Keith MacDonald; Monday, Dec. 1, Peter Malinverni; and starting Tuesday, Dec. 2, **JACK WILSON.** Sets begin at seven Mondays through Thursdays, at seven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays, and at six on Sundays.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A tiny jazz outpost in swinging-singles country. Wednesdays through Saturdays belong to vocalist Kitt Moran, pianist Mike Moran, and bassist Andy Eulau; Sundays and Mondays are set aside for singer–pianist–Charlie Parker devotee **BOB DOROUGH** and bassist **BILL TAKAS;** and Tuesdays are given over to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** trio. All these groups begin at about ten.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant, low-key bar and restaurant in the piano-bass district. **JOANNE BRACKEEN**—a deft, baroque pianist who seems to burrow into whatever she plays (standards or, more often, her own dense, darting compositions) rather than float through it waving to bystanders—works with **CALVIN HILL** through Saturday, Nov. 29, and with **CECIL MC BEE** starting Tuesday, Dec. 2. On Sundays and Mondays, the keyboard is in the hands of Esther Blue. Music from about nine-thirty.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Scary-movie buffs like the epic-size iguana on the roof of this establishment; Texans like the reminders of home; and the musicians like the Texans, the New Yorkers, and the other visitors from this planet who regularly fill the joint up. Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 26-27, three-fifths of **THE BAND** (**GARTH HUDSON, RICK DANKO,** and **LEVON HELM**), which is a quorum of what was one of the greatest rock-and-roll bands ever; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 28-29, **WILLY DE VILLE & THE UPTOWN HORNS;** Sunday, Nov. 30, J. D. Souther and Karla Bonoff; Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 1-2, **JERRY JEFF WALKER,** the cowboy from Oneonta, New York; Friday, Dec. 5, Texas blues guitarists **ALBERT COLLINS** and **JOHNNY COPELAND;** and Saturday, Dec. 6, the **SUN RHYTHM SECTION,** Jerry Lee Lewis-era rock and rollers from Memphis. Music after nine. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Bangers and mash isn't on the menu here, an un-publike omission that probably won't matter to admirers of the urbane singer and raconteur Jonathan Schwartz, who is hosting a program called "All Hart." Singer **JO SULLIVAN** is his guest through Saturday, Nov. 29, and on Tuesday, Dec. 2, he will welcome **CAROL SLOANE.** Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen is likely to show up to play celebrity clarinet with a New Orleans-style sextet. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A longtime music hangout on the upper West Side. The schedule, in part: Wednesdays, Big Dog; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 28-29, drummer–talent finder **ART BLAKEY** and his current crop of **JAZZ MESSENGERS;** and Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 4-6, pianist **MICHEL CAMILO'S** trio. Music from about ten. Dining. Closed Thanksgiving.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock and roll of the Present Moment—and, occasionally, of the Classical Era (the fifties), the Romantic Era (the sixties), and the OPEC Era (the seventies)—in a big, fancy thirties-era ballroom. Thursday, Nov. 27, Zebra; Friday, Nov. 28, Fishbone and Hunters & Collectors; Saturday, Nov. 29, screamer-comedian Sam Kinison; Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 2-3, Stones drummer **CHARLIE WATTS** and his orchestra; Friday, Dec. 5, the Irish band **EASTERHOUSE;** and Saturday, Dec. 6, Slayer and Overkill. Shows begin at nine Sundays through Thursdays, and at eleven Fridays and Saturdays. Dancing.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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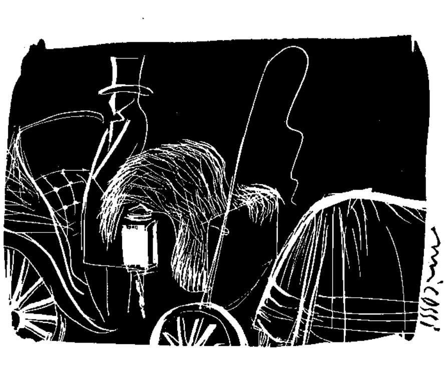
Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Tropical-forest décor (including a larger-than-life parrot suspended above the bandstand) and head-swirling music from Brazil, Africa, the Caribbean, and the U.S.A. Wednesday, Nov. 26, **HERBIE MANN** with the **NEW YORK SAMBA BAND;** Friday, Nov. 28, Tabou Combo and Coupe Cloue; and Saturday, Nov. 29, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND.** Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from eleven Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays, Mondays, and Thanksgiving.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A bustling knotty-pine-and-brick-walled jazz room. The **NEW YORK JAZZ QUARTET**—composed, in this instance, of pianist-supervisor **ROLAND HANNA,** trumpeter **JOHNNY COLES,** bassist **RAY DRUMMOND,** and drummer **TERI LYNN CARRINGTON**—performs here through Sunday, Nov. 30, and on Tuesday, Dec. 2, the South African pianist-composer **ABDULLAH IBRAHIM** and his swaying septet, **EKAYA,** begin a two-week stint. The enthusiastic **GIL EVANS ORCHESTRA** overflows the bandstand on Mondays. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—A simple basic blues and rock club, now a venerable ten years old. Wednesday, Nov. 26, the Pink, Tanaka, and Bonnie & the Lads; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 28-29, **BUSTER POINDEXTER & THE BANSHEES OF BLUE;** Sunday, Nov. 30, Lew Willie & the Snapdragons; Tuesday, Dec. 2, Kristi Rose & the Dying Breed; Wednesday, Dec. 3, the **ELLIOTT MURPHY** band; and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 5-6, **FENTON ROBINSON** and his blues band. Shows after nine-thirty. Closed Thanksgiving.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Thursday, Dec. 4, at nine-thirty, **CECIL TAYLOR, DAVID MURRAY, PHILIP GLASS, RICHIE HAVENS,** and others will perform in the gym-size downstairs room for the benefit of SANE (the Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy), which is celebrating its thirtieth anniversary and plans to celebrate a few more. . . . ¶ The Terrace Bar has a working fireplace and some estimable duos and trios. Vibraphonist **TEDDY CHARLES** and pianist **HAROLD DANKO** are on duty through Sunday, Nov. 30, and starting Tuesday, Dec. 2, pianist **ADAM MAKOWICZ** and bassist **JAMIL NASSER** will work in tandem. Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** and her trio are also present on Tuesdays, and Gail Wynters sings with a duo on Mondays. Music from around ten.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world, now fifty-one years old, has been described by Max Gordon, the wise proprietor and resident father figure, as "a good joint that people like to come to—thank God." **ILLINOIS JACQUET,** whose name alone suggests coattails flying, plays swinging tenor saxophone with his sixteen-piece band through Sunday, Nov. 30, and on Tuesday, Dec. 2, vibraphonist **BOBBY HUTCHERSON** descends the stairs with his quartet. Mondays are Blast-Off Nights for the **MEL LEWIS ORCHESTRA.** Music from ten.



West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machine and the EnduroRacer and the jukebox (now an accessory to the video screen above it) is a room full of jazz, blues, and comedy. The lineup: Wednesday, Nov. 26, drummer **WALTER BOLDEN'S** group, with baritone saxophonist **CECIL PAYNE;** Thursday through Sunday, Nov. 27-30, onetime Hampton band vocalist **LITTLE JIMMY SCOTT** and his combo; and starting Wednesday, Dec. 3, drummer **CHICO HAMILTON** (who was with Hampton in 1940, when he was nineteen) and his crew. Mondays are comedy nights. Music from about nine.

Whippoorwill, 18 E. 18th St. (675-7100)—A big, labyrinthine, elaborately done-up downstairs jazz club. Flutist **JAMES NEWTON'S** sextet performs here through Sunday, Nov. 30, and on Tuesday, Dec. 2, **JACK WALRATH**—a trumpeter much admired by Charles Mingus, with whom he worked in the mid-seventies—arrives with his septet. Mondays are reserved for Tex Allen's sextet. Music from about nine-thirty. Dining. . . . ¶ Upstairs, in Joanna (675-7900), a big, sumptuous bar and restaurant, pianist **TOMMY FLANAGAN** and bassist **GEORGE MRAZ** wind up their visit on Sunday, Nov. 30. **KENNY KIRKLAND** and a bassist move in on Tuesday, Dec. 2, and **HUGH LAWSON** fills in on Mondays. Music from nine-thirty.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A bright, spacious bar and restaurant with an in-between room from which music issues, putting an end to some discussions and inspiring others. Guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE,** a duo for more than a decade, play quietly fervent, highly melodic, room-stilling jazz on Wednesday, Nov. 26. Friday through Sunday, Nov. 28-30, Mr. Bertoncini works with bassist **GARY MAZZAROPPI,** and starting Monday, Dec. 1, Carol Britto and **MILT HINTON** converse on piano and bass. Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven. Closed Thanksgiving.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Stevie Ray Vaughan & Double Trouble—With the Outlaws. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 757-3100. Wednesday, Nov. 26, at 8.)

Wynton Marsalis—Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 26-27, and Sunday, Nov. 30, at 8, and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 28-29, at 8 and 11:30.

Barry Harris Trio—Jazz Cultural Theatre, Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 502-4300. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 28-29, at 10, 11:30, and 1.

Metallica—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Monday, Dec. 1, at 8.

Peter Gabriel—Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 1-2, at 8.

Judy Collins—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Wednesday, Dec. 3, at 8.

Andre Morgan—Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Thursday, Dec. 4, at 8.

Spyro Gyra—With Kevin Eubanks. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Friday, Dec. 5, at 8.)

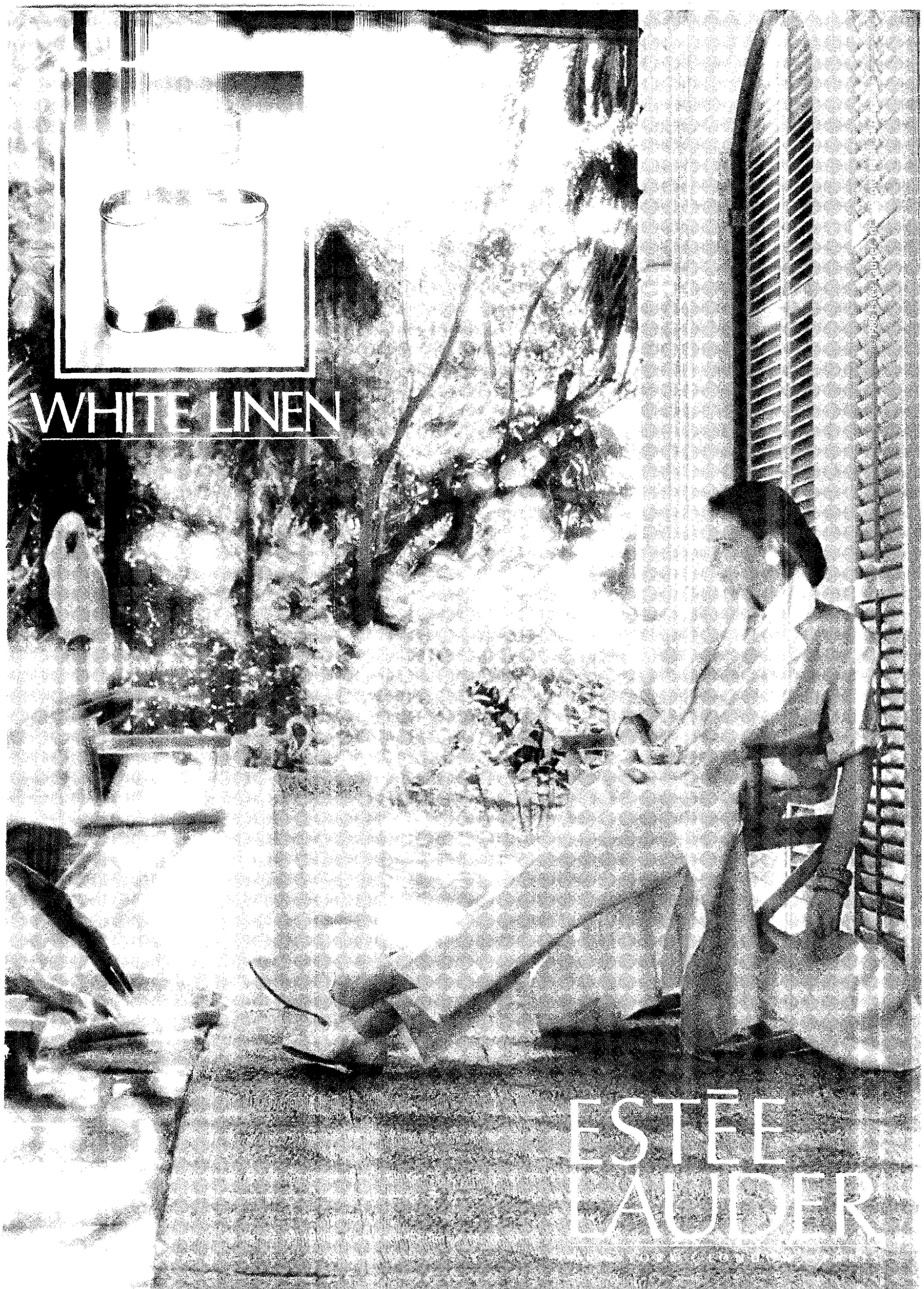
Jazz Center of New York—Monday, Dec. 1, at 9 and 10:30: Pierson Orchestra. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Dec. 5-6, at 9:30 and 11: George Coleman quartet, with Harold Mabern. (380 Lafayette St. 505-5660.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Thanksgiving Day.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Jacobo Borges—An accomplished Venezuelan-born artist who pays homage to Rembrandt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& Track magazine described it as a car "so confidence-inspiring as to incite very unboulevard-like driving."

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Michèle G. Klemme
Interior Designer, Age: 32
Heiko J. Klemme
Designer/Art Teacher, Age: 34
Living in Hong Kong

Heiko and I don't need to discuss much of what we see or feel in terms of design because we have the same sense, the same ideas. We met at an exhibition in Germany 10 years ago while we were both art students. I fell for his sunshine character and his capacity to commit himself 100% to things. He also has a great sense of drama, which allows him to indulge my addiction to "Return to Eden," the Australian version of "Dallas." He says he loves me for my autonomous will, the idea of having me and not having me at the same time. Hong Kong is such a vivid and lively city, but we really see our future in New York where—with a bit of Zeitgeist—we'll design fabulous environments for everyone.

Photo: Toscani

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

by painting himself in the same poses Rembrandt took for some of *his* self-portraits. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (CDS Gallery, 13 E. 75th St. Open Mondays.)

Alfredo Castañeda—The haunting, bearded face of this Mexican painter is the subject of most of these new works. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Martin, in new quarters at 23 E. 73rd St.)

Robert Cumming—Recent sculptures and works on paper. Through Dec. 20. (Castelli Graphics, 4 E. 77th St.)

Arnold Friedman (1874-1946)—Paintings. Through Dec. 27. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

Balcomb Greene—New paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Perlow, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Giacomo Manzù—Sculptures and drawings. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Jackson Pollock (1912-56)—Paintings and drawings from the early forties, when the artist was on the verge of his momentous drip innovations; the influences of Thomas Hart Benton and Picasso are still visible. Through Dec. 20. (McCoy, 19 E. 71st St.)

Maurice Prendergast (1859-1924)—A benefit loan show of watercolors of Italian, French, and American vistas. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Coe Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St. Open Mondays.)

Ken Price—Large clay bowls with scenes painted on them. Through Tuesday, Dec. 2. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Robert Rauschenberg—More than sixty drawings completed between 1958 and 1968. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

Joop Sanders—Paintings and drawings by an artist of the New York School. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Kren, 22 E. 65th St.)

Jonathan Santlofer—Abstract paintings on shaped canvases that fit together like pieces of a jigsaw puzzle. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Fritz Scholder—Paintings in which figures and interiors are reduced to their basic forms. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

Herk Van Tongeren—Tabletop-size bronze sculptures of classical doorways, arches, and columns, among which spheres, cones, and other geometrical forms are posed. Through Dec. 13. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

Max Weber (1881-1961)—Paintings, drawings, and prints from his Cubist periods. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Chris Wilmarth—Abstract wall sculptures (three extending to the floor) using bronze, steel, and glass. Through Wednesday, Dec. 3. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Group Shows—At the GALDY, 19 E. 71st St.: "The Brueghel Family and the Golden Age of Flemish Painting," including works by Pieter the Younger and Jan the Younger. Through Dec. 16. (Open Mondays.). . . . KOUROS, 23 E. 73rd St.: Paintings and sculptures by the Latin-American abstractionist Joaquín Torres-García and by his sons, Horacio and Augusto, not to mention artists who studied with Joaquín, among them Gonzalo Fonseca and José Gurvich. Through Dec. 31.

Sculpture—A 1959-60 steel-and-canvas piece by Lee Bontecou is complemented by works in various materials by six younger artists (Carol Hepper, Steve Wood) who use Bontecou's method of grafting one material onto another. Through Tuesday, Dec. 2. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Nicholas Africano—In addition to building up figures in deep relief with painted canvas on canvas, this artist now sculpts them in the round, using translucent cast glass, wood, cloth, marble, and so on. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

William Bailey—Recent paintings and drawings of still-lifes and figures. Through Wednesday, Dec. 3. (Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St.)

John Buck—Each work is in three parts: first a painting on unstretched canvas, then a painting on stretched canvas on top of that, and, last, a sentinel-like carved-wood figure standing guard in front. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Lamagna, 50 W. 57th St.)

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John Duff / John Cage—Recent abstract painted-fibre-glass sculptures. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. / Drawings. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Federico Fellini—Working drawings in felt-tip pen for "La Dolce Vita," "Amarcord," and other films. Through Dec. 13. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

Lucio Fontana (1899-1968)—Paintings and sculptures, mostly from the fifties. Through Dec. 24. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

Mary Frank—A large color monoprint of six dancing figures, a bronze head, chimeras portrayed in papier-mâché or terra-cotta sculptures and on paper, and more. Through Dec. 13. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Arthur Gibbons / Anne Truitt—Cutout painted-steel sculptures evoking birds and plants, for the most part, plus a single piece combining bronze, stainless steel, and rusted steel. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. / Painted-wood columns executed between 1971 and 1983. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Jill Giegerich—Wall constructions made of heavy-duty building materials—tarpaper, copper, rubber carpeting, plywood. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

Valerie Jaudon—Arcs, broken triangles, and bold geometric forms arranged with authority on a grid background. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St.)

Paul Jenkins—New paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Gimpel, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

William King—A new group of his elongated, high-pocketed sculptured figures, all of them freestanding and overbearingly nonchalant. Through Dec. 31. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

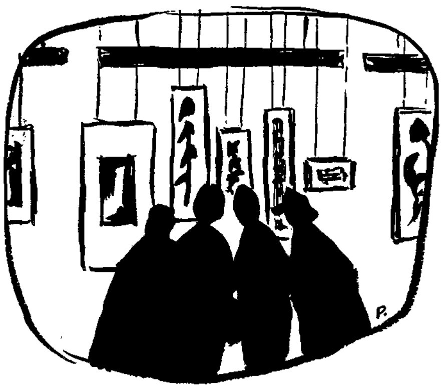
Robert M. Kulicke—Oils and monotypes by Mr. Kulicke, and jewelry by him in collaboration with Bessie Jamieson. Through Dec. 24. (Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St.)

Wolfgang Laib—One of the works by this ascetic artist consists of thirty-six metal bowls filled with rice and lined up behind a small boulder; another is a large rectangle of gold-colored hazelnut pollen he gathered in his native Germany. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Galerie Maeght Lelong, 20 W. 57th St.)

Jeannette LeRoy—Still-life pencil drawings. Through Tuesday, Dec. 2. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

René Magritte (1898-1967)—A sizable group of characteristic paintings, such as a crystal goblet brimming over with cumulus clouds. Through Dec. 20. (Herstand, 24 W. 57th St.)

John Marin (1870-1953)—Small watercolors, suggesting, in short brushstrokes, city life, sailing, figures, etc. Through Dec. 13. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)



Rodrigo Moynihan / Raoul Ubac—Studio interiors, still-lifes, nudes, and self-portraits. / Vintage prints by a Belgian Surrealist. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

Linda Peer—Bright-colored heads, of wood and fired-clay, some topped with headdresses. Through Dec. 13. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

Lincoln Perry—Large oil paintings of an allegorical cast, involving rather stylized figures. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

Julian Schnabel—Landscapes and figures, or parts of figures, painted on Kabuki backdrops; this time the works are uninterrupted by crockery or antlers. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Karl Schrag—Landscapes, still-lifes, and portraits. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

John Wilde—Small oil paintings on panels and silverpoint drawings that reflect a Magic Realist influence. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Schmidt Bingham, 41 W. 57th St.)

Betty Woodman—Earthenware sculptures. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At LUHRING AUGUSTINE & HODES, 41 E. 57th St.: Contemporary German works—photographic installations by Bernd and Hilla Becher and Günther Förg, and architectural sculptures by Reinhard Mucha. Through Dec. 20. . . . WASHBURN, 41 E. 57th St.: Abstract paintings from the thirties by artists who either worked for the W.P.A. or were members of the American Abstract Artists—Ilya Bolotowsky's seventeen-foot reconstruction of his mural for a Williamsburg housing project is one of the works on display. Through Saturday, Nov. 29.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Doug Anderson—Emblematic paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

Howard Ben Tré—Decorative pillars as much as seven feet tall, made of translucent cast glass banded with copper. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Joseph Beuys (1921-86)—Environmental sculptures, plus drawings, blackboards, and a steel-and-glass vitrine containing a hearthstone. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Bård Breivik—Black-granite and cast-iron sculptures. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Germans van Eck, 420 West Broadway.)

Francesco Clemente—Monotypes. Through Dec. 20. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

Papo Colo—Recent paintings and sculptures. Through Dec. 27. (Esman, 70 Greene St.). . . ¶ A ten-year retrospective. Through Dec. 31. (Exit Art, 578 Broadway.)

Louis Comtois—Painted panels of cement, plaster, metal, wood, and canvas. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Russell Connor—Diverting liberties taken with masterpieces: for instance, Manet's Mexican troops are firing at his little fifer in the red pants instead of at Maximilian, and Rubens' abductors on horseback are making off with Picasso's Demoiselles instead of Leucippus' daughters. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Grand Street, 93 Grand St. Opens at noon.)

Jiří Georg Dokoupil—Paintings with logos inscribed across the canvas—Citibank, MOMA, PaineWebber, for instance—plus small bronzes of the logos. Through Dec. 20. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Joseph Drapell—Abstractions on canvas. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (112 Greene Street Gallery.)

Don Eddy—New paintings, among them a landscape of Golden Gate Park over which the artist has superimposed images of bowls of candy and plastic fruits, vegetables, and toys. Through Dec. 17. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Michael Gitlin—Abstract wall sculptures (irregularly shaped wood structures, with assorted mediums incorporated), plus drawings. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Davis, 568 Broadway.)

Denise Green—Recent abstract paintings.

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Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Viafora, 568 Broadway.)

Mark Innerst—Small landscapes of the Luminist school, varnished and glazed like Dutch Old Masters and meticulously framed by the artist. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Marcus, 578 Broadway.)

Mike Kelley—*Acrylic paintings on paper.* Through Dec. 20. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

Gary Kuehn—One of this sculptor's specialties is embedding one prong of a pickaxe in a block of wood and enlarging and converting the other prong into a ladder, say, or a chair, or a large swirl of wrought iron. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Roeder, 545 Broadway. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Saturdays.)

Lisa Lawley—Semi-abstract paintings that have a pronounced autobiographical quality, taking note of the artist's travels in Africa, Spain, and Japan, the doings of her baby son, and so on. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Beitzel, a new gallery at 113 Greene St.)

Robert Lowe / William Nichols—Flawless draftsmanship supports these paintings and drawings—faces, classical architectural details, a rhinoceros head on. / Realist paintings of marshy landscapes—what William Cullen Bryant called "plashy brinks." (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.) . . . ¶ In the back room, Richard McLean's almost photographic paintings of horsy subjects, including a portrait of Seattle Slew. *Through Saturday, Nov. 29.*

JoAnne McFarland—Recent mixed-medium paintings on Plexiglas, plus earlier abstract works on paper. Through Dec. 20. (Phoenix, 568 Broadway.)

Gerry Morehead—Nostalgic and more or less *impressionistic paintings of the Jamaican* shoreline. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Gladstone, 99 Greene St.)

François Morellet and Thornton Willis—Geometric abstract paintings by both artists, the former a Parisian responsible for the enormous mural on Reade Street recently donated to New York City by the French government, and the latter an American disciple of Mondrian. Through Thursday, Dec. 4. (Oscarsson-Siegeltuch, 568 Broadway, entrance on Prince St.)

Ellen Phelan—Semi-abstract landscapes, pierced with the occasional windows that are the artist's hallmark. Also, drawings. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Sigmar Polke—Abstract paintings on canvas and felt. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Wade Saunders—Sculptured vessels cast in bronze and treated with silver nitrate to give them the appearance of great age. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Brown, 100 Greene St.)

Judith Shahn—Paintings, drawings, and prints. Through Sunday, Nov. 30. (Morningstar, 164 Mercer St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 3 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6.)

Joel Shapiro—Lengths of wood or bronze linked together in implausible-looking balance, plus related drawings. All new work. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Jonathan Silver—Sculptures from the past ten years, including the poignant "Wounded Amazon," an eight-foot columnar bronze, and a spooky installation representing the private chapel of Alexander Severus, a Roman emperor murdered by his troops. Through Dec. 24. (Gruenebaum, 415 West Broadway.)

Lee Tribe—Sculptural conceits done in scrap steel, mostly. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Munroe, 415 West Broadway.)

Group Shows—At the **di laurenti,** 383 West Broadway: Twenty-five Italian artists showing paintings and sculptures completed since 1956. Through Dec. 20. . . . **the drawing center,** 35 Wooster St.: Works on paper by twelve artists. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

OTHER GALLERIES

William Brice—Paintings and drawings dating from 1947 to the present by a California artist. Through Dec. 23. (Grey Art Gallery, New York University, 33 Washington Pl. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

David Diao—Geometric abstract paintings. Through Dec. 7. (Postmasters, 66 Avenue A, near 4th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

David Finn—Sculptures of casually posed figures with bodies constructed from refuse and heads covered with primitive masks. Through Dec. 24. (Ala, 32 W. 20th St.)

Charles Hewitt—Paintings in which figures and objects are interchangeable with landscapes. Through Sunday, Nov. 30. (M-13, at 413 E. 9th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Kevin Larmee—Easel paintings of urban scenes by an artist who often exhibits outdoors on walls, doors, and fences but for whom the term "graffitist" doesn't quite fit. Through Sunday, Nov. 30. (Avenue B Gallery, 167 Avenue B, at 11th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Grace Samburg—Hard-edge paintings of big-city architectural details that come across, on canvas, almost as abstractions. Through Sunday, Nov. 30. (Pène du Bois, 647 E. 11th St., near Avenue C. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Andy Warhol—Large-scale paintings from 1978. Through Dec. 24. (Gagosian, 521 W. 23rd St., near Eleventh Ave.)

James Welling—Black disks, many of them overlapping, painted on a white ground. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Cash-Newhouse, 170 Avenue B, near 11th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Group Shows—At the **alternative museum,** 17 White St.: "Repulsion: Aesthetics of the Grotesque," a show of paintings, drawings, sculptures, photographs, and a video by contemporary artists, including Luis Cruz Azaceta, Joel-Peter Witkin, and others. Through Jan. 3. . . . **p.p.o.w,** 337 E. 8th St., near Avenue C: Works by five contemporary British artists, including photographs by Susan Hiller of forty-one enamelled tiles on the walls of a London cemetery which memorialize people who died trying to save others. One reads: "Sarah Smith, pantomime artist, died of terrible injuries when attempting in her inflammable dress to extinguish the flames that had enveloped her companion. Jan. 24, 1863." Through Sunday, Nov. 30. (Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Berenice Abbott—Among other photographs, the artist has made new prints in a 30 x 40 format of works she did long ago—"The Flatiron Building," "Saints for Sale," and "The Hoboken Railroad Yards." Through Dec. 24. (Hamilton, 19 E. 71st St.)

DELMONICO'S
Waitzman

Anton and Martin Bruehl—Advertising photographs from the thirties; the photographers, who were brothers, died in the past few years. Through Jan. 3. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Alfred Eisenstaedt / David Seymour (Chim) (1911-56)—A retrospective. / Work from the thirties, including prints of the Spanish Civil War. Through Jan. 11. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Lee Friedlander / Len Jenshel—Framed individual prints from a book of photogravures of Japanese landscapes with flowering cherry trees. / Color landscapes of Texas photographed while the artist was working with David Byrne's production of "True Stories." Through Dec. 13. (Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St.)

Nan Goldin—Cibachrome prints of the artist's friends. Through Dec. 31. (Burden, 20 E. 23rd St. Opens at noon.)

George Hoyningen-Huené (1900-68)—Portraits of Derain, Ravel, Gary Cooper, and others, done on assignment for various magazines; travel photographs of Egypt; and other works. Through Saturday, Dec. 6. (Staley-Wise, 177 Prince St. Opens at noon.)

Kaspar Thomas Linder—Conceptual photographs obscured here and there with patches of paint. Through Dec. 24. (Pfeifer, 568 Broadway.)

Sheila Metzner—Photographs printed in the Fresson process; the subjects include portraits done for *Vogue* and *House & Garden.* Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

Inge Morath—Telling photographic portraits of, among others, Anaïs Nin, Jean Cocteau, Marilyn Monroe, Saul Steinberg, and Janet Flanner, some of them in the first flush of success. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Gotham Book Mart, 41 W. 47th St.)

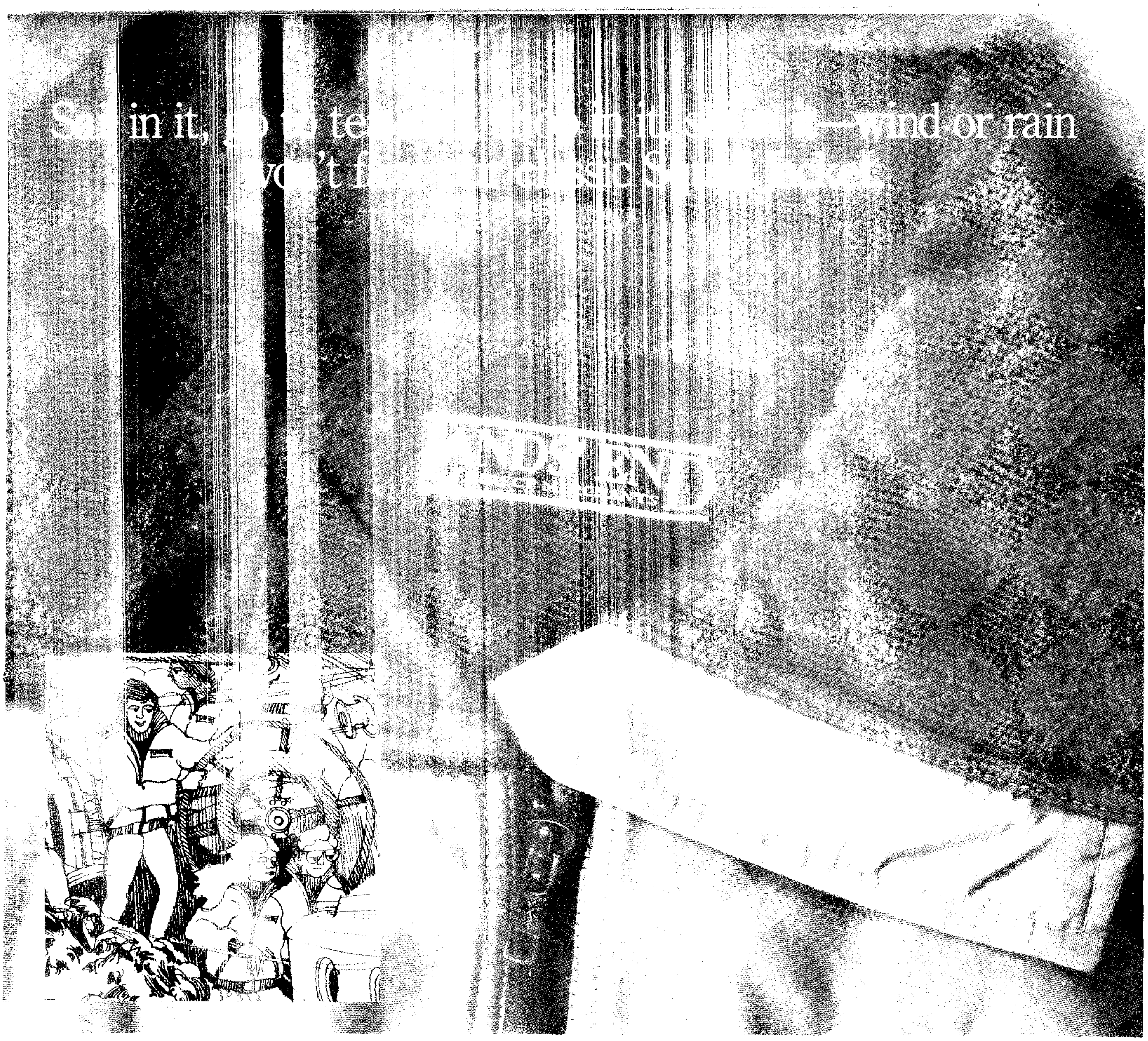
Group Show—Vintage prints by artists whose reputations were established by their work in other mediums—René Magritte and Henry Moore, for instance. Through Dec. 31. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Opens at noon.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Van Gogh in Saint-Rémy and Auvers," a show of paintings and drawings covering the artist's final fifteen months. Through March 22. . . . ¶ A large show of antiquities which illuminates life in the Holy Land from prehistoric times to the end of the Byzantine period, in the seventh century. The best preserved of the Dead Sea Scrolls, the Habakkuk Commentary; a bronze of Hadrian; Tyrian and Jewish shekels; pottery and metal objects from cities of the Canaanite period; and numerous other artifacts. Through Jan. 4. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A survey of the paintings Morris Louis did after 1954. Through Jan. 4. . . . ¶ A show of scale models, photographs, and drawings by Swiss architect Mario Botta. Through Feb. 10. . . . ¶ An installation by Justen Ladda. Through Jan. 6. . . . ¶ A retrospective of works on paper by Jean Dubuffet. Through Jan. 13. . . . ¶ Prints by Odilon Redon. Through Feb. 3. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings—except Thanksgiving, when it will close at 5—until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A show of maps, photographs, printed texts, and sculptural works by Richard Long, a British artist who documents the extensive walks he has taken in various parts of the world with various parts of the earth. Mud from the River Avon, for instance, is used to make a circle of handprints on the wall. . . . ¶ An exhibit of paintings, sculptures, photographs, and installations representing the styles of ten contemporary French artists. Both shows through Sunday, Nov. 30. (Open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LANDS' END

The new Lands' End Squall Jacket takes its name, of course, from its ability to weather the squalls that our sailing friends encounter off shore. But it's so well-tailored and correct it makes you look good—man or woman alike—in the mall or at the market or at the movies or after. That's versatile plus, right?

Beyond that, you could pay up to $96 or so for a jacket like this in a sporting goods store specializing in high tech outerwear. But in our traditional pattern-breaking way, Lands' End has found ways once more to marry top quality with a palatable price. We offer all this handsome lightweight warmth and comfort for only $69.50. And in youth sizes, just $49.50.

A classic, inside and out.

The outer shell of this waist-length jacket is a tough tri-blend of nylon, cotton and polyester—the blend we've found most certain proof against both wind and rain. The inner material is a soft, lightweight bunting—brushed on both sides to maintain loft. (Bunting is as close as mortal man can come to imitating wool fleece—and a credible effort it is, too!)

And note this: the full-length inside storm flap of our jacket is tucked *beneath* the smooth-running zipper . . . to keep the wind from whistling between the teeth of the zipper as it can on ordinary jackets. The Squall has fully-lined sleeves, zippered hand-warmer cargo pockets, a high collar that protects neck and chin, a zippered inside pocket for your keys and I.D., even warm Thinsulate® insulation in the sleeves for protection against wintry waters. All this, and it's machine washable.

A jacket for all seasons. Really.

The Lands' End Squall Jacket is here now, just in time for Spring and Summer. But it's a jacket you'll turn to time and again for Fall and Winter. Its style flatters both men and women. And our color choice is inspired (usually eight, which change from year to year). Like everything we make and market it's GUARANTEED. PERIOD.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A large retrospective of paintings and drawings by John Singer Sargent. Through Jan. 4. . . . ¶ Mary Lucier's 1983 video "Ohio at Giverny" (18½ minutes) is showing continuously in the lobby gallery through Jan. 18. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"The Machine Age in America 1918-1941," a display of paintings, sculptures, photographs, decorative objects, and appliances that reflect the fascination the machine held for American artists and designers during the period of the great industrial leaps between the World Wars. Through Feb. 16. . . . ¶ An exhibit documenting the influence of Post-Impressionism on American and Canadian painters in the first two decades of the twentieth century. Thomas Hart Benton, Stuart Davis, and Emily Carr are among the artists represented. Through Jan. 19. (Open daily except Tuesdays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays 1 to 6.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A show of late-Ice Age art (which has been called "the childhood of art but not the art of children"), consisting of a hundred decorated stone, ivory, and bone objects, including the characteristic statuettes known as little Venuses. Also, a reconstruction of a hut made with mammoth bones. Through Jan. 18. (Open daily except Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—The annual show sponsored by the purchase funds left by Childe Hassam and Eugene Speicher, this year containing paintings, drawings, and prints by sixty contemporary Americans. A number of the works will be bought and donated to museums. Through Dec. 14. (Open daily, except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 4.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—Handmade fine- and applied-art objects in a blazing show that befits the opening of a new home for the museum. Through March 22. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—The museum has a full house of exhibitions to mark the end of its first ten years. The main show, called "Berlin 1900-1933: Architecture and Design," includes mass-produced objects (fans, kettles, porcelains), plus drawings and some familiar chairs, by Breuer, Mies van der Rohe, Behrens, and others. Through Jan. 25. . . . ¶ Two other shows are "Perspective" (trompe-l'oeil drawings, textiles, and objects from the fifteenth century to the twentieth, depicting three-dimensional space) and a selection of the additions made to the collections in the past decade. Through March 1. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A display of works that have entered the collections recently—drawings by Mantegna, Mondrian, and others; illuminated manuscripts; books; literary and music manuscripts; and a copy of the first printing of the Declaration of Independence. Through Jan. 18. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A display of antique toys—Teddy bears and dolls, including a Shirley Temple doll; trains, including a girl's freight-train set; cars, including a knockout six-foot replica of a Packard; games, including a Newport Yacht race game, circa 1891—from the Lawrence Scripps Wilkinson Collection. Through March 1. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

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New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—This magazine's first cover and more than a hundred other *New Yorker* covers and cartoons are on view in their original form in the Second Floor Gallery through Jan. 31. (Open Mondays through Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays, except Thanksgiving Day, through Saturdays, 10 to 6.) . . . ¶ From the Berg Collection: an exhibit of letters and literary works by English and American women writers from the eighteenth century to the present. (Open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays, 10 to 6.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671—Diane Torr (dance), Thursday and Friday, Dec. 4-5, at 8:30.

The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5973—Continuing performances of a revival of the Wooster Group's "Road to Immortality Part One (Route 1 & 9)." Wednesday, Nov. 26, and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 28-29, at 8; and Monday through Saturday, Dec. 1-6, at 7. . . . ¶ Karen Finley (performance), Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 3-6, at 9.

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288—Ishmael Houston-Jones and others (theatre-dance performance), Friday through Sunday, Nov. 28-30, at 9; Gayle Tufts (cabaret), Friday through Sunday, Nov. 28-30, at 11.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Nov. 26, at 8: "I Puritani," with Joan Sutherland, Salvatore Fisichella, Sherrill Milnes, and Samuel Ramey; conducted by Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 27, at 7:30: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Barbara Hendricks, Brigitte Fassbaender, and Artur Korn; Jeffrey Tate. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 28, at 8: "Tosca," with Eva Marton, Franco Bonisolli, and Louis Quilico; Garcia Navarro. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 29, at 2: "I Puritani," with Françoise Garner, Salvatore Fisichella, Sherrill Milnes, and Samuel Ramey; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 29, at 8: "Roméo et Juliette," with Diana Soviero, Alfredo Kraus, Brian Schexnayder, and Paul Plishka; Placido Domingo. . . . ¶ Monday, Dec. 1, at 8: "Tosca," with Eva Marton, Franco Bonisolli, and Louis Quilico; Garcia Navarro. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 2, at 8: "I Puritani," with Joan Sutherland, Rockwell Blake, Brent Ellis, and Julien Robbins; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 3, at 8: "Roméo et Juliette," with Cecilia Gasdia, Alfredo Kraus, Brian Schexnayder, and Paul Plishka; Placido Domingo. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 4, at 7: A new production of Johann Strauss's "Die Fledermaus," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Judith Blegen, Tatiana Troyanos, David Rendall, and Håkan Hagegård; Jeffrey Tate. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 5, at 8: "Tosca," with Eva Marton, Franco Bonisolli, and Juan Pons; Garcia Navarro. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 6, at 2: "Roméo et Juliette," with Cecilia Gasdia, Alfredo Kraus, Brian Schexnayder, and Paul Plishka; Placido Domingo. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 6, at 8: "I Puritani," with Joan Sutherland, Rockwell Blake, Sherrill Milnes, and Julien Robbins; Richard Bonynge. (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

Opera Ensemble of New York—Paul Dunkel conducting final performances of the Gertrude Stein–Virgil Thomson opera "Four Saints in Three Acts," staged by John J. D. Sheehan. (Lillie Blake School Theatre, 45 E. 81st St. Wednesday, Nov. 26, and Friday, Nov. 28, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 30, at 3. For information about tickets, call 288-1485.)

After Dinner Opera Company—Presenting Seymour Barab's "Father of the Child" in concert form. Mr. Barab will be present. (Bruno Walter Auditorium, New York Public Library at Lincoln Center, 111 Amsterdam Ave., at 65th St. Monday, Dec. 1, at 4. For information about tickets, call 477-6212.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta conducting—Wednesday, Nov. 26, and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 28-29, at 8: A Webern–Mahler–John Knowles Paine program, with Marilyn Horne, mezzo-soprano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 4, at 8; Friday, Dec. 5, at 2; and Saturday, Dec. 6, at 8: A Beethoven-Bruckner program, with Murray Perahia, piano.

Brooklyn Philharmonic—Lukas Foss conducting, with Alexander Toradze, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 28-29, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 30, at 2.)

New York Youth Symphony—David Alan Miller conducting. (Avery Fisher Hall. Saturday, Nov. 29, at 3. Free tickets available at the box office; on the day of the concert they will be at a special table in the lobby.)

Y Chamber Symphony—At the 92nd Street Y, Gerard Schwarz directing—Saturday, Nov. 29, at 8: Purcell's dramatic concert work "The Fairy Queen," with Kaaren Erickson, soprano; Jeffrey Gall, countertenor; David Britton, tenor; and the Y Chorale. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 6, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 7, at 3: A varied program, with Nathan Milstein, violin. (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410.)

Mannes Chorus—Amy Kaiser directing. (Central Presbyterian Church, Park Ave. at 64th St. Thursday, Dec. 4, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

RECITALS

Music Today—Gerard Schwarz conducting a chamber ensemble, with Carol Webber, soprano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 26, at 8.)

Jorge Bolet—Piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Nov. 30, at 3.)

Academy of Ancient Music Chamber Ensemble—Christopher Hogwood conducting and playing the harpsichord for a Vivaldi-Handel program, with Lynne Dawson, soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Nov. 30, at 3.)

Ben Holt—Baritone, with assisting instrumentalists. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Sunday, Nov. 30, at 3:30. No tickets necessary.)

Katia and Marielle Labèque—Duo piano. (Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833. Sunday, Nov. 30, at 7.)

Christopher Parkening—Classical guitarist. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Nov. 30, at 7:30.)

Ursula Oppens—Piano. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Monday, Dec. 1, at 8.)

Evelyne Dubourg—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Monday, Dec. 1, at 8.)

Mannes Guitar Ensemble—A program of classical and contemporary works. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. Monday, Dec. 1, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Joan Rowland—Piano. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Tuesday, Dec. 2, at 8.)

For the Love of Music—With Warren Lash, cello, and David Shiffrin, clarinet. (Merkin Concert Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 2, at 8.)

Manhattan Contemporary Ensemble—Claire Heldrich and Glen Cortese conducting a program that includes works composed and introduced by Milton Babbitt, Lukas Foss, Ursula Mamlok, and Tod Machover. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. Tuesday, Dec. 2, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Grant Johannesen—The second in a series of three programs of piano music by Fauré and Schumann. With Ani Kavafian, violin, and Timothy Eddy, cello. (Merkin Concert Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 3, at 8.)

Arkady Aronov—Piano, in a Beethoven-Chopin program. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. Wednesday, Dec. 3, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Jean Kopperud and Murph-the-Physical-Comedian—A joint program by a clarinettist and a circus performer, assisted by pianist Cameron Grant and percussionist Daniel Druckman. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Wednesday, Dec. 3, at 8.)

William Doppmann—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Dec. 4, at 8.)

Daniel Barenboim—The sixth in a series of eight concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano sonatas. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Dec. 5, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—With André-Michel Schub, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Dec. 5, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 7, at 5.)

Guarneri Quartet—With Kim Kashkashian, viola, and Peter Wiley, cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Saturday, Dec. 6, at 8.)

Continuum—A program of vocal and instrumental music by Luigi Dallapiccola. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Dec. 6, at 8.)

Note—David Bar-Illan, piano, will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Dec. 14, at 5. Free tickets, limited to two per applicant, will be issued starting Monday, Dec. 1, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). A self-addressed, stamped envelope should be enclosed.

MISCELLANY

Richard Tucker Memorial Gala—A benefit concert for which members of the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra will accompany performances by Hildegard Behrens, Eva Marton, Sherrill Milnes, Samuel Ramey, and others. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Nov. 30, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400, for the Meadowlands 1-201 935-3900, and for Nassau Coliseum 1-516 587-9222.)

Basketball—At **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. Cleveland Cavaliers, Saturday, Nov. 29, at 1. . . . **byrne meadowlands arena:** Nets vs. Detroit Pistons, Wednesday, Dec. 3, at 7:30, and Denver Nuggets, Friday, Dec. 5, at 8.

Football—Jets vs. Los Angeles Rams. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Sunday, Nov. 30, at 1.)

Hockey—At **madison square garden:** Rangers vs. Quebec Nordiques, Wednesday, Nov. 26, at 7:35, and Pittsburgh Penguins, Sunday, Nov. 30, at 8:30. . . . **nassau coliseum:** Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Saturday, Nov. 29, at 7:05. . . . **byrne meadowlands arena:** Devils vs. Rangers, Tuesday, Dec. 2, at 7:35; Minnesota North Stars, Thursday, Dec. 4, at 7:35; and Buffalo Sabres, Saturday, Dec. 6, at 7:35.

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 12:30. Post time will be 11 A.M. on Thanksgiving Day. . . . **meadowlands:** Weeknights, except Thanksgiving, at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 13.

Tennis—Nabisco Masters: Boris Becker, Ivan Lendl, Mats Wilander, and others. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 3-5, at 6; Saturday, Dec. 6, at 1; Sunday, Dec. 7 [semifinals], at 7; and Monday, Dec. 8 [finals], at 8.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Nightly at 8 and Tuesdays at 1; through Wednesday, Jan. 7.

ET ALIA

Poetry and Prose Readings—William Alfred reading from his own verse play, and James Merrill reading from his own poetry, plus actors Peter Hooten and Mary Bomba reading from a verse play by Mr. Merrill. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Dec. 1, at 8.) . . . ¶ Henri Cole and Deborah Digges reading from their own poetry. (National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Park S. Wednesday, Dec. 3, at 8. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Gjertrud Schnackenberg reading from her own poetry, and Maureen Howard reading from her own prose. (West Side Y, 5 W. 63rd St. 787-6557. Wednesday, Dec. 3, at 8.) . . . ¶ Stanley Kunitz reading from his own poetry. (New York University's Bobst Library, 70 Washington Square S., in the third floor Fales Room. Wednesday, Dec. 3, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Flower Show—The sixth annual show of Japanese chrysanthemums, including bonsai plants, in the Enid A. Haupt Conservatory at the New York Botanical Garden. (Bronx Park. Daily, 10 to 4; through Sunday, Nov. 30.)

Auctions—At Sotheby's, York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sunday, Nov. 30, from 1 to 5.)—Wednesday, Dec. 3, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese works of art. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 4, at 10:15: Chinese paintings. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 4, at 10:15 and 2: American paintings. Exhibition starts Saturday, Nov. 29.

Note—If everything runs on schedule, the Christmas tree in Rockefeller Center will be all dressed up in its red, green, blue, crystal, and amber lights, and ready to be turned on at six o'clock on Monday, Dec. 1.

COMING EVENTS

(A checklist for readers who plan ahead.)

Music—**metropolitan opera house** (362-6000): The Metropolitan Opera season continues through April 18. . . . ¶ Vladimir Horowitz, piano, Dec. 14. . . . **avery fisher hall** (874-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 30. . . . ¶ Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra, Dec. 7 and 20-21. . . . ¶ Daniel Barenboim, piano, Dec. 7 and 14. . . . ¶ Vienna Choir Boys, Dec. 14. . . . ¶ Musica Sacra, Dec. 15 and 19. . . . ¶ "Messiah" Sing-In, Dec. 17. . . . **carnegie hall** (247-7800): Reopening benefit concert, Dec. 15. . . . ¶ Daniel Barenboim, piano, Dec. 16. . . . ¶ Orchestra of St. Luke's, Dec. 16 and Jan. 8. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, Dec. 17-18. . . . ¶ New York Choral Society, Dec. 19-20. . . . ¶ Empire Brass, Dec. 21. . . . ¶ Oratorio Society of New York, Dec. 22. . . . ¶ New York String Orchestra, Dec. 24 and 29. . . . ¶ "Messiah" Sing-In, Dec. 28. . . . ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, Jan. 4. . . . ¶ Samuel Ramey, bass, Jan. 9. . . . **alice tully hall** (362-1911): Jupiter Symphony, Dec. 8. . . . ¶ Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Dec. 14-16 and Jan. 9 and 11. . . . ¶ Musica Antiqua Köln, Dec. 14. . . . ¶ Panayis Lyras, piano, Dec. 18. . . . ¶ Ensemble for Early Music, Dec. 20. . . . ¶ Guarneri Quartet, Jan. 7. . . . ¶ Waverly Consort, Jan. 8 and 10. . . . ¶ Lilian Kallir, piano; Peter Oundjian, violin; and Leslie Parnas, cello, Jan. 10. . . . **92nd street y** (427-4410): Shura Cherkassky, piano, Dec. 13. . . . ¶ Lydia Artymiw, piano, Dec. 14. . . . ¶ Chamber Music at the Y, Dec. 16-17. . . . ¶ Sharon Robinson, cello, Dec. 20. . . . ¶ Y Chamber Symphony, Dec. 27-28 and 30-31 and Jan. 10-11. . . . **grace rainey rogers auditorium,** Metropolitan Museum (570-3949): Ivan Moravec, piano, Dec. 11. . . . ¶ Beaux Arts Trio, Dec. 12-13. . . . ¶ Murray Perahia, piano, Dec. 21. . . . ¶ Guarneri Quartet, Jan. 10. . . . **town hall** (840-2824): Nina Svetlanova, piano, Dec. 9. . . . ¶ Jeffrey Swann, piano, Dec. 16.

Other Dates—The first day of winter is Dec. 21. . . . ¶ Christmas and New Year's Day fall on Thursdays. . . . ¶ Fourth-quarter Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax payments are due on Thursday, Jan. 15.

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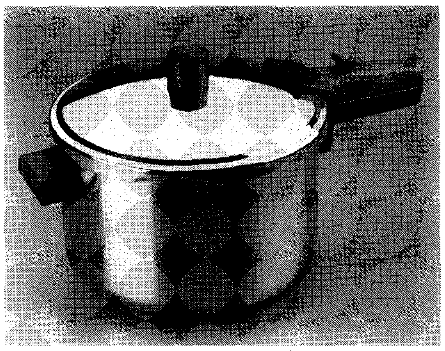

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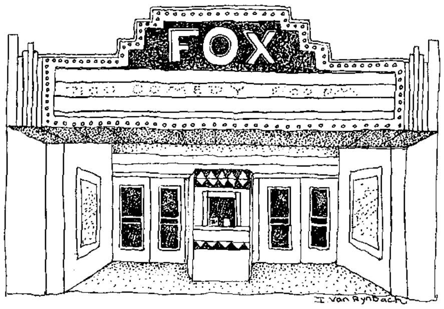

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30	1	2	3	4	5	6

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 25.

EAST SIDE

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)

Nov. 26: "Tricheurs" (1983; directed by Barbet Schroeder; in French), with Bulle Ogier; and "Salvador" (Oliver Stone), with James Woods and John Savage.

Nov. 27: Theatre closed.

From Nov. 28: "Sudden Fear" (1952; David Miller), with Joan Crawford, Jack Palance, and Gloria Grahame; and "Plenty" (†).

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)

Theatre 1: "An American Tail" (Don Bluth), an animated film.

Theatre 2: "Something Wild" (†).

Theatre 3: "Half Moon Street" (Bob Swaim), with Sigourney Weaver and Michael Caine.

New Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)

"The Boy Who Could Fly" (Nick Castle).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

"The Color of Money" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: "Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home" (Leonard Nimoy), with William Shatner and Nimoy.

Theatre 2: "Crocodile Dundee" (Peter Faiman), with Paul Hogan.

Theatre 3: "Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

"Something Wild" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

"Song of the South" (†).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

"The Mosquito Coast" (Peter Weir), with Harrison Ford.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

"Crocodile Dundee" (Peter Faiman), with Paul Hogan.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

"Round Midnight" (†).

Manhattan I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: Through Dec. 4: "Firewalker" (J. Lee Thompson), with Chuck Norris and Lou Gossett. From Dec. 5: "Heartbreak Ridge" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood.

Theatre 2: "The Wraith" (Mike Marvin).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: "Something Wild" (†).

Theatre 2: "The Color of Money" (†).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)

"The Boy Who Could Fly" (Nick Castle).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)

Theatre 1: "The Mission" (Roland Joffé), with Robert De Niro and Jeremy Irons.

Theatre 2: "Betty Blue" (Jean-Jacques Beineix; in French), with Jean-Hugues Anglade and Béatrice Dalle.

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: "Peggy Sue Got Married" (†).

Theatre 2: "52 Pick-Up" (John Frankenheimer), with Roy Scheider and Ann-Margret.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

"True Stories" (†).

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: "Half Moon Street" (Bob Swaim), with Sigourney Weaver and Michael Caine.

Theatre 2: "An American Tail" (Don Bluth), an animated film.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

"Rouge Baiser" (Vera Belmont; in French), with Charlotte Valandrey.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

"Children of a Lesser God" (Randa Haines), with William Hurt and Marlee Matlin.

U.A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

"52 Pick-Up" (John Frankenheimer), with Roy Scheider and Ann-Margret.

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)

Theatre 1: "The Wraith" (Mike Marvin).

Theatre 2: Through Dec. 4: "Firewalker" (J. Lee Thompson), with Chuck Norris and Lou Gossett. From Dec. 5: "Heartbreak Ridge" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)

Theatre 1: "Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home" (Leonard Nimoy), with William Shatner and Nimoy.

Theatre 2: "Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

"The Boy Who Could Fly" (Nick Castle).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Theatre 1: Through Dec. 2: "Eyes on the Prize: America's Civil Rights Years, 1954-65," six one-hour documentaries, shown in two programs. From Dec. 3: "Half Life" (1985; directed by Dennis O'Rourke), a documentary.

Theatre 2: Through Nov. 27: "The Fly" (1958; Kurt Neumann), with David Hedison; and "The Hustler" (1961; Robert Rossen), with Paul Newman, Jackie Gleason, Piper Laurie, Myron McCormick, and George C. Scott. From Nov. 28: "Porky Pig in Hollywood," a program of sixteen black-and-white Warner Brothers cartoons, directed by Tex Avery, Friz Freleng, Bob Clampett, Frank Tashlin, and Chuck Jones.

Bleecker St. Cinema I and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)

Theatre 1: Through Nov. 27: "Summer" (Eric Rohmer; in French), with Marie Rivière; and "Police" (Maurice Pialat; in French), with Gérard Depardieu. From Nov. 28: "Mother Teresa" (Ann and Jeanette Petrie), a documentary.

Theatre 2: Through Nov. 27: "My Beautiful Laundrette" (Stephen Frears), with Roshan Seth, Saeed Jaffrey, Gordon Warnecke, and Daniel Day Lewis). From Nov. 28: To be announced.

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Theatre 1: "Blue Velvet" (†).

Theatre 2: "The Unheard Music" (W. T. Morgan).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Dec. 4: "True Stories" (†).

From Dec. 5: "Heartbreak Ridge" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood.

R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: "Solarbabies" (Alan Johnson), with Richard Jordan.

Theatre 2: "Round Midnight" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: "Down by Law" (†).

Theatre 2: "She's Gotta Have It" (†).

Theatre 3: "A Room with a View" (†).

Theatre 4: "52 Pick-Up" (John Frankenheimer), with Roy Scheider and Ann-Margret.

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)

Theatre 1: "The Color of Money" (†).

Theatre 2: "Song of the South" (†).

Theatre 3: "The Name of the Rose" (Jean-Jacques Annaud), with Sean Connery and F. Murray Abraham.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

"Song of the South" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

"Nutcracker, The Motion Picture" (Carroll Ballard), with the Pacific Northwest Ballet.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)

"Sid and Nancy" (Alex Cox), with Gary Oldman and Chloe Webb.

New Carnegie, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)

Through Dec. 4: A program of thirteen Israeli films, in Hebrew, with English subtitles.

From Dec. 5: "Place of Weeping."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

"The Decline of the American Empire" (Denys Arcand; a Canadian film, in French), with Dominique Michel.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

"Marlene" (Maximilian Schell), a documentary.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

"Children of a Lesser God" (Randa Haines), with William Hurt and Marlee Matlin.

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)

Theatre 1: "The Sacrifice" (Andrei Tarkovsky; in Swedish), with Erland Josephson.

Theatre 2: "Down by Law" (†).

Theatre 3: "Men . . ." (†).

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)

Theatre 1: "Tangos: The Exile of Gardel" (Fernando E. Solanas; in French and Spanish).

Theatre 2: "Ménage" (Bertrand Blier; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Michel Blanc, and Miou-Miou.

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)

Theatre 1: "The Color of Money" (†).

Theatre 2: "A Room with a View" (†).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)

Theatre 1: "Crocodile Dundee" (Peter Faiman), with Paul Hogan.

Theatre 2: "Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home" (Leonard Nimoy), with William Shatner and Nimoy.

Theatre 3: "Peggy Sue Got Married" (†).

Theatre 4: "Something Wild" (†).

Theatre 5: "Soul Man" (Steve Miner), with C. Thomas Howell and Rae Dawn Chong.

Theatre 6: "Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home."

Metro Cinema I and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

Theatre 1: "True Stories" (†).

Theatre 2: "Blue Velvet" (†).

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: "An American Tail" (Don Bluth), an animated film.

Theatre 2: "Song of the South" (†).

Theatre 3: "Solarbabies" (Alan Johnson), with Richard Jordan.

Theatre 4: "Firewalker" (J. Lee Thompson), with Chuck Norris and Lou Gossett.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)

Theatre 1: "Peggy Sue Got Married" (†).

Theatre 2: "Solarbabies" (directed by Alan Johnson), with Richard Jordan.

Theatre 3: "Something Wild" (†).

Theatre 4: "She's Gotta Have It" (†).

Theatre 5: "Streets of Gold" (Joe Roth), with Klaus Maria Brandauer.

Theatre 6: "Every Time We Say Goodbye" (Moshe Mizrahi), with Tom Hanks.

Embassy I, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)

"The Color of Money" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, Seventh Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: "Crocodile Dundee" (Peter Faiman), with Paul Hogan.

Theatre 3: "Tough Guys" (Jeff Kanew), with Burt Lancaster and Kirk Douglas.

Theatre 4: "Soul Man" (Steve Miner), with

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Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"An American Tail" (Don Bluth), an animated film.

Loews State I and 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)
Theatre 1: "Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home" (Leonard Nimoy), with William Shatner and Nimoy.
Theatre 2: "Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home."

New Embassy 49th Street, 49th St. near Seventh Ave. (757-7003)
"Song of the South" (†). No performances Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 1-2.

R.K.O. National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Jumpin' Jack Flash" (Penny Marshall), with Whoopi Goldberg.
Theatre 2: "The Wraith" (Mike Marvin).

R.K.O. Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (315-8425)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 4: "The Boy Who Could Fly" (Nick Castle). From Dec. 5: "Heartbreak Ridge" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 4: "*Firewalker*" (J. Lee Thompson), with Chuck Norris and Lou Gossett. From Dec. 5: "Heartbreak Ridge" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood.

U.A. Twin I and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)
Theatre 1: "Eye of the Tiger" (Richard C. Sarafian).
Theatre 2: "52 Pick-Up" (John Frankenheimer), with Roy Scheider and Ann-Margret.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Nov. 27: "A Soldier's Story" (1984; directed by Norman Jewison), with Howard E. Rollins, Jr., and Adolph Caesar; and "Carmen Jones" (1954; Otto Preminger), with Harry Belafonte, Pearl Bailey, and Dorothy Dandridge.
Nov. 28-29: "Bringing Up Baby" (1938; Howard Hawks), with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, and Charles Ruggles; and "Stage Door" (1937; Gregory La Cava), with Ginger Rogers, Katharine Hepburn, Adolphe Menjou, and Franklin Pangborn.
Nov. 30-Dec. 2: "Insignificance" (1985; Nicolas Roeg), with Gary Busey and Tony Curtis; and "Walkabout" (1971; Nicolas Roeg).
Dec. 3-4: "Taxi zum Klo" (1981; Frank Ripploh; in German); and "Parting Glances" (1986; Bill Sherwood).
Dec. 5-6: "Re-Animator" (†); and "Alien" (1979; Ridley Scott), with Tom Skerritt, Sigourney Weaver, and Veronica Cartwright.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Nov. 26: "Clouds Over Europe" ("Q Planes;" 1939; Tim Whelan), with Laurence Olivier, Valerie Hobson, and Ralph Richardson; and "Spy in Black" (1939; Michael Powell), with Conrad Veidt and Valerie Hobson.
Nov. 27-29: "The Scarlet Pimpernel" (1935; Harold Young), with Leslie Howard and Merle Oberon; and "The Ghost Goes West" (1935; René Clair), with Robert Donat, Eugene Pallette, Elsa Lanchester, and Jean Parker.
Nov. 30-Dec. 1: "Rembrandt" (†); and "Catherine the Great" (1934; Paul Czinner), with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Elisabeth Bergner, Flora Robson, and Gerald du Maurier.

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Dec. 2: "Drums" (†); and "Sanders of the River" (1935; Zoltán Korda), with Paul Robeson, Nina Mae McKinney, and Leslie Banks.
Dec. 3: "Men Are Not Gods" (1937; Walter Reisch), with Miriam Hopkins, Gertrude Lawrence, and Rex Harrison; and "Lydia" (1941; Julien Duvivier), with Merle Oberon, Joseph Cotten, and Alan Marshal.
Dec. 4-6: "Fire Over England" (†); and "Anna Karenina" (1948; Julien Duvivier), with Vivien Leigh and Ralph Richardson.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Nov. 26: "The Third Man" (1950; Carol Reed), with Orson Welles, Joseph Cotten, Alida Valli, and Trevor Howard; "The Fallen Idol" (1948; Carol Reed), with Bobby Henrey, Ralph Richardson, and Michèle Morgan; and "England Made Me" (1973; Peter Duffell), with Peter Finch, Michael York, Hildegard Neil, and Michael Hordern.
Nov. 27: "On a Clear Day You Can See Forever" (1970; Vincente Minnelli), with Barbra Streisand and Yves Montand; and "Goin' South" (1978; Jack Nicholson), with Nicholson, Mary Steenburgen, Veronica Cartwright, and John Belushi.
Nov. 28-29: "Kiss of the Spider Woman" (1985; Hector Babenco), with William Hurt and Raul Julia; and "Short Eyes" (1977; Robert M. Young), with Bruce Davison and José Perez.
Nov. 30: "Veronika Voss" (1982; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Rosel Zech; and "Lola" (1982; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German).
Dec. 1: "After Hours" (†); and "Who's That Knocking at My Door?" (1969; Martin Scorsese), with Zina Bethune and Harvey Keitel.
Dec. 2: "Mon Oncle" (1958) and "Mr. Hulot's Holiday" (1953), both films in French, directed by, and with, Jacques Tati.
Dec. 3: "Nibelungen Saga" (†).
Dec. 4: "Reds" (†).
Dec. 5-6: A thirty-eight-hour marathon (starting at 2 P.M. on Friday) of twenty-six horror films, from 1917 to 1977.

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
Nov. 26: "Kagemusha" ("The Shadow Warrior;" 1980; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Tatsuya Nakadai.
Nov. 27: "Kameradschaft" (1931; G. W. Pabst; in German); and "The Stars Look Down" (1939; Carol Reed), with Margaret Lockwood and Michael Redgrave.
Nov. 28-29: "Amarcord" (1974; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Bruno Zanin; and "Il Bidone" ("The Swindlers;" 1955; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Broderick Crawford, Giulietta Masina, Richard Basehart, and Franco Fabrizi.
Nov. 30: "La Grande *Bourgeoise*" (†); and "L'Amore" (1948; Roberto Rossellini; in Italian).
Dec. 1: "Becky Sharp" (†); and "Vanity Fair" (1932; Chester Franklin), with Myrna Loy.
Dec. 2: "Autumn Sonata" (†) and "Cries and Whispers" (†).
Dec. 3-4: "The Godfather" (†) and "The Godfather, Part II" (†).
Dec. 5-6: "Koyaanisqatsi" (1983; Godfrey Reggio); and "Quest for Fire" (†).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Nov. 26: "True Confession" (1937; Wesley Ruggles), with Carole Lombard, John Barrymore, and Fred MacMurray; and "We're Not Dressing" (1934; Norman Taurog), with Bing Crosby, Ethel Merman, and Burns and Allen.
Nov. 27: "Little Women" (1933; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, Joan Bennett, Edna May Oliver, Frances Dee, and Spring Byington; and "Pride and Prejudice" (1940; Robert Z. Leonard), with Greer Garson, Laurence Olivier, and Edna May Oliver.
Nov. 28-29: "Dark Passage" (1947; Delmer Daves), with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Agnes Moorehead; and "To Have and Have Not" (1944; Howard Hawks), with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Walter Brennan.
Nov. 30: "King Solomon's Mines" (†); and "Mogambo" (1953; John Ford), with Clark Gable, Ava Gardner, and Grace Kelly.
Dec. 1: "Ordet" (†) and "The Magician" (†).
Dec. 2: "I Wake Up Screaming" (1942; H. Bruce Humberstone), with Betty Grable and Victor Mature; and "Boomerang!" (†).
Dec. 3: "Mr. Skeffington" (1944; Vincent Sherman), with Bette Davis and Claude Rains; and "In This Our Life" (1942; John Huston), with Bette Davis, Olivia de Havilland, George Brent, and Dennis Morgan.
Dec. 4: "Charlie Chan in Shanghai" (1935; James Tinling), with Warner Oland as Chan; and "Jade Mask" (1945; Phil Rosen), with Sidney Toler as Charlie Chan.
Dec. 5-6: "On the Waterfront" (1954; Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger; and "The Wild One" (1954; Laslo Benedek), with Marlon Brando, Mary Murphy, and Lee Marvin.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)
Theatre I: Nov. 27 at 2:30: "The Crime of Monsieur Lange" (1936; directed by Jean Renoir; in French, with no English subtitles) and "A Day in the Country" (1936; Jean Renoir; in French, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Nov. 28 at 2:30: "The Informer" (1929; Arthur Robinson; a British silent film), with Lya de Putti and Lars Hansen. . . . ¶ Nov. 28 at 6:30: "My Life for Zarah Leander" (1986; Christian Blackwood; in German, with English subtitles), a documentary. . . . ¶ Nov. 29 at 2: "On the Night of the Fire" ("The Fugitive;" 1939; Brian Desmond Hurst), with Ralph Richardson and Diana Wynyard. . . . ¶ Nov. 29 at 5: "Dangerous Moonlight" ("Suicide Squadron;" *1941; Brian Desmond Hurst*), with Anton Walbrook, Sally Gray, and Derrick de Marney. . . . ¶ Nov. 30 at 2: "I Know Where I'm Going" (1945; Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger), with Roger Livesey and Wendy Hiller. . . .

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*All comparisons are to these base 1986 models (1987 competitive data unavailable at time of printing). **Based on survey of owner problems with '86 cars & light trucks (combined) designed & built in No. America and sold Oct.-Nov. '85 (5 mos. avg. usage) and on a warranty comparison of competitively priced models. See 5/50 limited warranty on powertrain & outer body rust-through at dealer. Restrictions apply. †Base sticker price comparison. Excludes tax and destination charge. Aluminum wheels shown are $310 extra.

BUCKLE UP FOR SAFETY

¶ Nov. 30 at 5: "Brief Encounter" (1945; David Lean), with Celia Johnson, Trevor Howard, and Stanley Holloway. . . . ¶ Dec. 1 at 2:30: "Blackmail" (1929; Alfred Hitchcock), with Anny Ondra (spoken by Joan Barry), Donald Calthrop, Cyril Ritchard, and Sara Allgood. Both the silent and sound versions will be shown. . . . ¶ Dec. 1 at 6: "Shooting Stars" (1928; A. V. Bramble and Anthony Asquith; a British silent film), with Annette Benson, Brian Aherne, and Donald Calthrop. . . . ¶ Dec. 2 at 2:30: "High Treason" (1929; Maurice Elvey; a British silent film, with French intertitles), with Benita Hume and Jameson Thomas. . . . ¶ Dec. 2 at 6: "Piccadilly" (1929; E. A. Dupont; a British silent film), with Gilda Gray, Anna May Wong, Charles Laughton, and Jameson Thomas. . . . ¶ Dec. 4 at 2:30 and 6: "Sisters of the Gion" (1936; Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Dec. 5 at 2:30: "Piccadilly." . . . ¶ Dec. 5 at 6: "High Treason." . . . ¶ Dec. 6 at 2: "Trunk Crime" ("Design for Murder;" 1939; Roy Boulting). . . . ¶ Dec. 6 at 5: "A Place of One's Own" (1945; Bernard Knowles), with James Mason, Margaret Lockwood, and Dennis Price.

THEATRE 2: Nov. 27 at 3: "How the Myth Was Made" (1978; George C. Stoney and James Brown), a documentary. . . . ¶ Nov. 28 at 3: "Sera Posible El Sur—Un Viage por Argentina de la Mano de Mercedes Sosa" (1985; Stefan Paul; in Spanish, with English subtitles), a documentary. . . . ¶ Nov. 28 at 6: "Blackmail" (1929; Alfred Hitchcock), with Anny Ondra (spoken by Joan Barry), Donald Calthrop, Cyril Ritchard, and Sara Allgood. Both the silent and sound versions will be shown. . . . ¶ Nov. 29 at 2:30: "My Life for Zarah Leander" (1986; Christian Blackwood; in German, with English subtitles), a documentary. . . . ¶ Nov. 29 at 5:30: "Sera Posible El Sur—Un Viage por Argentina de la Mano de Mercedes Sosa." . . . ¶ Nov. 30 at 2:30: "With One Eye on the Money" (1983; Helga Reidemeister; in German, with English subtitles), a documentary. . . . ¶ Nov. 30 at 5:30: "The Desert of Love" (1986; Lothar Lambert; in German, with English subtitles), with Lambert. . . . ¶ Dec. 2 at 3: "The Blind Director" (1985; Alexander Kluge; in German, with English subtitles), with Armin Müller-Stahl and Jutta Hoffmann. . . . ¶ Dec. 2 at 6:30: "The Record" (1984; Daniel Helfer; in German, with English subtitles), with Uwe Ochsenknecht. . . . ¶ Dec. 4 at 3 and 6:30: "I Love $" (1986; Johan van der Keuken), a documentary. . . . ¶ Dec. 5 at 3: "Günter Wallraff—At the Bottom" (1986; Jörg Gfrörer; in German, with English subtitles), a documentary. . . . ¶ Dec. 5 at 6:30: "Stammheim" (1985; Reinhard Hauff; in German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Dec. 6 at 2:30: "The Record." . . . ¶ Dec. 6 at 5:30: "The Blind Director."

WHITNEY MUSEUM, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—"Silver Lake with Dolmen Music," an installation by Meredith Monk, including "Dolmen Music" (1980). Miss Monk will be present on Dec. 2 at 2:30. Continuous showings Tuesdays, 1 to 8; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; and Sundays, noon to 6. Closed Mondays and Thanksgiving Day.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS. IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

AFTER HOURS (1985)—Martin Scorsese directed, and his work here is livelier and more companionable than it has been in recent years. But this skittish paranoid fantasy is just a classroom exercise of a movie: elegant, crisp, and flashy, with perky zooms and cute little dissolves. Griffin Dunne plays a young word-processor operator in midtown New York, who goes down to SoHo for a date and finds himself trapped in a nightmare world, where he has to contend with one flaky, threatening woman after another: Rosanna Arquette, Linda Fiorentino, Teri Garr, Catherine O'Hara, and Verna Bloom. The cast includes John Heard, Cheech and Chong, Dick Miller, and Bronson Pinchot. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/23/85.) (Thalia; Dec. 1.)

AUTUMN SONATA (1978)—Eva (Liv Ullmann), the spiritually distraught, dowdy wife of a pastor in rural Norway, invites Charlotte (Ingrid Bergman), her majestically worldly concert-pianist mother, to come for a visit. Then she goes at her mother with the impacted rage of a lifetime, accusing Charlotte of having deserted her when she was a child by going off to give concerts, and of never loving her. Ingmar Bergman's whole film is like the grievances of someone who has just gone into therapy—Mother did this to me, she did that to me, and that and that and that. It's a gruelling, unconvincing movie. Ingrid Bergman is the one likable performer. In Swedish. (Thalia SoHo; Dec. 2.)

BECKY SHARP (1935)—More famous for its color design and its experimental use of Technicolor than for its dramatic qualities. Rouben Mamoulian directed this only intermittently compelling version of "Vanity Fair." Miriam Hopkins is the naughty witch herself, and the cast includes Frances Dee, Cedric Hardwicke, Alison Skipworth, Nigel Bruce, and Billie Burke. (Thalia SoHo; Dec. 1.)

BLUE VELVET—Written and directed by David Lynch, this is possibly the only coming-of-age movie in which sex has the danger and the heightened excitement of a horror picture. The film is consciously purplish and consciously funny, and the two work together in an original, down-home way. The setting is an archetypal small, sleepy city in an indefinite mythic present that feels like the past, and Kyle MacLachlan is Jeffrey, the clean-cut young man who's scared of his dirty thoughts (but wants to have them anyway). He commutes between the blue lady of the night (Isabella Rossellini, who's a dream of a freak) and the sunshine girl he loves (Laura Dern). The movie has so much aural-visual humor and poetry that it's sustained despite the wobbly plot and other weaknesses. With Dennis Hopper, who gives the movie a jolt of horrific energy, and Dean Stockwell, who is a smiling wonder as Ben the sandman. Also with Hope Lange, Priscilla Pointer, Brad Dourif, and Jack Nance. (9/22/86) (Waverly, and Metro Cinema.)

BOOMERANG! (1947)—Elia Kazan was still a fledgling movie director when he did this modest, cleanly made, rather simplistic crime picture. It's based on an episode in the career of Homer Cummings (who was Franklin Roosevelt's first Attorney General); as a state's attorney in Connecticut, Cummings became convinced that a man he was about to prosecute was innocent, and set about gathering evidence to clear him. With Dana Andrews, Jane Wyatt, Lee J. Cobb, Sam Levene, Arthur Kennedy, Ed Begley, and Karl Malden. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 2.)

THE COLOR OF MONEY—This Martin Scorsese film takes up Paul Newman as Fast Eddie Felson twenty-five years after the close of the 1961 Robert Rossen film "The Hustler," in which Eddie, the new poolroom champion, quit the game. Now he's a silver-haired Chicago liquor salesman, a likable cynical sharpie who himself stakes young hustlers (for sixty per cent of their winnings). When he sees the raw, cocky upstart Vincent (Tom Cruise), he makes a deal to train the kid. Newman brings off some beautiful smiling deviltry. The kick he gets out of acting is inseparable from Eddie's con artistry, and, with the help of pungent low-life dialogue by Richard Price, who wrote the script, he carries the action along. But about midway the joy goes out of Newman's performance, which (despite the efforts of a lot of good actors) is the only life in the movie. With Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, Helen Shaver, Forest Whitaker, John Turturro, and Bill Cobbs. (11/3/86) (Bay Cinema, Coronet, 23rd St. West Triplex, Embassy 72nd St., and Embassy 1.)

CRIES AND WHISPERS (1972)—Ingmar Bergman's dream play is set in a manor house at the turn of the century where a spinster in her late thirties (Harriet Andersson) is dying. Her two sisters (Ingrid Thulin and Liv Ullmann) have come to attend her, and they watch and wait, along with a peasant servant (Kari Sylwan). Superbly photographed by Sven Nykvist in a style suggesting Edvard Munch, and with blood-red backgrounds, the film is smooth and hypnotic; it has oracular power and the pull of a dream. Yet there's a nineteenth-century dullness at the heart of it. Each sister represents a different aspect of woman—woman viewed as the Other—and the film mingles didacticism with erotic mystery. With Erland Josephson and Anders Ek. In Swedish. (Thalia SoHo; Dec. 2.)

DOWN BY LAW—Jim Jarmusch's low-key minimalist comedy about American anomie, shot in black-and-white. The setting is New Orleans, where two deadbeats—Jack, an ineffectual pimp (John Lurie), and Zack, an itinerant disk jockey (Tom Waits)—become the victims of frameups and are put in the same prison cell, where they vegetate in hostile silence. Everything changes when a little, life-loving Italian, Roberto (Roberto Benigni), is put in with them; the three become pals, grinning and talking together. And, eventually, Roberto devises an escape plan. Jarmusch's passive style has its wit, but the style is deadening here until he brings in Roberto—a character out of folk humor. With Ellen Barkin, Billie Neal, Nicoletta Braschi, Rockets Redglare, and Vernel Bagneris. (10/20/86) (Quad Cinema, and Lincoln Plaza.)

DRUMS (1938)—India, the British Empire, turbans, uniforms, and all that. With Raymond Massey and Sabu, directed by Zoltán Korda. (Regency; Dec. 2.)

FIRE OVER ENGLAND (1937)—The Armada is a toy fleet, but the actors are full-scale and stirring—a young, daredevil Laurence Olivier leaps about the battle scenes and makes love to an incredibly pretty Vivien Leigh, while Flora Robson plays a greathearted Queen Elizabeth, and Raymond Massey is Philip II of Spain. It's swashbuckling nonsense (and slow to get under way), but with a fine spirit. William K. Howard directed. (Regency; Dec. 4-6.)

THE GODFATHER (1972)—A wide, startlingly vivid view of a Mafia dynasty, in which organized crime becomes an obscene nightmare image of American ruthlessness. The movie is a popular melodrama, but it expresses a new tragic realism, and it's altogether extraordinary. Francis Ford Coppola directed. Marlon Brando is Don Vito Corleone; Al Pacino, John Cazale, James Caan, and Talia Shire play his children. The period is 1945 to the mid-fifties. The cast includes Robert Duvall, Richard Castellano, Diane Keaton, John Marley, Lenny Montana, Richard Conte, Sterling Hayden, and Abe Vigoda. (Thalia SoHo; Dec. 3-4.)

THE GODFATHER, PART II (1974)—The daring of "Part II" is that it enlarges the scope and deepens the meaning of the first film. Visually, "Part II" is far more complexly beautiful than the first, just as it's thematically richer, more shadowed, fuller. The completed work, contrasting the early manhood of Vito (Robert De Niro) with the life of Michael, his inheritor (Al Pacino), is an epic vision of the corruption of America. Directed, like "The Godfather," by Francis Ford Coppola. The cast includes Robert Duvall, John Cazale, Lee Strasberg, Talia Shire, Troy Donahue, Diane Keaton, G. D. Spradlin, Morgana King, Harry Dean Stanton, Danny Aiello, and Abe Vigoda; with a brief appearance by James Caan. (Thalia SoHo; Dec. 3-4.)

LA GRANDE BOURGEOISE (1977)—A noble, beautiful piece of work by Mauro Bolognini, set in the Italy of 1897. The story has the quality of a fable. The Countess (Catherine Deneuve), daughter of the famed and powerful house of Murri, is married to a boorish doctor but is in love with her brother (played by Giancarlo Giannini). Luck flickers around the apparently blessed Murris, children of a great scholar (played by Fernando Rey). The Murris are rich Socialists; they excite the rage and envy of poorer fellow-Socialists and traditional monarchists alike. Bolognini has made an intellectually exquisite film. In French and Italian. (Thalia SoHo; Nov. 30.)

KING SOLOMON'S MINES (1950)—A smashing kitsch entertainment—H. Rider Haggard's 1886 pulp adventure novel about a search for legendary African diamond mines, given the full M-G-M Technicolor treatment, and with

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an additional romance between an English lady on safari (Deborah Kerr) and the valiant white guide (Stewart Granger). One can enjoy this picture for the superb trumpery that it is: the stunning African fabrics worn by the natives are American-made, and the Watusi dances were choreographed by Jack Cole. The film really was shot in the African highlands, though, and the elephants and mandrills and leopards and cobras are all startlingly clear and close. Directed by Compton Bennett and Andrew Marton. With Richard Carlson, Hugh Haas, and Lowell Gilmore. Also with Kimursi, of the Kipsigi tribe, and Siriaque, Sekaryongo, and Baziga, of the Watusi tribe. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 30.)

The Magician (1958)—This Ingmar Bergman film isn't a masterwork, or even a very good movie, but it is clearly a film made by a master. The mysterious images of Max von Sydow as the nineteenth-century mesmerist, Vogler, and Ingrid Thulin as his assistant, Aman (Vogler's wife, Manda, in male disguise), carry so much latent charge of meaning that they dominate the loosely thrown-together material. It's a metaphysical gothic tale, with some low-comedy scenes and some grisly jokes involving an eyeball and a hand. Bergman uses a nineteenth-century setting for the clichés of the twentieth century—the man of science (Gunnar Björnstrand as Vergérus, the physician) is cold and sadistic, etc. With Bibi Andersson, Erland Josephson, Gertrude Fridh, and Naima Wifstrand. In Swedish. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 1.)

Men . . .—When the handsome, self-centered Julius (Heiner Lauterbach), a Munich advertising executive, discovers that his wife (Ulrike Kriener) has been having an affair with the oafish Stefan (Uwe Ochsenknecht), a long-haired bohemian, he wants to know what Stefan's attraction is, so he assumes a false name and moves in with him. Julius takes some kind of revenge by turning Stefan into an orderly bourgeois with a regular job; while that happens, whimsical gags are tossed together with a jocular feminist exposé of men's attitudes toward women. The picture is harmless and insipid, in the mode of French farces such as "Cousin, Cousine;" it sags in the middle and then collapses in an absurdist ending. Written and directed by Doris Dörrie. In German. (9/8/86) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Nibelungen Saga (1924)—Utterly extraordinary gigantic heroes, trailing processions, and a romantic mystique. Fritz Lang's bizarre, monumental German silent film, conceived as a tribute to the nation, was in two full-length parts—"Siegfried" and "Kriemhild's Revenge"—and the second, made a year after the first, is the madder of the two. The first tends to be static and ornamental; the second is packed with contrapuntal visual rhythms. It makes a picture like "Caligari" seem as routine as a TV sitcom. At the ending of "Siegfried," Brünnhilde has had Siegfried killed, and his widow, Kriemhild, swears revenge. In the second picture, Kriemhild marries Attila the Hun and begins the devastation—massacres, flames, chaos. (Thalia; Dec. 3.)

Ordet (1955)—Carl Dreyer made two emotionally overpowering great films—"The Passion of Joan of Arc" and "Day of Wrath." But "Ordet," which the world press greeted as his masterpiece, may be considered less than that. Kaj Munk, author of the play, was a Danish pastor. His play, written on the text "O ye of little faith," deals with a modern Resurrection, and Dreyer treats it with extreme literalness. Some of us may find it difficult to accept the holy-madman protagonist (driven insane by too close study of Kierkegaard!), and altogether impossible to get involved in the factional strife between bright, happy Christianity and dark, gloomy Christianity—represented as they are by people sitting around drinking vast quantities of coffee. In Danish. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 1.)

Peggy Sue Got Married—Distressed by her marital troubles, Peggy Sue (Kathleen Turner), the mother of two grownup children, collapses at the twenty-fifth reunion of her high-school class, and when she wakes up she discovers that she has gone back in time to the spring of 1960. Directed by Francis Coppola, this is a dream movie that asks whether Peggy Sue, knowing what she does at forty-three, should marry the same boy—passionate Charlie (Nicolas Cage), the only man she ever dated—knowing that he'll turn into the man who introduces himself on television as Crazy Charlie, the Appliance King. The underlying question is: Should Peggy Sue reconcile with her husband or go ahead and get a divorce? Coppola's efforts to bring depth to this material that has no depth make the picture seem groggy. It's as if he were trying to reach through a veil of fog. With Barbara Harris, Barry Miller, and Kevin J. O'Connor. (10/20/86) (Gemini, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

Plenty (1985)—After serving courageously as a British courier for the French Resistance, Susan Traherne (Meryl Streep) has her youthful idealism destroyed by the hypocrisy and materialism of postwar life. She keeps exercising her gift for cultured, sardonic invective, and her outspokenness turns her into a scourge, and eventually into a basket case. As Streep plays Susan there's no imploded energy in her rudeness and no force in the film. She just isn't there. Fred Schepisi directed; David Hare adapted his sick-soul-of-England play. With John Gielgud, Tracey Ullman, Charles Dance, Ian McKellen, Sam Neill, and Sting. (10/7/85) (Public Theatre; starting Nov. 28.)

Quest for Fire (1982)—Set eighty thousand years ago, this science fantasy is a full-length version of the ape-man prologue to "2001;" it's a heavy dose of Desmond ("Naked Ape") Morris, with blaring Dawn of Consciousness music. Naoh, Amoukar, and Gaw (Everett McGill, Ron Perlman, and Nameer El-Kadi), three warriors of the spear-carrying Ulam tribe, go out on the sacred mission of finding fire. As they fight off predatory animals and hideous, apier men, you begin to wish you could detect famous actors under all the makeup, the way you could in the Biblical spectaculars. If it weren't for the grisly close-ups of torn flesh, the picture might be taken for a put-on. What's fun in the movie is the makeup, and the way that the faces of the three warriors are simian and yet attractive. With Rae Dawn Chong. Directed by Jean-Jacques Annaud. Anthony Burgess "created" the "special languages" and Desmond Morris "created" the "body languages and gestures." (Thalia SoHo; Dec. 5-6.)

Re-Animator (1985)—Adapted from a series of six stories that H. P. Lovecraft published in 1922, this horror film about a medical student with a fluorescent greenish-yellow serum that restores the dead to hideous, unpredictable activity is close to being a silly ghoulie classic—the bloodier it gets, the funnier it is. It's like pop Buñuel; the jokes hit you in a subterranean comic zone that the surrealists' pranks sometimes reached, but without the surrealists' self-consciousness (and art-consciousness). This is indigenous American junkiness, like the Mel Brooks–Gene Wilder "Young Frankenstein," but looser and more low-down. ("Re-Animator" wasn't submitted to the Ratings Board.) This is the first movie directed by Stuart Gordon (one of the founders of the Organic Theatre, in Chicago); the actors he picked perform with a straight-faced, hip aplomb. Herbert West, the re-animator, is played by Jeffrey Combs with pursed lips and a clammy-prissy set of the jaw. David Gale is the hypocritical lecher who loses his head, Robert Sampson is the Dean, Barbara Crampton is the Dean's creamy-pink daughter (who's at her loveliest when she's being defiled), and Bruce Abbott is her adoring fiancé. (11/18/85) (Cinema Village; Dec. 5-6.)

Reds (1981)—Warren Beatty, who was the producer, the director, and the co-writer, also plays the hero, the American journalist John Reed, who took part in the Bolshevik Revolution and wrote "Ten Days That Shook the World." Diane Keaton plays Reed's wife, the independent-minded Louise Bryant. Beatty is often touching, and he does some of the best acting he has ever done, but he plays so much on what the audience responds to in him—the all-American combination of innocence and earnestness—that he's in danger of turning into Li'l Abner. The subject—the romantic life of an American Communist—may be daring, but the moviemaking is extremely traditional, with Beatty playing a man who dies for an ideal. It's rather a sad movie, because it isn't really very good. With Jack

Nicholson as Eugene O'Neill, and Maureen Stapleton, Gene Hackman, Paul Sorvino, the novelist Jerzy Kosinski, and Edward Herrmann. (Thalia; Dec. 4.)

Rembrandt (1936)—Perhaps because Charles Laughton's performance lacked the crowd-pleasing exuberance of his other major roles, the picture was not a commercial success, though it's a fine example of its genre and was obviously made (by Alexander Korda) with love and dedication. At times, the visual style seems more Vermeer than Rembrandt, but that's closer than most movies about painters get. Gertrude Lawrence plays the artist's shrewd housekeeper, and lovely young Elsa Lanchester is the kitchenmaid who becomes his mistress. Also with Roger Livesey, Marius Goring, John Clements, Gertrude Musgrove, and Raymond Huntley. (Regency; Nov. 30-Dec. 1.)

A Room with a View—Adapted from the early novel by E. M. Forster, this is a whimsical social comedy about a muddled young English girl (Helena Bonham-Carter) who desires yet fears sexual love; she runs away from the man (Julian Sands) who stirs her emotions, and becomes engaged to a rich twit (Daniel Day Lewis). Bonham-Carter lacks the carriage and presence of a trained actress, and Sands is playing Forster's flimsy—almost abstract—dream of a natural, uninhibited lover, and is rather vague. But the movie is well paced, and it never loses its hold on a viewer's affections, because it's so thoroughly inhabited. It's more than a little precious, but it's a piece of charming foolishness. With Denholm Elliott, Maggie Smith, Judi Dench, Simon Callow, and Rosemary Leach. It was directed by James Ivory, from a script by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala that pares down the text skillfully and takes much of its lively, dizzy dialogue directly from Forster. (3/24/86) (Quad Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.)

Round Midnight—Most of Bertrand Tavernier's mournful, blue-toned movie, which, an opening title tells us, was "inspired by incidents in the lives of Francis Paudras and Bud Powell," is set in Paris in 1959. The French jazz enthusiast Paudras is now called Francis Borier and is played by François Cluzet, and Powell, the great bebop pianist, who suffered frequent nervous breakdowns and then made a new life abroad, is now the dazed, alcoholic tenor-sax man Dale Turner, and is played by the near-legendary Dexter Gordon. The enthusiast is a saintly groupie. You know what kind of movie it's going to be when you see this guy out in a drenching rain, crouched against the building where the American is playing, because he doesn't have the money to go in. Cluzet is soaking wet, but his eyes shine and he listens to Dexter Gordon's music worshipfully. Soon he has become a friend of the black American giant. (Gordon is six feet five or six.) Cluzet follows him around, takes care of him, and rescues him when he goes on a bender and is hospitalized; Cluzet becomes Gordon's keeper, treating the expatriate with the respect he didn't get in his own country. He treats him as the artist he is, and Gordon flowers into a courtly, gentle fellow, and begins to compose again. But his self-destructiveness runs very deep, and so the picture is one crisis after another, with the saintly groupie running through the streets, searching for the imperilled saintly bopper. The way the picture is conceived, the musician is always on the verge of collapse or death. (Afterward, in the lobby, a woman said to her friend, "I'm worn out from worrying about him.") The French are pretty hard to take when they celebrate how much they love American art. The film is "respectfully dedicated to Bud Powell and Lester Young." Tavernier clearly identifies with the fan, and he probably cast Cluzet in the role because of his resemblance to Truffaut. (We're being told that Tavernier loves American movies as well as American jazz; he even shows us Cluzet making home movies of his idol.) Tavernier seems to be enshrining his own idolatry. His moviemaking is rhythmless. And there's nothing visceral in his appreciation of jazz: the music itself has none of the mysterious teeming vitality of great bebop—it's lifeless, commemorative. You may come out with the feeling that Tavernier is proud of the gloomy dullness of the movie, that he sees virtue in it. With Sandra Reaves-Phillips, who shakes things up when she sings a good low-down version of Bessie Smith's "Put It Right Here," and Lonette McKee, John Berry, Martin Scorsese, Philippe Noiret, and many well-known musicians, including Herbie Hancock, who arranged and conducted the music. The script, which attempts to achieve a musical flow (and allows for improvised dialogue), is by David Rayfiel and Tavernier. (Plaza, and R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin.)

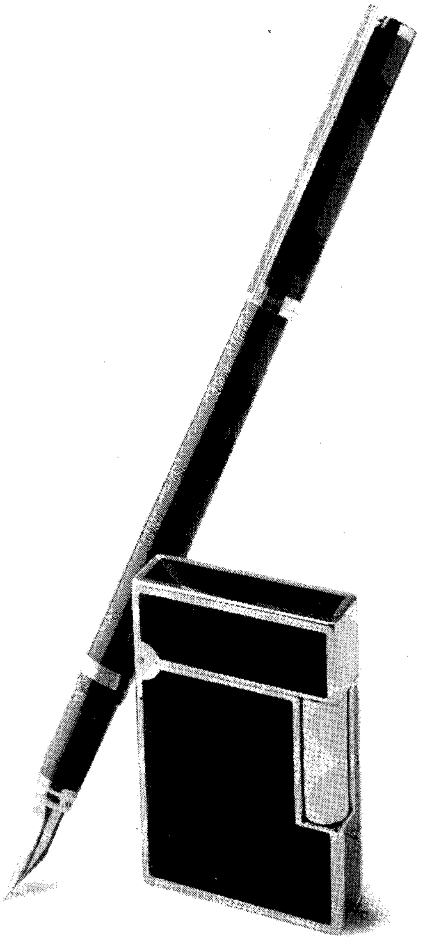
She's Gotta Have It—The voluptuous, easygoing Nola (Tracy Camila Johns), a graphic designer who lives in the black bohemian world in Brooklyn, is happily juggling three lovers when she's faced by a mock crisis: each of the three men has turned possessive and wants to be her one and only. That's the premise of this quick-witted sex comedy written, directed, and edited by the twenty-nine-year-old Spike Lee, who shot it in 16-mm. in twelve days, on an almost nonexistent budget. Nola, her three lovers, and her family and friends explain themselves directly to the camera, and the film's basic set is Nola's bed; you can't shoot a movie much cheaper or faster than that. Lee's economies become part of what's enjoyable about the film, and he keeps it all sparking and bouncing along. With Tommy Redmond Hicks, John Canada Terrell, and Lee himself. (10/6/86) (Quad Cinema, and Criterion Center.)

Something Wild—Jonathan Demme's romantic screwball comedy isn't just about a carefree kook (Melanie Griffith) and a pompous man from Wall Street (Jeff Daniels). The script—a first by E. Max Frye—is like the working out of a young man's fantasy of the pleasures and punishments of shucking off middle-class behavior patterns. The movie is about crossing over—about getting high on anarchic, larcenous behavior and then being confronted with ruthless, sadistic criminality. This rough-edged comedy has a freedom that takes off from its genre framework; it's really screwball: it breaks conventions and turns into a scary slapstick thriller. Demme weaves the stylization of rock videos into the fabric of the movie. Starting with David Byrne and Celia Cruz singing Byrne's "Loco De Amor" during the opening credits, and ending with a reprise of Chip Taylor's "Wild Thing" by the reggae singer Sister Carol East, who appears on half of the screen while the final credits roll on the other half, there are almost fifty songs (or parts of songs), several of them performed onscreen by The Feelies. The score—it was put together by John Cale and Laurie Anderson—has a life of its own that gives the movie a buzzing vitality. This is a party movie with both a dark and a light side. With Ray Liotta as the dangerous, menacing Ray; Dana Preu as the kook's gloriously bland mother; Margaret Colin as bitchy Irene; and, tucked among the many performers, John Waters and John Sayles. (11/17/86) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 34th St. East, Baronet, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

Song of the South (1946)—Musical version of Joel Chandler Harris's stories—sentimental, and offensive to some, but often effective. From the Disney studios, and employing both animation and live actors (James Baskette, Hattie McDaniel, Bobby Driscoll, Lucille Watson, Ruth Warrick, Luana Patten). (Eastside Cinema, 23rd St. West Triplex, Guild, and Olympia Quad. . . . ¶ New Embassy 49th Street. No performances Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 1-2.)

True Stories—This first feature directed by David Byrne, of Talking Heads, is laid out like a musical-comedy documentary about a town, except that the town—Virgil, Texas—is imaginary. Byrne, the narrator and observer, introduces us to the townspeople who are about to take part in the pageantry of the Texas Sesquicentennial with their own "Celebration of Specialness." Byrne is looking for a true mythic image of America; Virgil is Our Town, it's Anytown, U.S.A., and the movie is about banality and eccentricity and consumerism. Byrne sets up the material for satirical sequences, yet he doesn't give it a satirical spin. The picture's tone is often insecure, but, working with the crack cinematographer Ed Lachman, Byrne brings a new visual sensibility to the screen (a respect for pared-down plainness), and after a rather shaky opening the characters themselves begin to engage us. With John Goodman, Jo Harvey Allen, Tito Larriva, Roebuck (Pops) Staples, Swoosie Kurtz, Spalding Gray, Annie McEnroe, and Alix Elias. The script is by Byrne, Beth Henley, and Stephen Tobolowsky. (10/20/86) (Beekman, and Metro Cinema. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse; through Dec. 4.)

FOR ONCE
IN YOUR LIFE
THE VERY BEST



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THE NEW YORKER

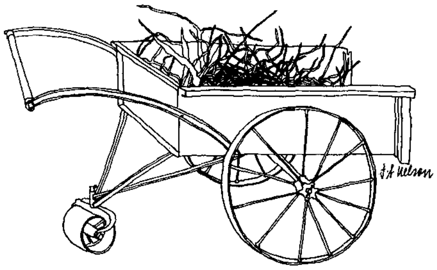
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE admit, a little reluctantly, that we enjoyed the Liberty Weekend festivities of the past summer—not the made-for-TV events, and not the relentless boasting, and not the endless commercials employing the Statue as a backdrop, but the crowds, and the impromptu small and personal celebrations, and the fireworks. And even TV's Elvis imitators, who actually did a very credible collective King. There was a lot of hostility, a lot of sarcasm, surrounding the Elvis imitators, but we saw them—live, at the Meadowlands—and the Elvis imitators were O.K. Anyway, with this precedent in mind we probably should not have been dismayed to read in the *Times* last week about plans for the upcoming bicentennial of the Constitution. But dismayed we were. Former Chief Justice Warren E. Burger, who will run the celebrations, has apparently been enlisting lots of corporate help for the event. Sitting next to a cereal baron at a dinner party, he joked that it would be nice if a copy of the Constitution could be put in every box of flakes, bran, loops, Os, and pops. Taking Mr. Burger seriously, the man immediately set his marketing forces to work on the idea. The BellSouth and Bell Atlantic corporations may print the document on the inside and outside covers of the phone book. The Southland Corporation is "studying a proposal" to hand out pocket-sized Constitutions at all 7-Eleven stores. A tobacco company, Philip Morris, invites essays on the First Amendment (specifically, on the right of tobacco companies to advertise in the media). A "low-cost recording" of a reading of the Constitution is to be available from Campbell Soup. The Hilton and Marriott hotels may place our founding document next to the Gideon Bible.

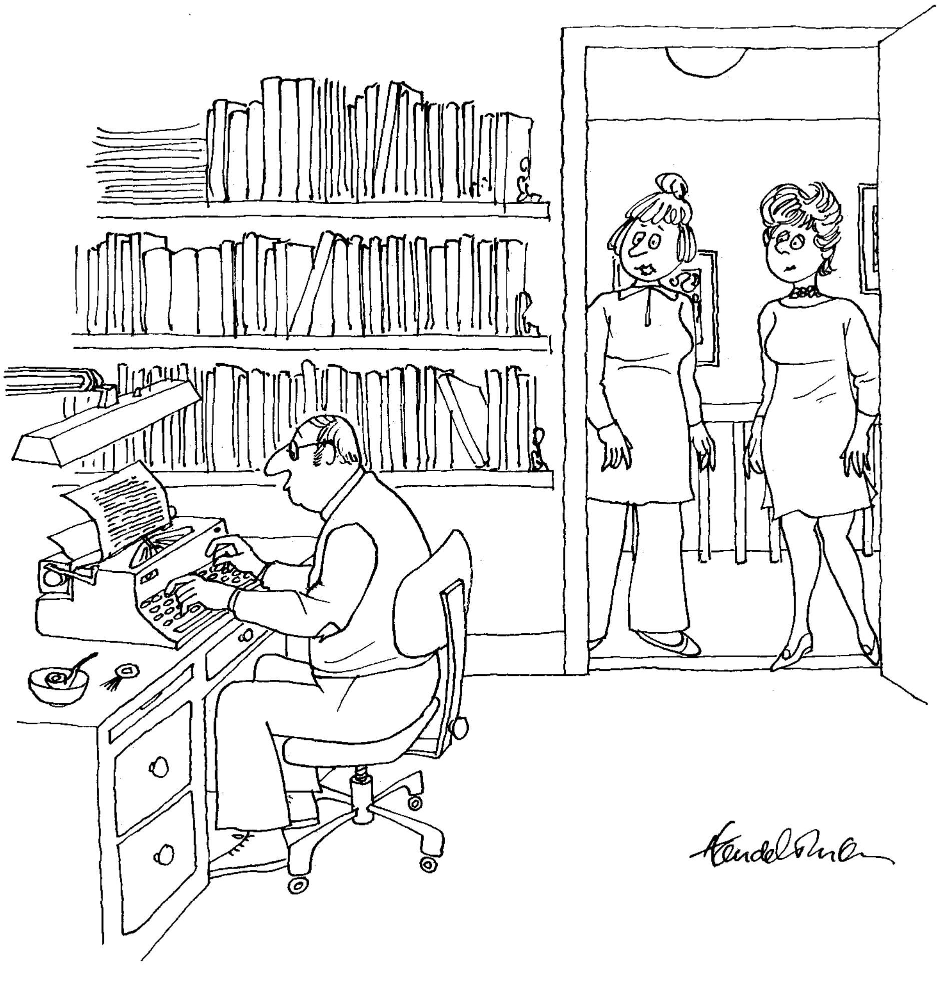
Why should any of this dismay us in the least? Not because it "commercializes" a sacred document. We have a copy of the Declaration of Independence on our wall which we were handed on a trip to Philadelphia—it is signed by all the delegates to the Continental Congress and also by Mr. Softee, a gentleman with an ice-cream cone growing out of his neck. And not because the printing of millions of copies will somehow cheapen the Constitution. We had to search for several minutes through the office library before we found a copy, in the appendix of a one-volume United States history—we'd love a pocket-sized copy for our desk (though the thought of a copy that by living in a cereal box has acquired that dusty, sugary surface so well known to coupon collectors is mildly disgusting).

No, the only problem we see is that the whole process tames and sentimentalizes the Constitution a little. The *Times* report quotes Janet C. Powers, manager of sales promotion for MCI Communications Corporation, which is one of the companies that have been urging consumers to throw over A.T.&T., as saying her company hopes to become involved in the celebrations. "We've had several tests of marketing approaches," she said. "I hope we'll be able to find something because I'm very fond of the idea. The Constitution is part of mainstream America." Even leaving aside the question of her particular plan (sponsoring a baseball game between the Phillies of Philadelphia, where the Constitution was written, and the Mets of New York, where the first Congress was convened, to be played in Washington, D.C., our nation's capital), her notion seems only partly right. The Constitution *is* part of mainstream America, but only because mainstream America is part of America in general. The Constitution is for élite, powerful America, too. There is at least conceivably a danger, it seems to us, that the Constitution could cease to have its secularly sacred meaning for powerful men, yet they would nonetheless continue to sell it to the bulk of the public, in much the way that Latin-American dictators believed in keeping the commoners traditionally Catholic, to insure obedience and limit vexing questions.



Is this danger more than theoretical? It is always more than theoretical. One could argue that the Constitution's long life proves that it is extremely hardy. But one could also argue that the enormous number of nations who follow no such code proves that it belongs to an endangered species. Clearly, it is fragile. Perhaps it is like a beautiful glass clock: its beauty and intricacy keep most people from tampering with it, but if even once some President or some Congress or some court, in an impatient moment, hits it with a hammer it won't be reassembled. What each powerful official of our government must decide, over and over, is that, as much as he would like to do a particular thing, and as wise as he thinks it would be to do it, he will not attempt it if it contravenes the Constitution. Especially for the President, who has such enormous power at his disposal, this must be a conscious act of self-restraint—especially if he is good at keeping secrets, for the Constitution will not reach out and stop him from keeping them. As a result, it is most often the executive branch that endangers the fine balance of the nation. This fall, we have learned that the President, working through his National Security Council so as to avoid the oversight of Congress, has authorized a disinformation campaign to mislead the foreign press in an effort to make Colonel Qaddafi, of Libya, nervous, and has run an arms-for-hostages (and perhaps influence) deal with the Iranians. It also appears quite likely that N.S.C. staff members and other Administration officials were deeply involved in planning and aiding the Contra war in Nicaragua at a time when Congress had explicitly banned such an effort. At the very least, the Iranian and Nicaraguan operations skirt the outermost edge of the constitutionally troublesome. They certainly represent attempts to evade the constitutional separation of powers, to get away with something that Congress not only did not know about but (in the Iranian case) would never in a thousand sessions have approved. Congress was notified of the Iranian operation only the week before last, long after the story had broken, and even then the Administration would not let Vice-Admiral John Poindexter, the national-security adviser, testify—he met informally with senators and representatives.

Perhaps the equation drawn by the hoteliers between the Gideon Bible and the Constitution makes sense. It can't hurt to have millions of copies of either one floating around, even though some Christians would say that reading the words in the Bible and accepting them as true, as divinely inspired, will guarantee salvation, while others would insist that trying to live up to the example set in the Gospels is what is demanded. This is a theological debate we feel unqualified to referee. But as regards the Constitution the situation is clear: it has no talismanic value; it is not divine in origin. When people fish their free copies from among the raisins, they will be reminded, as they read them, that the Constitution is not, for the most part, a stirring document. It is a canny set of rules establishing who approves what by what sort of majority. Men wrote it, and men must defend it, over and over, or else it means nothing more than, say, the inspiring constitution of the Soviet Union.



"Very few new ideas come into Arthur's head anymore. He's living on his fat."

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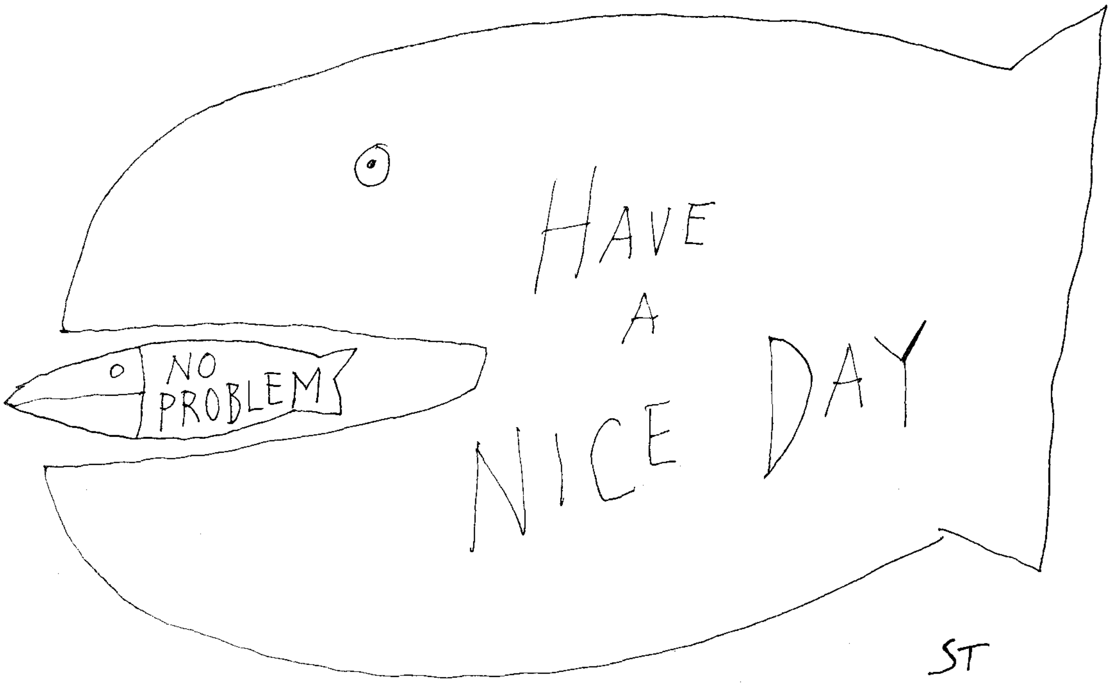
The Rink

THE Wollman Rink, in Central Park, finally reopened a week ago—after six years of delays, countless mechanical glitches (the refrigeration pipes had to be replaced twice), and millions of dollars in cost overruns—so on the inaugural day we dug our skates out of the closet (they were behind the golf clubs and under the high-school yearbooks) and went up to take a test spin. The day had apparently started with some sort of official ice-warming ceremony, presided over by Mayor Koch and by Donald Trump, the real-estate developer, who stepped in last July and took over the rink renovation, accomplishing in just a few months what the city had failed to do in all those years, but we can't tell you about any of that, because we weren't there. We *can* report that everything was polished and ready, that there was an arc of bright-colored helium balloons billowing above the rink, and that after the speechmaking the very first skater out on the ice was Gernot Plitz, a painter, who had been waiting for this moment more or less since last August, when he got into a speed-limit dispute with the management of Sky Rink, an indoor skating facility on the West Side.

"I was waiting right here at the edge, looking at my Seiko chronograph and counting down the seconds," Mr. Plitz told us later, in precise, lightly accented English (he is originally from outside Munich), while taking a breather from his exertions. Dressed all in gray and black, propelled by gleaming black Bauer hockey skates, and with a shock of thick black hair standing up stiffly in the wind, he had been putting on a demonstration of futurist skating all afternoon—swooping and swerving over the ice, cutting sharply first on one leg, then on the other, in a style both graceful and functional. "The ice is a little brittle—too much air, I think," Mr. Plitz went on. "But I am sure it will get better, and it's certainly nice to have the rink open at last. And Good Uncle Donald has made it all possible."

After a six-year layoff, our own skating style proved at first to be a good deal less efficient than Mr. Plitz's, giving us ample opportunity to study the ice from quite close up and to



note a number of defects. We were able to make a knees-on inspection of some ruts next to the boards on the western side, for example; we hand-tested for wetness a couple of spots melting in the afternoon sun; and if we had wanted to we could have counted individually the many oak leaves frozen just below the surface at the northern end. But we were more concerned with the spirit of the occasion—with the return of an almost forgotten city landmark—than with a technical appraisal of the surface itself, and we did our best to keep our head up and our feet moving uncritically, and to blend as objectively as possible with our fellow-celebrators: school kids hauling themselves hand over hand along the boards; boys in bluejeans tearing around in that bouncing, bent-knee stride that hockey players have; young girls in down jackets pumping along in mechanical, all-business fashion, arms and legs swinging forward and back, forward and back; white-haired gents in business suits, their cheeks glowing, cruising along effortlessly, seeming barely to move their legs; women in tights and short skating skirts essaying some backward crossovers with arms stretched out on either side; and there, in the middle, a couple of figure skaters slowly unlimbering and cautiously venturing a spread eagle or two, an arabesque, and—wow!—even some Axel jumps. It was an almost classically beautiful November day, we suddenly noticed—with a pale-blue sky the color of delft, and with that unmistakable golden light of early winter burnishing the buildings on Central Park South, outlining the dormers on top of the Plaza, glinting off the Essex House sign—and in the midst of so much energy and fluid motion we experienced a kind of technical breakthrough. It all came back at once—the rhythm, the balance, the stride—and we realized that we were actually *gliding*. We also had a kind of emotional breakthrough, in which those ruts, the sun-warmed spots, even the leaves embedded in the ice came to seem not just O.K. but exactly right. At that moment, Wollman was not just an artificial-ice rink, not even a multimillion-dollar, long-overdue rink, but an ice rink aspiring to be a pond. Up at the northern end, in front of the brand-new skate house, was a uniformed sweeper, broom and long-handled dustpan at the ready, but he hadn't moved for hours, it seemed, because there was no trash for him to sweep up.

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Red Spot

THE Red Spot Outdoor Slide Theatre resembles a drive-in theatre minus the cars, but not all that much. You take a taxi or a No. 6 train or maybe the N or the R. You disembark and go to the corner of Broadway and Spring Street. There, west of Broadway, after dark, illuminating the east wall of a building on Spring, is the Red Spot Outdoor Slide Theatre. From the windows of his loft, on Broadway, Allen Daugherty, with help from some hardware and some fellow-artists, projects slides that become forty-foot-square images on the wall. This has been going on for five years. Some previous Red Spot shows: "Product Sacrifice Show," "White Rat Slide Show," "In/Out Show," "Wall Words," "Acetate Carnival," "Spoils of Acetate," "Graffiti Projection Services Show," "Women in the Street." A while back, "The New York/Miami Show" opened. It was called "The New York/Miami Show" because some of the artists live in New York and some live in Miami. It moved around. First, you could see the show in New York; then you could take a taxi to Miami and see it there. Then, if the driver was willing to wait a few days, you could ride back to New York, where once again you could see it from the corner of Broadway and Spring.

Getting inside Allen Daugherty's loft on opening night took about twenty minutes. It involved a call from a pay telephone down the block. Then a walk up four steep flights of stairs. Inside, there was a table set with food; also a water bed, a gray cat, funny smells, beer, FM hard rock, and some furniture, but it was too dark to see what kind of furniture. An angry young man sat in a chair, looking angry. One side of the loft contained a bunch of Allen Daugherty's art. In the dim light, most of it appeared to reflect an obsession with somatic processes. Some people walked up the four flights and said flat out that they thought the space was simply marvellous. Others weren't so sure. One woman thought the cat atop the water bed was marvellous. But not if you're allergic.

Two Hasselblad PCP-80 projectors, an ABL Show Pro-5 computer board and Mark-2 dissolve unit, and a no-name custom color wheel were set up next to the water bed, facing the rear windows. Some of the images projected on the wall were figurative, some were abstract, some contained words, some had a beginning, a middle, and an ending, some were indecipherable because the slides were loaded backward into the projector. Doug Ciarelli, Allen Daugherty's assistant, operated the equipment. An example of his work appeared in "The New York/Miami Show." It was decipherable and describable but not discussable. When Doug Ciarelli was asked about the effect of the Red Spot Slide Show upon the people living in the building on Spring Street into whose windows the Red Spot Slide Show was being projected, he said, "Ask me another question."

Allen Daugherty said, "Those are very coöperative, understanding people."

What other people said:

"That's a neat color."

"Unusual blue."

"Nice show."

"Interesting."

"Ink takes a long time to dry."

"Oh, I know. Listen, we've done five shows."

"Have you done crack?"

"No, have you?"

"You can also go on the roof if you like. Get a view from there. Different perspective."

"You want to be introduced as Richie or Richard?"

"One of the most influential singers in the metal idiom."

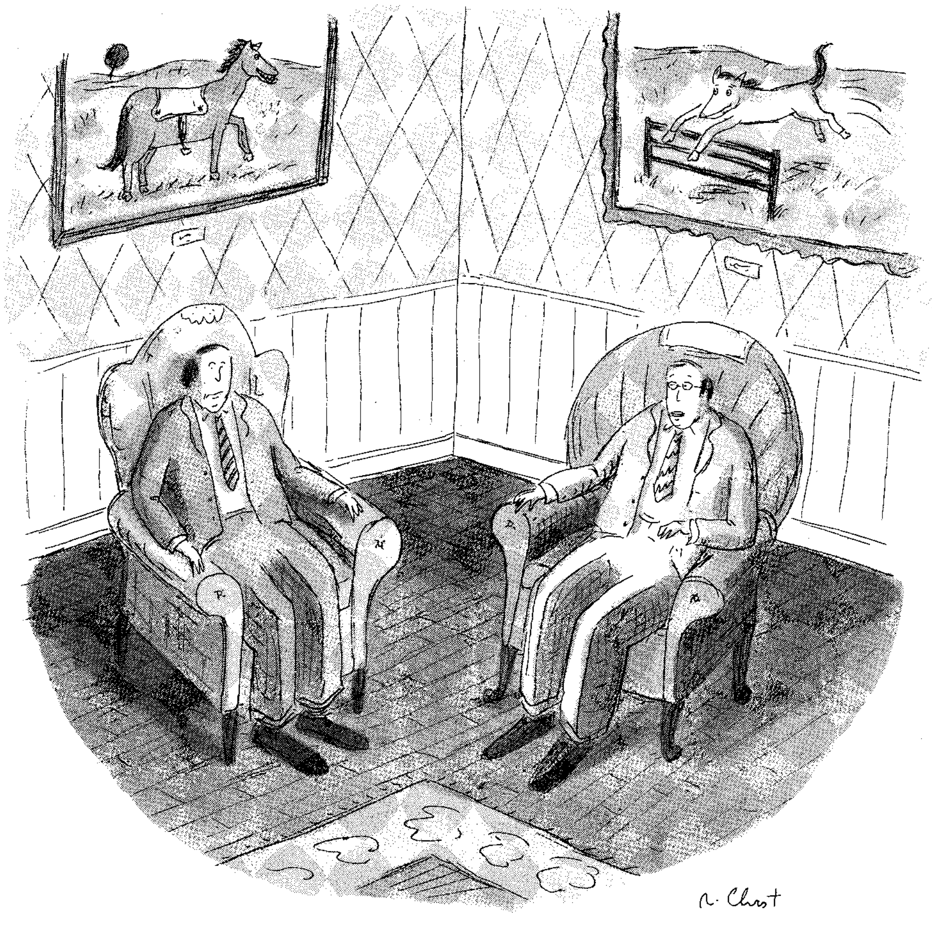
"I know you know how to dance. You don't *want* to dance."

"Excuse me" (said with authority).

About two hundred people showed up. The food, which was cheese, meat, vegetables, chips, and a couple of apples—all the food except some of the lesser vegetables went immediately. There was a turkey due at midnight.

Standing on the landing below the top flight of stairs, Allen Daugherty collected money: three dollars a head; five dollars a couple; a dollar for artists. This was the first time he had ever charged admission. He felt a little guilty, so he tried to get that part over with quickly: "Hey, Jerry. How you doin'? You look great. Got a buck?" Allen Daugherty wore bluejeans and a sleeveless white T-shirt with a grainy-edged tomato-red circle in the center and black block letters that said "RED SPOT." He has a range rider's ruddy face, a dark beard, and vestiges of a flat southwest-Texas twang.

"I figured I needed a slogan, a logo of some kind," Daugherty said. "I got the idea of something round because the slide was square. I needed to make it a color. I thought first green, and then I thought red was a more volatile color. So I used red. Then I added the words 'Red Spot.' It kind of hit. Then I thought: I can place this spot everywhere. I put these posters up around town. The poster had a red spot and it said 'Red Spot' and 'Area Hello.' It just snowballed. People started, like, calling the show Red Spot or saying 'Who is this Red Spot guy?' Then they started calling *me* Red Spot. It just happened. It seemed to work. I didn't expect it to. That's part of my art. I'll put something out and if it comes back I'll kind of accept it. So I said, 'Well, why not?' "



"Bartleson, are we cronies yet?"

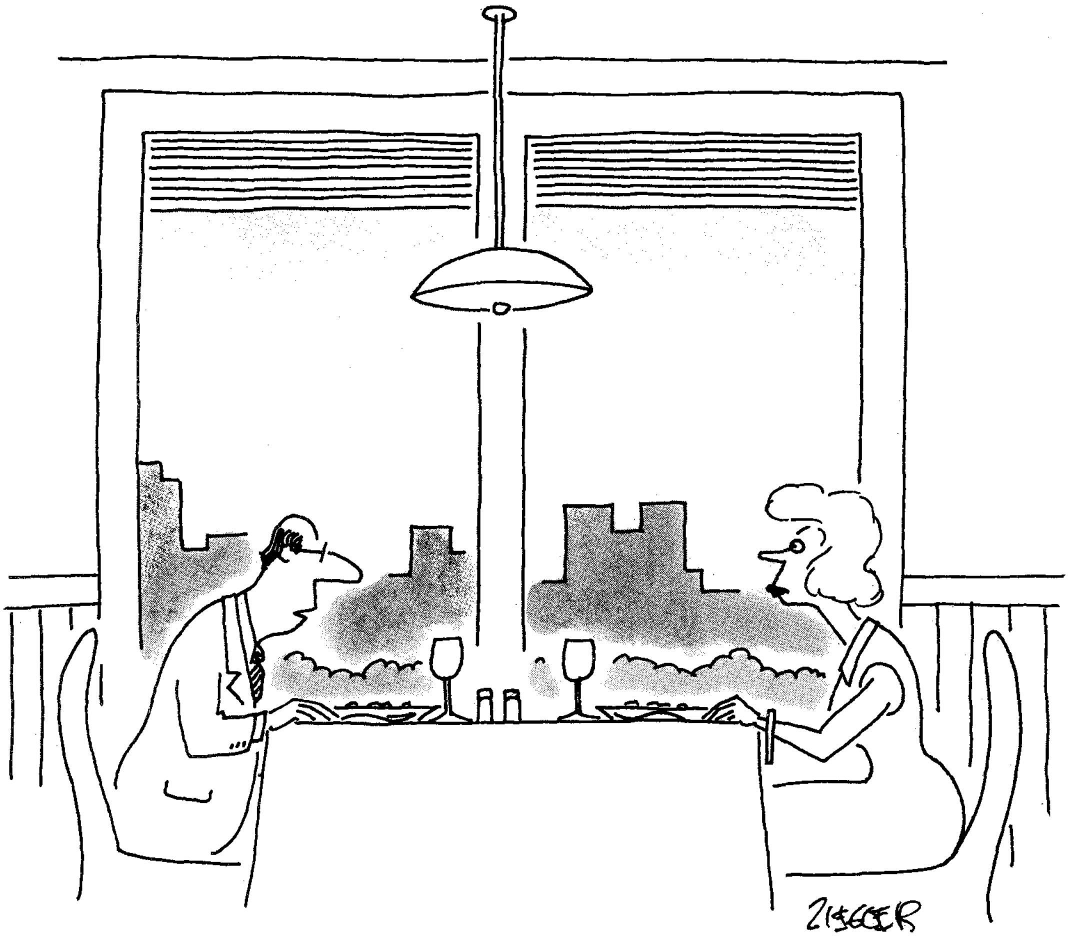
On the roof, the air felt chilly. The Koo Dancers—white costumes, Oriental flute music, more stamina than their audience—performed. Also, Tommaso the Unknown Poet was there. His poems run the gamut from naughty to heavy. For some time, he was plain Tommaso, a poet. Then a magazine published a photograph of him reciting some poetry on top of a car in an empty lot on Rivington Street and the caption identified him as the Unknown Poet. Tommaso the Unknown Poet has flowing white hair, and he wore red sneakers with wine-red shoelaces, red socks, a red bow tie, a red satin warmup jacket, a red cap, off-white flared pants, and a heavy black-and-white sweater.

While Tommaso was talking to a couple of friends, someone approached him and said, "You're Tommaso, right?"

He said, "I used to be Tommaso. Now I'm just a jerk. I came here to read some poems. They got three dollars from me at the door. Can you imagine that? I come here to perform and they make me pay. If these dancers ever stop, I'm supposed to read some poems. I might sing 'Me and My Shadow.' I add a little bit of my own stuff to it. Actually, I don't sing well. You know what I mean? I'm not sure what to do. I play the room usually, but I don't know what this room is all about. It's not even a room, it's a roof. I've got to be relaxed. It's very difficult to get a hundred people interested in one poem. I'm very unhappy about the three dollars. Fortunately, some friends of mine showed up. And I'll tell you one other thing: I had three beers and I ate some of that salami downstairs. So it's not a total loss."

Golly

"IT'S sort of my greatest hit—I have to do it over and over," said Ricky Jay, a professional magician.



"Well, I was outvoted by the stockholders today by eight thousand six hundred and twenty-seven to one."

• •

We sat in his Madison Avenue hotel room one morning last month while he stood at the far end of the suite with a deck of cards in his hand. He winged them one by one at the wall, so hard that their edges not only bent but stayed bent. "These guys are going about ninety miles an hour," he said. "I used to be a disk jockey at these rowdy bars and I'd see some guy getting ready to throw a punch, I'd quick hit him in the chest with a card and he'd have no idea where it came from and be so puzzled he'd forget about the punch. I pitched cards once to Reggie Smith when he was still with the Dodgers. At first, I tossed them slow and he was real cocky, but then I started to wing them. And you can *curve* these suckers." He had us stand by the window holding a page of the *Times* filled with stories about Ivan Boesky, the financial wizard, and he threw a card through it, leaving a neat slit. Then, from a distance of about fifteen feet, he threw another card right through the slit. "In my act, I toss them into watermelons," he said. "I start off throwing one into the red part, and then I throw another into exactly the same place—it splits the first card. And then I talk some about the green pachydermatous outer layer, in such a way that everyone thinks it would be impossible to put a card in there, and then I throw one right into that green pachydermatous outer layer."

But "Cards as Weapons" was Mr. Jay's first book. His new book, which he came to town last month to promote, is "Learned Pigs and Fireproof Women," a history of unique, even oddball, performers—men who could sit in hot ovens, mice who could sing, Frenchmen who could resist poison, and a man who, hanging upside down in front of a blackboard with a piece of chalk in his hand could interweave the letters of words suggested by the audience—the words "Indianapolis," "idiosyncrasies," and "Constantinople" say—while reciting Kipling's "Gunga Din." ("Indianapolis" was written right side up, "idiosyncrasies" upside down, and "Constantinople" in mirror writing.) Conjuring, said Mr. Jay, can be traced back at least to the Egyptian epoch, when a magician entertained King Cheops by performing several decapitation illusions with animals but refused to repeat them on human subjects. Many of the tricks used today have long pedigrees, Mr. Jay said. The noted "psychic" Uri Geller "is always stopping watches," he observed, and he went on, "The first magic book published in the United States, which came out in 1805, in Boston, included a method for making watches stop. I don't know if I want to explain it to you. But I'm sure that if you thought about it for a moment you could figure it out." (We couldn't.)

Along with carrying on his writing, his stage work, and his lecturing (when we talked, he was about to go to Cornell for a talk on "Conjuring and Conjuring Literature from Elizabeth to Victoria"), Mr. Jay curates the Mulholland Library of Conjuring and the Allied Arts in Los Angeles, a ten-thousand-item collection that supplied some of the information for his new book. "I actually have plenty for a sequel, too," he said. "I could do a chapter on the Houdini imitators—Howdini, Oudini, Martini, Szeny, Zucchini, all of them. And one of my passions is a turn-of-the-century European juggler, Cinquevalli. He was as famous as Houdini in his day, and from what I can tell he deserved his press. He could balance a pool cue on his nose, and, on top of it, two billiard balls—the sensational part is the second ball, of course. And he would wear a leotard and one of those Kaiser Wilhelm helmets with the spike on top. Now, he had three or four poles, maybe fourteen feet long, and he would balance these vertically on his shoulders. And on top of them he'd balance a forty-four-pound iron washtub. He'd move his shoulders some to get it spinning, and then he'd knock away the poles and the washtub would fall fourteen feet and impale itself on his helmet spike. But the First World War—all the anti-German sentiment—pretty much killed his act."

MORE GRIM NEWS

"A whole generation," someone says, "is stalled at the vice-presidential level."—*John Corry in the Times, reviewing "After the Sexual Revolution," a television documentary on the plight of modern women.*

Laverne Brattle is one of an estimated twenty-three million women stranded at the vice-presidential level. Recently, she agreed to give this reporter a peek into her life. I spent four days cooking with Laverne, sharing her soap, her lather, her heartaches. Laverne is a pert little number with a twinkle and sweaters—essential in her chosen field of trespassing. She is Vice-President of Trespassing at a startup situation in the Middle West. Some of what Laverne has to say isn't pretty, but I feel that anyone who wants to seriously confront in a responsible way the plight of twenty-three million female vice-presidents will be willing to challenge himself with this incoming data.

Monday. L. is angry. Rips the sweater off her back; rips the sweater off *my* back; brews the coffee dark—too dark. Opens the hall closet, walks in, sits down, won't come out. I turn the temperature up to an unbearable 110 degrees. No go. Hot line; emergency medical team, whole trip. Why? What's the cause? How come L. is so *awfully* down in the dumps? Once again she has been assigned to trespass on Go Go Lyne, a fragmented remnant of a tattered buyout, now to be auctioned or distilled into paste. It is not, L. feels, a desirable assignment, or one suited to her talents.

"I was trained in combing Portuguese sonata-form motets," L. says. "After college I found work in this area almost nonexistent, so I entered trespassing. I was told it was a growth area, and I seemed to need to do it anyway."

L. sends me a body message: *Back off, buddy;* and this reporter backs off. I have been outmaneuvered again. She is wearing a little-boy's tie, a totem effective against me. It is a Greendale School tie: my school—from ages six to ten! Not only did the Greendale (as we called it) not admit women, it didn't allow coloreds or Jews. How sweet! Now I am sitting on the sofa. L. has a big plaid sofa—cheap, and, I am afraid, not completely *fresh.* I count to ten. Now I am speaking French! L. is intruding on my language. I *hate* French. In a very businesslike and completely professional way, L. has demonstrated that she is capable of functioning as a C.E.O.

"Should we head out to Go Go Lyne?" I ask.

She breaks into hysterical laughter. Wave upon wave of huge humorless laughter crashes over my head.

"It can't be that bad," I say.

"You'll see," she says.

Laverne does have a company car, but, unlike the male presidents of her company, who drive American autos with Brazilian engines, she has been assigned a Perbu, an ultra-low-price domestic import manufactured in a special-tariff zone in Detroit by the United Nations Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Organization (UNESCO). UNESCO's recent military adventures in Nevada have had repercussions on American owners of the Perbu, who find themselves the blood enemies of at least three right-wing armies. Laverne must carry full glass collision and pay protection money amounting to half her salary to the Bork Group, a regional militia in Michigan and northern Indiana. The Bork Group protects the car while it is at rest. No militia will protect a moving Perbu.

Tuesday. I have been good, so L. gives me the colloquium I have been wanting. I am amazed at the numbers: between three and four thousand vice-presidents are outraged. They are a vocal and articulate group. They stand packed like sardines in L.'s living room. After a time, the weak ones totter and fall; most, however, still want a C.E.O. post.

All at once, a lone figure emerges. She is monstrous and outspoken. A low murmur, as ancient, one feels, as the earth or the sky, begins among the vice-presidents.

"It's Sally," L. whispers to me. "You're in for a treat. She doesn't usually do this for outsiders."

Sally, in word and gesture, indicates that she is vice-president at a Burger Hell location at the corner of Sherman Boulevard and Wilderness Road. She says:

> At business school I was not popular. Persons resented my talent. Persons could not handle my inner coil of frenzy; persons were driven to frenzy, hysteria, madness, because I knew how to use my rage in an academic setting.

Then she met her mentor, Bob.

> As I say, persons hated my positive energizedness. Bob seemed different. He seemed able to accept me for what I was: a dull bully with champagne tastes. We clicked.

After a time, however, tensions developed.

> He began to call collect. Appetizers were carrot slivers and celery stuffed with cheese—not the fish paste I like.

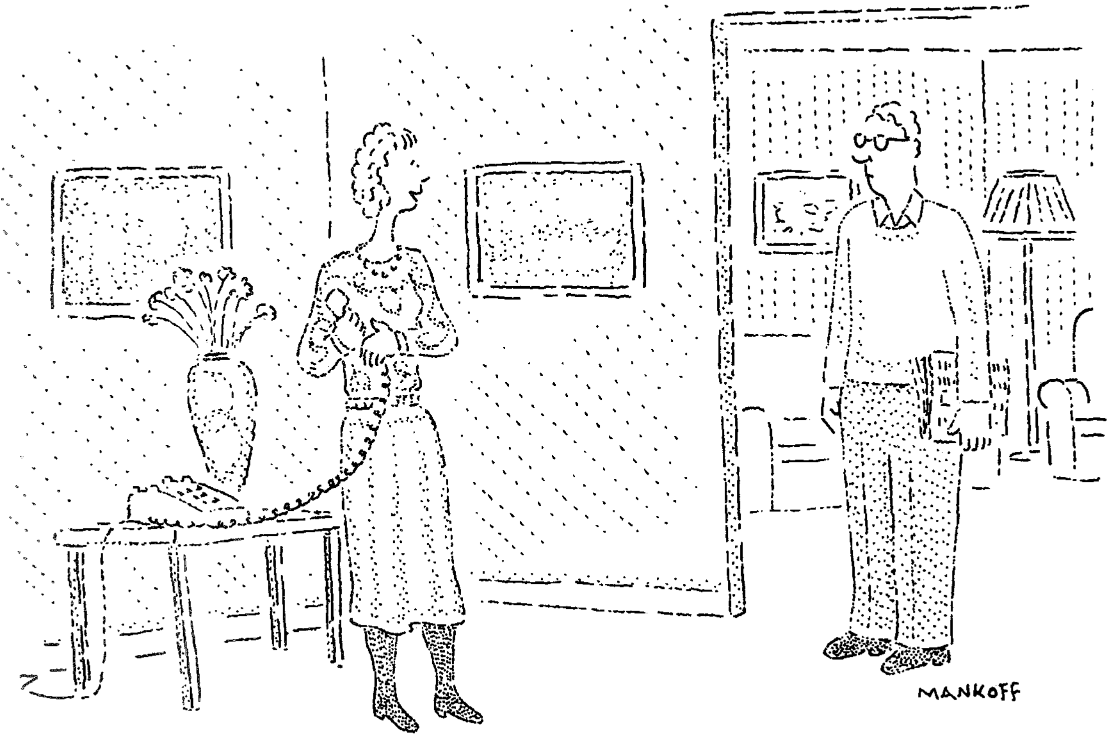
Then Bob dropped the bomb. A presidential position at a prime Burger Hell location near the Underhill Avenue subdivision opened up. Sally naturally imagined she would be fingered for it. Instead, Bob went outside the organization and hired a male—a twelve-year-old boy he had met casually at a Soccer Sunday.

> I was infuriated. I didn't know such a thing could happen. I confronted him. I pointed out that this boy was a child.
>
> He was totally evasive. "A lot of our customers are children" is what he said.
>
> I continued to press. "What about his qualifications?" I asked. In our talks together we had always stressed excellence in qualifications.
>
> "Great goalie," he replied.

Sally has sued Bob and Burger Hell, but it turns out that the new president *is* a very fine goalie in a soccer-oriented location, so the outcome of her action is in doubt.

Wednesday. Morning. I'm a little upset, because when I arrive at L.'s she is in a kind of coma. Sometimes I feel *introspective* when something like that happens. I look at her very closely. This might be a good time to examine my personal values, I think. Then I think, *Naw.* It is a beautiful day. Just the day for an outing! How clear and bright the sky is! My skin longs to feel the bracing sting of wind, water, surf—the whole panoply of God's nature. Or soccer! My right foot itches to ferret out the ball from between the dancing feet of an opponent! But Laverne isn't coming to.

Now, I believe in the tuning up of the marketplace. This furious work appeals to me. Let me describe how I usually feel at work. I am bottled up! I am contained in a bottle made of beautiful glass; my body is crouched in it, my head is squeezed in its narrow neck. My head is deformed by the narrow neck of the bottle. And something is sucking the air out! I am going to be held in a vacuum! This is how I feel as I go about my business, usually. This is what the marketplace means to me. But right this minute I'm a little pensive. Laverne isn't coming to. Yes, she is. She's coming to.



"It's my first husband. He's trying to win me back."

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She says today is the day she has picked to take us to Go Go Lyne.

This story is no longer a matter of dry numbers. L. is crying.

On the far side of the Religious Causeway, Big Victory Boulevard turns into Mile Away Way—the Miracle Shopping District in this important Middle Western city. Here are the standard icons of prewar America: Inchmart, Mugger Muffler, Ten Guys from a Minimum Security Prison, etc.

I am shocked. Laverne pulls up behind the Inchmart and stops. "This is it," she says. She is still crying.

I hardly know what to think. This is Go Go Lyne. The once proud Go Go Lyne. Go Go Lyne, once so far flung, now seems to be two boys playing in an asphalt field.

There is no fence—nothing.

"I'm so ashamed," she says, "for anyone to see me trespass here."

Suddenly, I am whirled around. I am picked up and whirled around until I am beyond being dizzy. I have a terrible clarity. I see it *all*. I see Marty Gordon, just out of Babson, with his wonderful wit and inventiveness, fresh-faced and brash, knocking on the biggest doors in Wall Street with his wild idea for a national pipeline for dairy products; and Jerry Ulmer, who had the vision to back him; and Freddie Rice, who rode so high on his "Citizens' Nursery" concept for permanent care for the young, which expanded the nursing-home market ten, twenty times in a single year. But I move through that, as through mist. Now I see what is right in front of me: a wet woman, driving an automobile manufactured by a discredited arm of the United Nations, who has almost given up hope of ever being president.

Laverne disappears.

I spend the day playing in the asphalt field. This is a beautiful asphalt-covered area. The thick black blanket follows the contours of the land down to the drainage ditch. "From where we stand, the gentle hills covered with tall prairie grass rolled down to the banks of the Kalamee"—pioneer account. Wildflowers spring through the cracks. Alvin, the chairman of Go Go Lyne, and Billy, the president, play nearby. We three all lie on the asphalt and feel the heat come up through our shirts.

Suddenly, from across this thick field of fine old asphalt, we hear a cry. It is Laverne leading a group of three or four hundred vice-presidents. They are dressed for soccer! Now the fun begins. We three boys tangle with them; we devise a strategy to keep the ball away, but it is no use. They are too much for us. They score hundreds of goals.

"Imagine what this talent could do at the presidential level," Laverne says seriously at the end of the game.

We look up. The sun is setting behind the Inchmart. Shadows deepen over the wide asphalt expanse where vice-presidents are bedding down for the night. Some vice-presidents have pillows, others have gathered pine boughs from the woods beyond the drainage ditch. Still others, very tired after their victory, rest their heads lightly in the crook of an arm. The sky over the Inchmart is gold shot through with lavender and lends a painful glamour to the end of the day.

THURSDAY. We rest. L. makes a little salad from the garden.

—George W. S. Trow

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THE ATHEIST/AGNOSTIC LIFE

[*From Sociable Atheists Newsletter*]

An Atheist/Agnostic discussion group met at the home of Alice Cashman. Seven people were present. Discussion of a variety of topics, including the extent of our responsibilities toward one another, and allergic reaction to cats.

RESET

PEOPLE at the office assumed that Ann and I had been having an affair for the five years she'd been working for me. We hadn't, though we hung around together all day, every day, and we fought and bickered and made fun of each other the way husbands and wives do, so I guess it's only natural everybody thought we were in some kind of love. We probably were, though we hadn't pushed it. Recently, things had cooled off quite a bit between us. She was rarely around at lunch, and the daily play had turned a little more bitter than it had to be. Still, it was a shock when she came in to quit. She gave me ten minutes' worth of reasons—her recent divorce, from a professional golfer named Carl; that there weren't any good men around; how great it would be to get a new start somewhere; what fabulous job opportunities she'd heard there were in Texas. About halfway through the list I started feeling kind of lost, as if what I had to say, what I wanted, didn't matter at all—she had her mind made up. We'd talked about her leaving now and then, but it hadn't occurred to me that she'd really do it, and now that she was in front of my desk, on one foot, her pale-blue eyes high and bright, the irises clipped by the upper lids, and she was cool, clear, and definite—well, I felt as if the bottom had dropped out.

I said, "I'm real sorry. I thought we'd just stay together. You know, onward and upward."

"Me, too," she said. She was looking down a lot.

I said, "Let me try that again. I don't want you to go. We're a team. We've been together a long time. Why do you have to quit?"

"It's just the way it goes," she said. "I really don't want to do it. I've been sweating this one for a long time. It's much worse, thinking about leaving here, than the thing with Carl. You helped me with that."

"Nope," I said. "I was clean, remember? I stood for patience and reconciliation."

"You wanted him out, didn't you?" she said. "I knew what you wanted."

People kept coming in congratulating her, asking questions about her plans. I didn't like it much, so I asked her to shut the door. She gave me a look, then closed it just enough so that the edge touched the jamb.

"I'm serious," I said. "I want you around all the time. I think about you."

"I think about me, too." She nodded, then took a breath and held it, exploding her cheeks like Dizzy Gillespie.

"Great," I said. Out the window some city workers in orange coveralls were tearing up the street. There were ten guys out there working on a hole the size of a sink. They kept going over to their trucks for water or something.

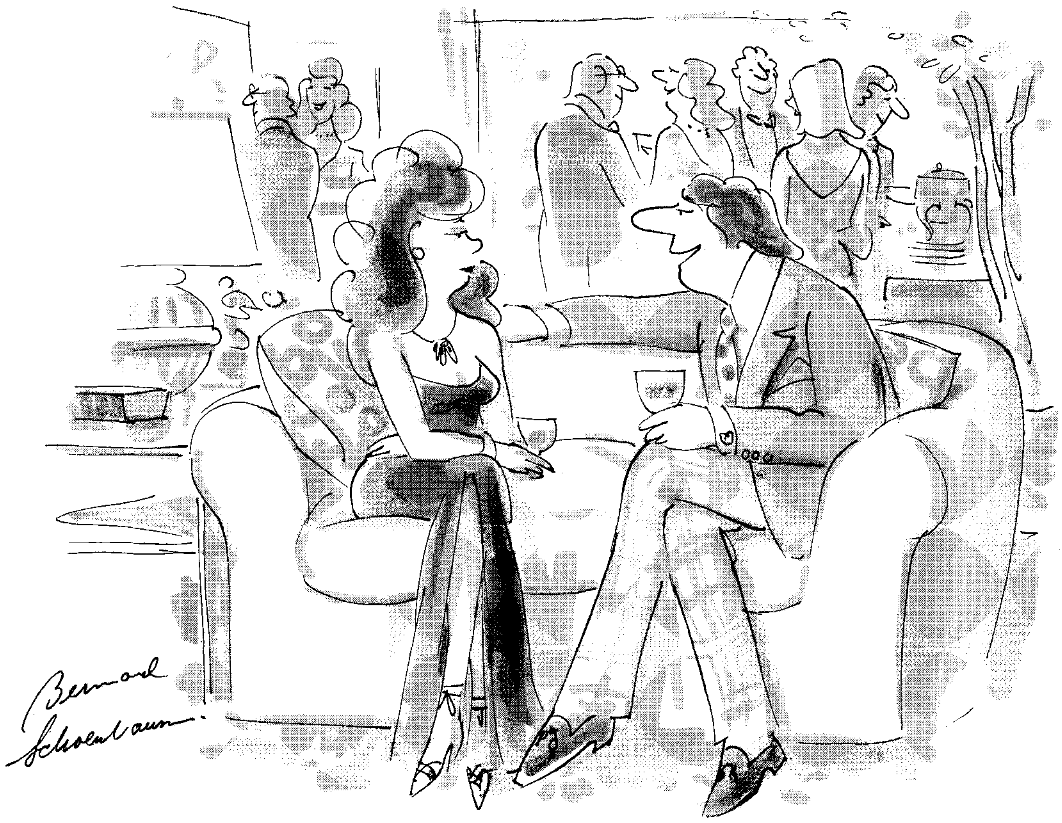
"I don't like this," Ann said. "Doing this." She made a little wave at me and at the room, then stood there with her hands at her sides. She toyed with her mother's wedding ring on her right hand, rolling it around her finger with her thumb. Her mother had bigger fingers than she did. And then she sat down, folded her hands in her lap, and looked at her knuckles.

She was very still, upright in the blue chair facing my desk, the hands now quiet in her lap. Her skin caught the summer light in this fashion-magazine way, became luminous, delicate, soft. The look she gave me was about the loveliest thing I'd ever seen—fierce, full of determination.

"You're real pretty," I said.

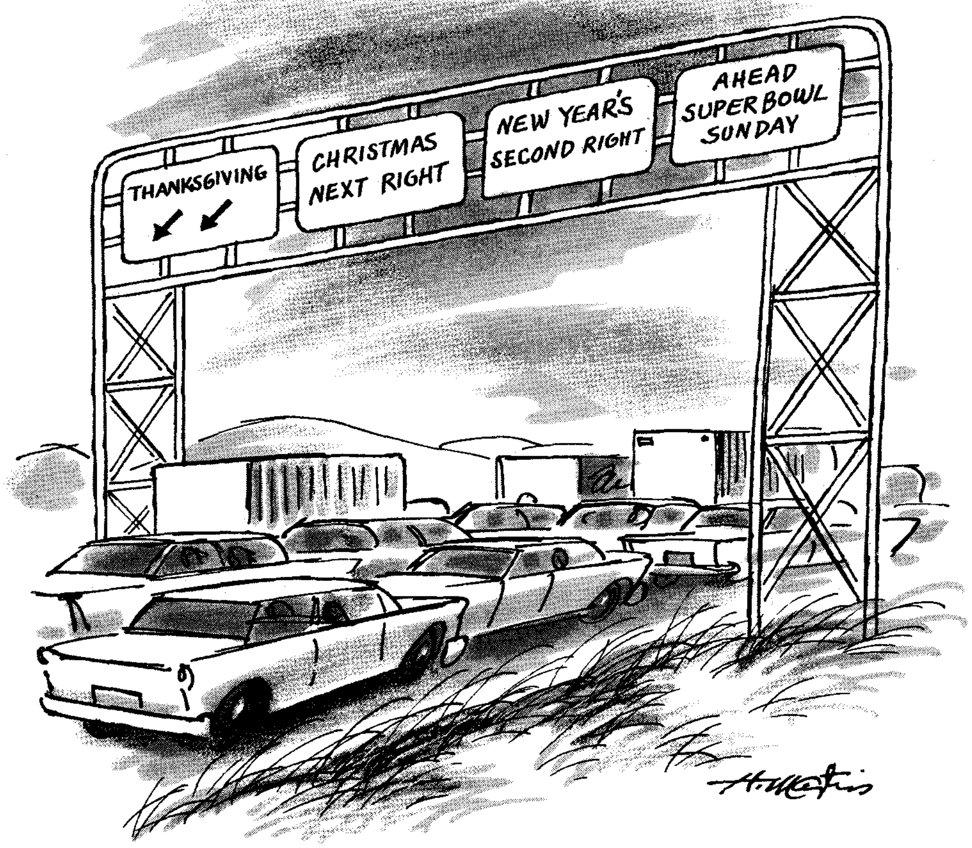
She got up. "Hey! I'm trying," she said. "I'm giving you the A stuff." She opened the window. Our building is old and has windows that open. She crossed her arms over her chest and sniffed the air, watching the guys in the street. I went around the desk and stood beside her, smelling her hair. I always told her how nice she smelled, and she always laughed and said it was Dial.

"Maybe you don't have to do this," I said. "No kidding. It'll kill me if you go."



"I don't usually level with anyone at cocktail parties, but I'm going to level with you."

"That's weak," she said. She put an arm around my waist. "Anyway, you deserve to die." She giggled at this joke and then stared some more at the workers. After a couple of minutes she turned her head a little and said, "Wouldn't it be nice if you could make me stop? I mean, wouldn't that be something?"



Robin Romer, an account rep who worked on the other side of the office, poked open my door and asked Ann if she wanted to go out and celebrate. "You're going to Austin, right? Perfect town, great town." He stared out my window for a minute. "This place reminds me of a place my brother Desmond would like. He's over in Nam working up an import thing."

"He must be the interesting brother," I said.

Romer did a shrug and went right on. "Yeah, you know, the usual crap they bring in from places like that. Grass crap and stuff. Baskets. Those people can do baskets." He did a kind of leer at Ann. "I might go over there and learn the business, but first I've got some stuff to learn around here."

She patted his shoulder. "Mr. Romer has a problem with his chickens."

"Anyway," he said. "No point hanging around, is there?"

"Hey!" Ann said, hooking a thumb at me. "What about him? I have to take care of my boss, don't I?"

"He's cool," Romer said. "Aren't you, Boss?"

He was a small man, always neatly tucked into a little suit, and I didn't like him. She used to make fun of him, but since the divorce she'd been making a lot of new friends, and he was one. A couple of days before, when I'd made some tasteless crack about Romer, she got mad and gave me a lecture on tolerance. I liked him less now that she was defending him.

I scratched two fingernails across my forehead. "I'm cool," I said.

"He can come with us," Romer said. "We'll loosen him up, show him a good time. We're going to Blood's." Blood's was a bar a block away in the basement of a butcher shop. People from the office routinely went there for drinks after work. I'd been a couple of times.

Romer swung out of my office, pivoting on the hand he had on the doorjamb, but no sooner was he out than he was back. "What's he going to do without you?" he said to Ann. "How will he function?"

"Rehire," I said.

She gave me a tight look, then smiled at Romer. "You can go now, O.K.? We'll be there."

He stayed gone this time, and Ann shut the door again and came around behind me. She traced the hair over my ears with her fingertips.

"I'm sorry," she said.

"You can pick 'em," I said.

"I picked you," she said. "First. Anyway, that's not what I'm talking about. I meant I'm sorry I'm so polite. I think maybe I've got a self-esteem problem. Let's go get the drink."

We went to the bar. Romer must have got lost along the way. We were the only people there from the office. It was dark and cold, and there were pockets of customers around. We got a corner table. While we waited for the woman to bring our drinks, Ann said, "My family used to take these holiday trips. Dad got bored with retirement and decided we needed quality time together. A couple years ago it was Florida—Gorilla World Headquarters, famous for the petting zoo."

"I love those places," I said.

"Me too, me too. They're so seamy. It's like you can barely believe them, know what I mean?"

I looked at the snack menu, which was a hand-done sheet in a plastic sleeve. I was wondering what she'd think of stuffed mushrooms.

"He was a priest," she said. "Episcopal. He really didn't like women very much. He was always putting them down, saying they'd do anything in a thunderstorm." She glanced at me, then checked the rest of the room.

"So," I said, craning toward the bar window. "What's the weather?"

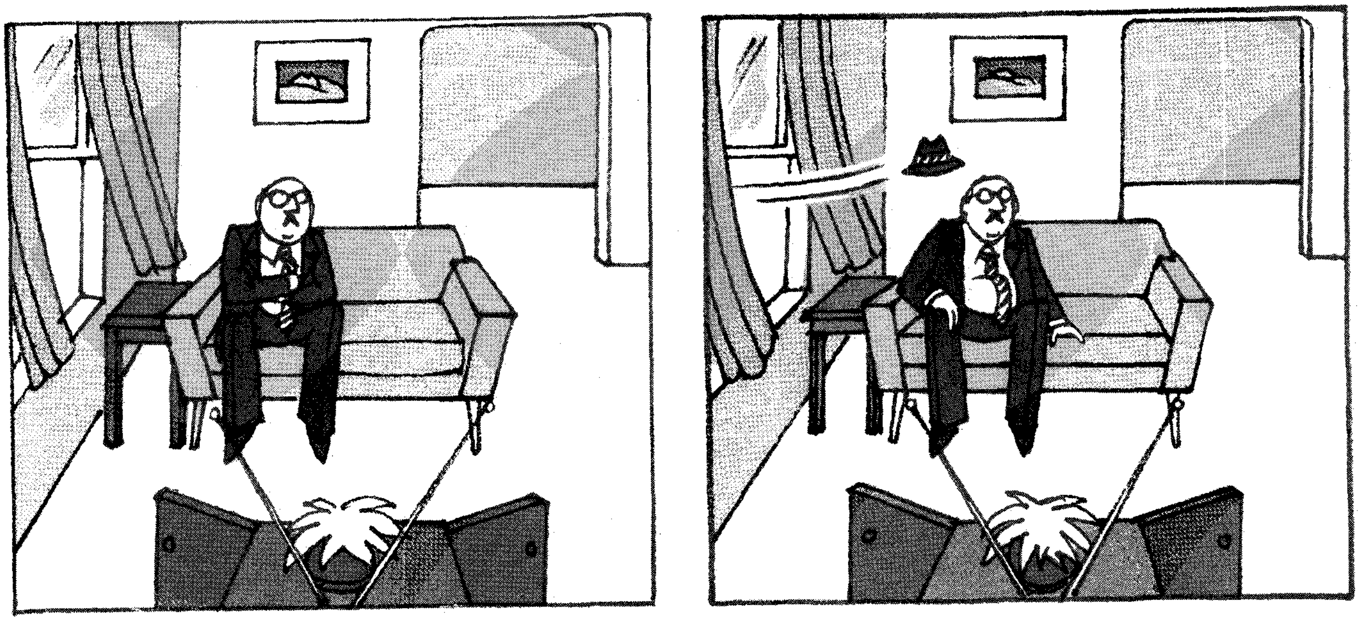
"You're a mop," she said. She studied my face, her eyes doing a tiny box step. It was a way she always looked at me, something I figured was proprietary, something I liked.

"Thank you," I said.

She hunched over the edge of the table, looking earnest and innocent. "Why's somebody so upset? I mean, a girl'd think we were talking major love here, the way you carry on."

"We're talking," I said.

She toyed with the saltshaker, moving it in chess patterns on the checked tablecloth. First the knight, then the rook. Our drinks came. Ann gave me



a nice look while the woman was getting the napkins down, then watched her go and spun the ring. When the woman was out of the way she said, "So maybe I'll just stay here with you forever."

I said I thought that was a good idea.

ANN was on the phone when I stopped at her office door the next morning around nine. "Hey," I said.

She held up a finger telling me to wait a minute, then finished on the telephone. When she hung up she said, "You want coffee? I can get us some coffee."

"Not for me," I said. "I want love only."

"Got no love," she said. "You've got a choice of genuine emotion of unspecified type, ordinary friendship, or . . . that other stuff. Any combination. But you're taking a ride on the love."

"Big offer," I said.

"We try," she said.

Her office was drab. She'd brought plants and a Diebenkorn poster, but the effort was halfhearted. The poster was still leaning against the wall, where it had been leaning for over a year. She held the point of her pencil between two fingers while she watched me get into a chair across from her.

"It's personal," I said, reaching to close the door.

"I'm still going," she said.

"I know," I said. I couldn't get the door, and I was all twisted up—legs out in front, one over the other, body turned ninety degrees at the waist, left arm out at full length toward the door. My shoulders were perpendicular to her desk, and my head, which ought to have been facing the wall of her office, was twisted back toward her. "You probably don't recognize this body language," I said. "It's foreign. Dutch, I think it is. Colonial. Celanese, maybe."

"Celanese is a fabric," she said.

"That's what I mean." I shut the door, then sat straight again. "So. This is a great office. I like the poster —what is that?"

"Hard to believe?" she said, examining the mess she was making between her fingers with the pencil. Pretending to be tough was a routine. I played soft, she played hard. It was fun. It had always been fun, from the first day. I thought about that.

I said, "Can you go to Tennessee? I'm going to Tennessee today. Our client—Mr. Romer's client—Starlight, Inc., wants a new headquarters, and they have, as you know, discovered Knoxville. Or someplace near Knoxville. I leave in an hour. You don't have to go. I just thought it'd be nice to have some company."

She nodded. "Company's nice. Is this, like, a date? I mean, twenty-third-century version?"

"I don't know," I said, drumming my fingers on my knee. I looked at the empty parking lot outside her office. It was empty because the entrance was blocked by the men working out front. "I guess. Maybe it's a bad idea."

"I didn't say no," she said.

"Thank God," I said. Then I held up my hands, smiled, tapped my head. "Sorry. The heart's saying what the brain wants unmentioned. I'm supposed to be playing close to the chest through here, right?"

"You're doing fine."

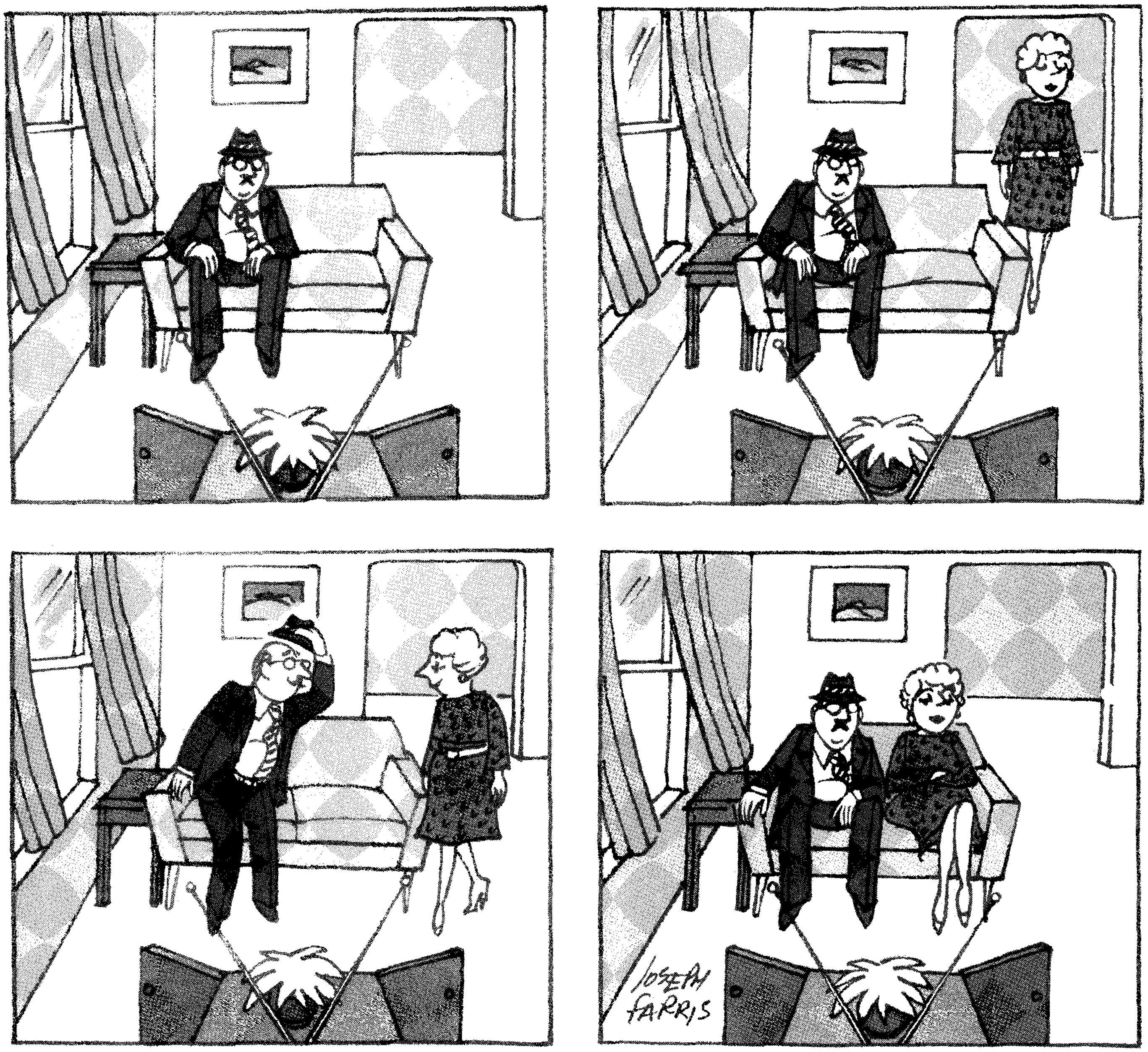
"Thank you," I said, picking a stick of gum out of the pack on her desk.

"There's a lot of thanking going on this morning," she said. "I don't like it. Makes me nervous." She put her feet on the corner of the desk closest to the window, away from me, and gave me a friendly smile. "Now, how long a trip we talking?"

I put the gum back. "Forty years, tops."

IT was noon when we got to Vesco's Motor Lodge & Weekender, in a town called Review, outside of Knoxville. The registration desk was knotty pine, decorated at one end with an inflated heart tied to a straw. The owner was Charlene Vesco, a woman in her fifties, squat and mannish, with rough hands, short fingers, square-cut nails. She was some relation to the notorious Vesco, she told us, and her mother had run the Weekender in the fifties, when it was the Blue Ridge Motor Court. Charlene signed us in, complaining about a couple she'd just signed out. "They were some bozo individuals, I promise you. I hope and pray never to see them again crossing my line of vision." Charlene gave me the eye. "That's a joke, son. But don't you worry about it."

I smiled at her.



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"He never worries," Ann said. "He's worry-free."

The motel was eighteen wood-frame bungalows bunched on two acres next to a stream the brochure called "Vesco Falls," though no falling of more than six inches was anywhere in evidence. Up the hill behind this place, stuck up in the trees, there was a plywood flamingo that must once have been painted but was now plain, weathered, streaked with pink at the edges.

Charlene caught me looking out the window at the sign. She said, "I was doing that in '62, when I took over. I figured to go it, you know, tourist art—birds on the ground, the whole thing. So then I started hanging around with the sign guy—he wasn't local—and, well, we did a one-eighty on the plans." She winked at Ann and handed over the keys. "I'm guessing you understand, right?"

"Right," Ann said.

I was in No. 10, surrounded by tall pines. I had two rooms and a kitchen the size of a confessional. Ann was in 7, in a tiny clearing thirty yards away. The bungalows were war-era, white, trimmed brown around the windows and at the eaves.

We put up our stuff and then I called Ketchum, the town-council guy we'd come to see about Starlight. The first thing he wanted to know was if Ann was with me—he'd talked to her a lot on the telephone. I told him she was. "Then I'm buying lunch," he said. "You had lunch? We got motel or drive-in. Or local color, but it's kind of sticky."

I chose the latter and he told me how to get to a place called Raindrop's, and then we hung up.

Ann and I drove into town, following his directions to the letter. At a stoplight we pulled up next to a giant Volvo driven by a guy with hair combed to a point in front. He grinned, then dropped his visor and looked into a mirror on the back.

"Pretty damn thrilling," Ann said, seeing the guy.

We watched him work his teeth. Then his mustache. Then he brought out some tiny scissors. I turned away,

SLOW DANCING IN THE LIVING ROOM: THANKSGIVING

Funny the way the healing comes
in a northeaster, rain sliding
sideways across the glass, the waves
beaching themselves, rolling home
across the gray water, running before the wind
boxing the spruce and cedars fat with resistance.

Russian olives and beach plum,
stripped to their bird-bone branches
blackened with rain against the still
green lawn, jerk and twitch, stiff
with cold; offering so little
to the blow, they bend, barely.

Even from the bay window, clouds
are near, putting a ceiling on the sky
trying to slip off the water through a slit
of dove-gray on the horizon. Only
gulls are nervy enough to fly
in this weather. They, too, slide

sideways, behind the rain, wings
spread wide, grabbing the currents
and sledding across the wind, as if
they were made for a northeaster, designed
all gray with flashes of white
to match its color. Banking,

they turn into the wind and wobble,
their backsides to us, heading away, small,
unsteady as a child learning to walk
the hard way. Inside, all the things God gives
that were always there, all that's man-made
keeping us, the light bulbs glowing

through yellowed parchment shades
shedding seventeenth-century light, filling in
the shadow of our daughter, the fire
toasting the room, Gershwin and Porter
coming from Public Radio in a braid
of complicated notes, a music written

before we were born, surviving in a changed
world, and this good man holding me, I
holding him, as we glide in Top-Siders
across the rug, seeing each other return
sliding sideways into our eyes
this side of the glass.

—Mary Stewart Hammond

• •

but he was hard to ignore. When I looked again he was on the telephone *and* working the scissors. He was laughing into the receiver.

"Maybe you could get a job with him," I said.

"Will you stop?" Ann said.

We followed the Volvo right to Raindrop's. The driver turned out to be Ketchum.

We spent the afternoon with him. I'd hoped to be able to get by on lunch alone, but he was so happy to see Ann, and she was so nice about it, that at five he was still showing us the sights. We got to see the tar pits, the train depot, the rushing brook that sliced the town in half. We saw the land south of downtown that he had a piece of.

"I can get you in on this," he said. He did a slow-motion punch on the top of my arm. "Blind, of course. No problem."

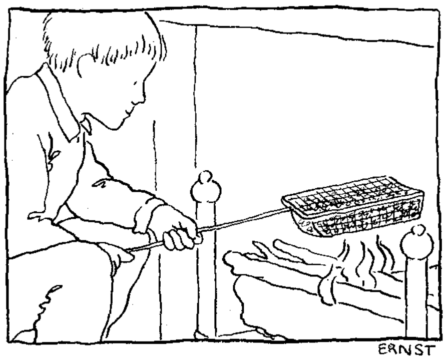
"Looks mighty handsome," I said.

He went back to Ann, slinging an arm over her shoulder. "We're going for the whole 'new town' thing," he said. "Maybe work out a lake over beyond the bank. Wipe all that out, of course." He waved at a two-block stretch of single-story brick buildings. "Nuke those dudes and swing back with the wood-siding thing, you know? Very upscale, West Coast—nothing modern, just nice middle-of-the-road shops, family orientated."

Ann was smiling hard, pointing some.

I TOOK a nap when we got back to the motel, then cleaned up and went to find Ann. She was with Charlene in the office. They were drinking coffee, sitting at one of the three tables in the alcove that was the Weekender restaurant. They were looking at a magazine open to a picture of a model with bruise-colored cheeks, black lips, eye sockets like anodized aluminum. She was wearing a lace top, a zebra skirt with a red belt, burgundy stockings, shoes with silver flames. The jewelry was big wood, and the hair was stiffed up in a wedge.

"Well, she ought to be out tying wieners," Charlene said. She smacked a knuckle on the open magazine. "I'm telling you."



I said, "She's probably real lovely." I had come up behind them and was leaning over Ann's shoulder.

"Well, looky here," Charlene said. She gave me a pat on the shoulder. "You want some eats? Just don't ask for no lobster bisque, hear? I ain't seen lobster in forty years. You want something like that you're gonna roll on down the road."

"I asked for lobster bisque," Ann said.

"That's true," Charlene said. "Now, if you want toast, I can handle toast."

"The toast is great," Ann said.

Charlene, already on her way toward the kitchen, stopped and did a suspicious look.

"Honest," Ann said. "It's incredible toast, really." She started to cross her heart with a finger but stopped halfway through.

The phone was ringing in the next room. Charlene did an eye roll and cut across toward the registration desk. In a minute she was back, dragging the telephone with her. She got about halfway to us before she ran out of cord.

"It's your office," she said, wiggling the receiver at me.

I took the phone. "Hello?" I said.

It was Romer, calling to tell me Starlight had changed its mind. "I guess you'd better forget it," he said.

"Are you sure?"

"Sure I'm sure," he said. "What, I'm making it up? We just got a call ten minutes ago."

"O.K.," I said. "Thanks."

"Hang on," he said. "Uh . . ." There was a pause, and that closed sound you get when somebody on the other end of a telephone call puts a palm over the mouthpiece. Then he was back. "Listen," he said. "Is your friend Ann around there?"

I said, "No, she's not around. I think she's at the pool."

"That's all right," Romer said. "I guess I'll catch up with her later. Don't worry about it. You O.K.?"

"Fine," I said. I hung up and carried the phone through the arched doorway and put it on the desk, then sat down again. I started rubbing my eyes, because the lids were clinging to each other, but then it seemed like I couldn't stop rubbing. Finally, Ann tugged my arm. "Are you O.K.?" she said. "What's the deal on the phone?"

"Starlight's down the tubes," I said.

"No kidding?"

"That's it," I said. "Romer asked for you." I was working on my eyes again. "You have a change of heart or anything?"

She pulled away, reaching for her coffee mug.

"Sorry," I said. "It's just that I dreamed about you in my nap. We were in a parking lot. There wasn't anything there but this pink asphalt and the blue sky. We were naked, lying out there. You didn't have any legs, and you had one arm. I mean, you had the legs and the other arm, but you'd taken them off or something. I asked why and you said you were saving them."

She sighed and dropped her head into her hands.

"Yeah," I said. "I know. I didn't want to dream it, either. Tonight I'm going to dream about bowling." I looked at her eyes, which were tired and watery.

Charlene came through the kitchen door with a ten-inch stack of toast. She noticed Ann's eyes right away, then mine, and stopped short of the table, pulling the plate back and to one side as if she might withhold it. "What've we got here? We got an outbreak of iritis? We can probably fix that."

"Contact trouble," Ann said. She shut one eye and swivelled around, looking for the ladies' room.

"Mine are fine," I said, and when the toast was on the table I picked a piece off the stack. The toast was as thick as a paperback, crisp at the edge, collapsed in the center.

Charlene pointed Ann toward the front office, then stood in back of me looking out the window, her hands crimping on my shoulders. When the door shut behind us, Charlene said, "Now, you be good to her, hear?"

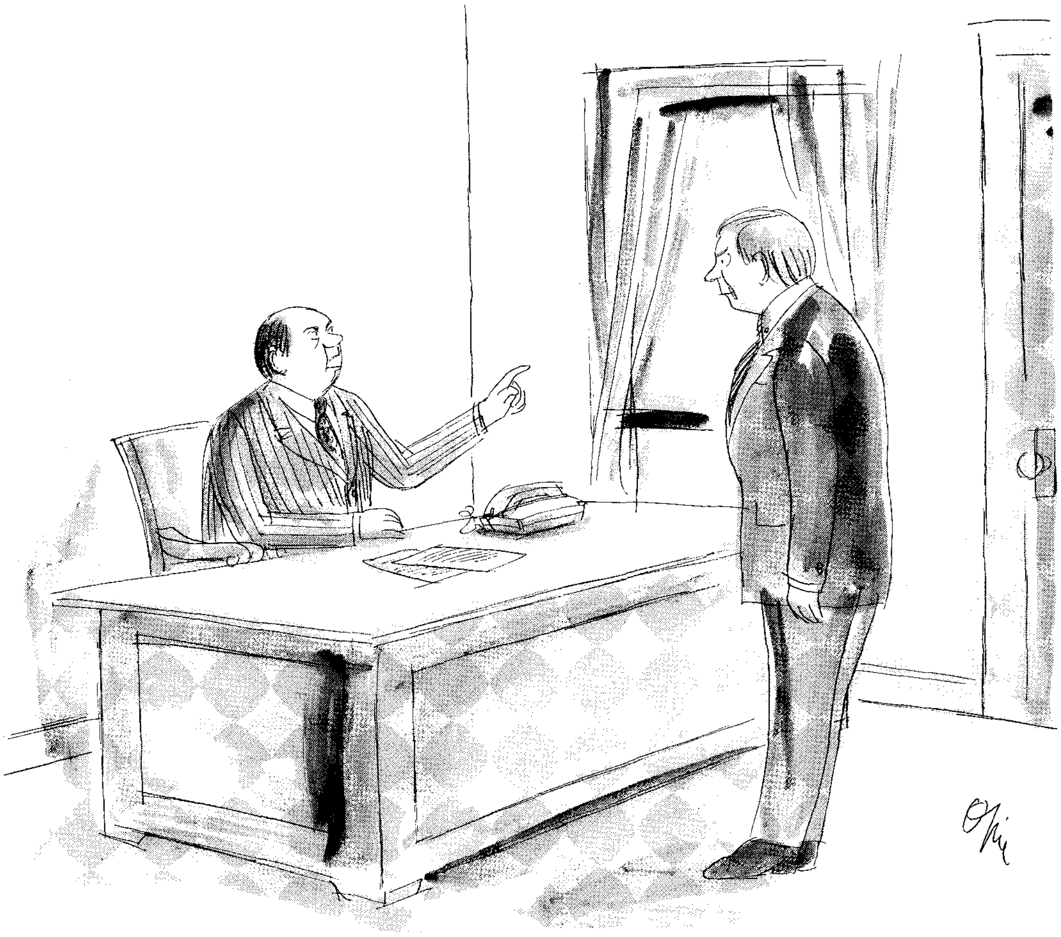
"Yes'm," I said. "I'm trying."

"No . . . I'm serious," Charlene said, giving me a squeeze. "She's bananas about you. Any fool can see that."

I craned my neck, looking up at her.

She nodded at me. "Sure is," she said. Then she popped my forehead with a finger in a way that was friendly but hurt like hell. "Just be nice. Give her what she deserves."

WE went to dinner at a drive-in that was once a Dairy Queen, now a local outfit called Princess Snack. There were hand-painted drawings of snacks all over this place. And princesses. A young girl in red satin took our order and brought the food. We sat in the car and ate. Neither one of us had much to say. I watched the cook and the cashier and the carhop mill around inside the building. They were mechan-



"Before you go any further, McPherson, I should warn you that you're beginning to win this argument."

• •

ical, the way they kept repeating the same movements, the same gestures. Watching them, I got angry about Ann leaving.

I said, "I hate it when you're polite."

She raised her eyebrows. "Did I miss something?" she said.

"You were real nice to Ketchum and I hated it."

"I see," she said, drawing it out while she refolded the tissue on her hamburger. "It's going this way, is it?"

I looked out the window.

"My guess is that Ketchum's not the problem," she said.

"Right," I said. "I don't know why you like all these other people better than me. Why you have to leave."

"I explained that," she said.

"Yeah, I know," I said. "But we get along, don't we? We have a good time. It's not so bad."

"Days are good," she said. "Nights aren't."

"They might get better," I said. "Who knows?"

She sighed, and we both watched employees for a while. The cook must have been a basketball fan. He kept doing skyhooks when he was flipping the patties.

Finally, Ann said, "Why don't we just have a nice time, huh?"

I started to say something about how it was hard to have a nice time with her departure looming, but as I was talking I was gesturing with my hamburger and I lost the meat. It slipped out of the bun and fell down around the foot pedals. I had to scrounge for it, and it broke in two when I found it. I got it off the carpet and out onto the tray, and when I turned around Ann was sitting there grinning at her lap.

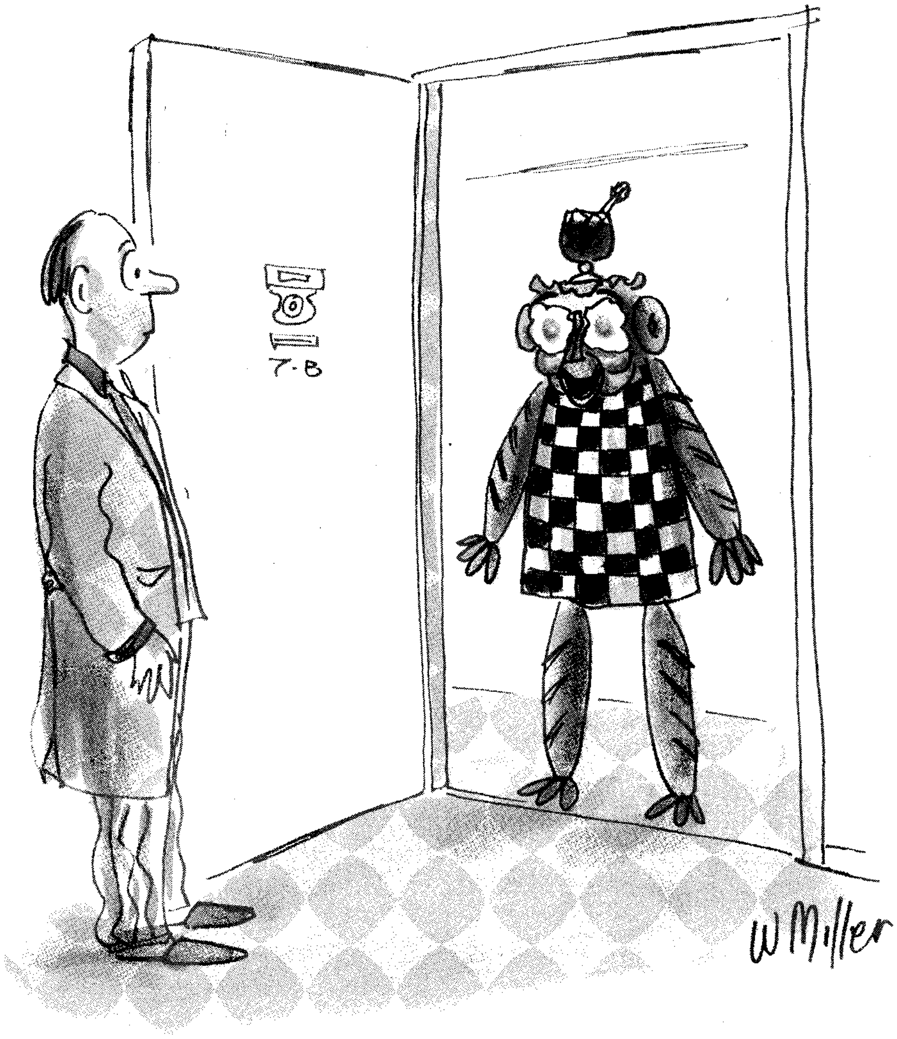
"What?" I said.

"Nothing," she said.

I smiled at her and pointed at her hamburger. "You finished with that?"

She handed it to me. "You still want it?"

I squinted at her when she said that. A line of pink light reflected from the restaurant sign cut across her forehead, over the bridge of her nose, down her cheek. We sat still for a minute. Then I took a bite of the hamburger she'd given me and I grinned. "Why, sure," I said. "On the something-is-better-than-nothing principle."



"It's Sunday, and I'm Brunch!"

She reached over and messed with my shirt collar, then sat back and looked out the car windshield. "That's sort of one of my favorites," she said. "The other one I like pretty much is better late than never."

"Yep," I said. "I'm crazy about that one."

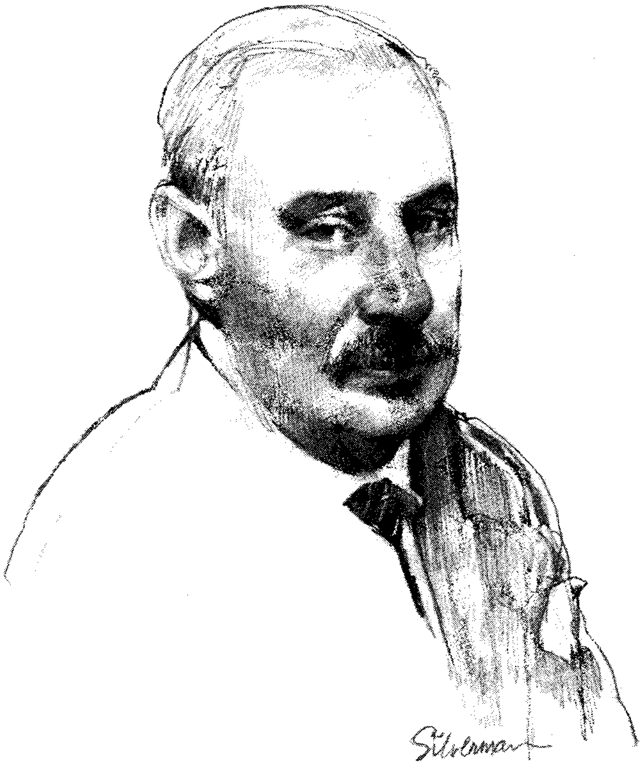
LATER, when I couldn't sleep, I got a glass of tap water and stood at the front window of my bungalow peeking at the lit-up grounds. I'd only been there a minute when I saw Charlene Vesco creeping across the grass.

I opened the venetian blinds. Charlene went up on the porch of Ann's bungalow and tested the screen, then stood there moving foot to foot, scanning the property, her back to the door. She patted her hair a couple of times, getting it into place. I checked my watch. It was almost four. When I looked outside again Charlene was gone. Nothing moved for a while, and then Ann's door opened and there was Ann, barely visible through the screen. She had on shorts and some kind of big shirt, and she was wearing her glasses. She hated her glasses. Her arms were crossed over her chest at first, but then she opened them, holding the edge of the door with one hand, rubbing her thigh with the other. She was just looking around. In a minute she pushed the screen and came out onto her porch. She sat on the steps. I watched for a long time. There were shadows all over the place, and there was moonlight. I filled up my glass and pulled a chair to the window, propping my heels on the sill. I stared at the tree trunks, and the flat, nearly iridescent lays of grass. There was something set and fearsome about the scene, like a little tableau at the start of a Hitchcock movie: mist drifting through, water sparkling, lights high up in the pines —and Ann, in the clearing, on her steps. Two cars rolled by almost silently, almost in tandem, on the narrow road in front of the property. My window shone. I studied the scene outside. I tried to see the future.

—FREDERICK BARTHELME

PROFILES

THE SOUND OF A CELLO



"THIS city," wrote Gyula Krúdy, the magician of the Magyar language, about Budapest, "smells of violets in the spring, as do mesdames along the promenade above the river on the Pest side. In the fall, it is Buda that suggests the tone: the odd thud of chestnuts dropping on the Castle walk; fragments of the music of the military band from the kiosk on the other side wafting over in the forlorn silence. Autumn and Buda were born of the same mother." When he wrote this, he was thirty-seven, and well known. Yet few people in Budapest knew that Krúdy would be the greatest prose writer of Hungary in the twentieth century, and surely one of the great writers of Europe. Few people outside Hungary know his name even now. There are two reasons for this. One of them is the loneliness of the Hungarian language, which has no relationship to the great Latin and Germanic and Slavic families. The other is the character of Krúdy's writing, which, because of its lyrical and deeply Magyar qualities, is translatable only with the greatest of efforts, unlike the work of more superficial Hungarian writers.

He was not yet eighteen when he arrived in Budapest. His eyes must have been heavy with sleep; he had travelled through the night in the provincial train that came in before six in the morning. From the cool, smoke-laden darkness under the glass dome of the East Station he came into the sun. Now, he would remember many years later, his eyes were opened wide, as he marvelled at the people gathering on the broad commercial boulevard that stretched from the station square toward the heart of the city. This was the wondrous metropolis, the fastest-growing city in Europe and the largest between Vienna and St. Petersburg—and this was the summer of 1896, the city half bedecked and stirring with a proud fever for the ceremonies of the thousandth anniversary of the founding of Hungary. This was the city that the gangling, inordinately tall boy set out to conquer with his pen. He was no mere Rastignac, the creation of a writer. He was his own creation. There was another difference. When Balzac's Rastignac arrived in Paris, he was still an innocent. Gyula Krúdy was not.

Already behind him were an angry father, a turbulent family, three different schools, occurrences of love, and at least three years of the life of a newspaper writer. He was born in the country town of Nyíregyháza, in the Krúdy family house: one story high, yellow-stuccoed, with a faded tile roof and large double-winged Empire windows overlooking the wide village street, where geese picked their way in the muddy rivulets between the pavement and the cobblestones. It was a town with the countryside not only around it but present at its very heart: the country of the Nyírség (The Birches)—flat, melancholy, foggy, mysterious, with silent copses, and rich marshes undrained and unchannelled, reaching to the bottom of the Krúdys' garden. This was the quiet, murmuring, backward Hungary of decades past, of peeling country houses in which an old-fashioned gentry lived, endlessly ravelling the strands of their lives and quarrels and dreams. His grandfather was a hero of the Hungarian War of Independence of 1848-49, whose wife divorced him in his eighties, because of his innumerable escapades with all kinds of women. Krúdy's father was more sedate: a courthouse lawyer with an honest reputation—except that he lived with a common-law wife, a peasant maid who had fallen in love with him at sixteen and bore him ten children. He finally married her for the sake of his children, five years before he died. Grandfather, father, son—and, later, Krúdy's only son—were all christened Gyula. (Jules. Julius. The quick-footed Jules, the heavy-Germanic Julius: neither of these translations will do.)

He was an indifferent student, a quarrelsome boy. After a while, his father sent him away to the Piarist Fathers' cloistered *Gymnasium* in the small northern Hungarian town of Podolin. He spent his twelfth and thirteenth years there. What he remembered of that snowy, quiet little town, with its old burghers, its iron-hinged gates and iron-hasped doors, would eventually fill a dozen books and thousands of pages in his stories. "There are such towns in the north of Hungary," he would write.

> What somehow echo through the clanging of the town bells are memories of old kings and of ancient gentlemen who had come from afar. Men long dead, once loved or unloved by calm, indifferent women, since women customarily do not concern themselves much with history. During the embraces of her lover no woman feels any happiness knowing that a chronicler would scribble about those arms and legs and beard after they had turned to dust. Beards, breastplates, hearts disappeared, the women went on knitting their stockings; they closed their doors early in the evening, and during the night no one came back from the bridge at whose stone railing he had once gazed long at his own countenance in the mirrory water. The historic steps were gone, new steps were heard approaching; spring came, winter came, illnesses and loves came and went, the women ripened and then grew old, the

men coughed, cursed, and lay down in their coffins. A small town was this, in northern Hungary, with foot-thick walls, convent windows, stoves from which smoke wafted off. Why should people look for the heroines of this story among the kneeling women at Sunday Mass or among the ladies waltzing at the fire company's annual picnic in May? One day the heroines will die, and the care of their graves will be the entertainment of those who are still alive.

DUST

We find it, a motionless rage, beneath the bed.
It grows without seeming to grow, its rasping heat knitting new goods

Even as we stare . . . scouring pads for the angels
Who polish forks in our dreams.

I think of an aunt who never loved anything openly, her remarkable
Sense of industry, her reverberating house, where one could almost hear

The emerald necklace of electricity rattling around on its clasped strand,
The minerals of Hell itching under the kitchen floor.

Which ancient civilization is in this batch?
Something we can never know.

Failed brother of snow, it rises weightlessly now under my lamp—
A brown vagabond made of landfill from the prairies of memory.

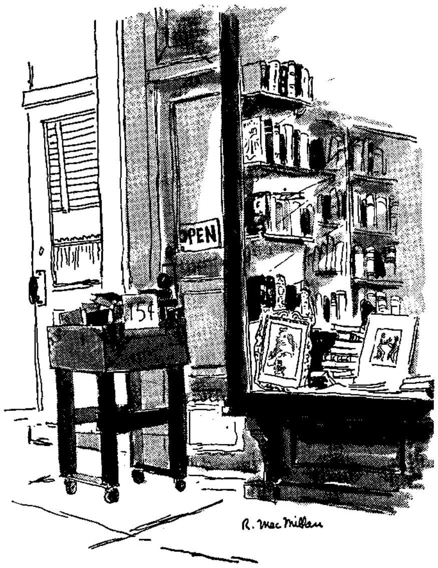
—Vickie Karp

• •

He began to write when he was brought back to be enrolled in the Nyíregyháza *Gymnasium*. He began to be published at fourteen. He sent out fillers—short stories for provincial newspapers. In two years, there were a hundred of them. Then he fled from his family. He presented himself to the editors of newspapers in Nagyvárad and Debrecen. They were startled: they had thought that the Krúdy who had been plaguing them with his reminiscences was the grandfather, the noted veteran. He liked the coffeehouses of Nagyvárad, where the journalists and other writers argued and drank into the night. He went after soubrettes. His father and his favorite teacher hauled him home. They squeezed him through his baccalaureate. The father wanted him to become a lawyer. "I shall be a poet in Budapest," the son said.

In Budapest, he lived in the old Joseph district, among ancient smithies, dusty courtyards, cobblers' shops, taverns. Sometimes he returned home. His mother slipped him some money. There was a morning when his father called for his coach and pair; they were gone. The son was found drinking in a country tavern; he had mortgaged the horses and the carriage to the tavernkeeper. Except for a gold watch, his father disinherited him. He had little to live on, but he found himself in the cafés, literary conventicles, middle-class salons of the city. He met a pleasant, plump, literary Jewish schoolteacher, several years older than he, who had made a small name for herself writing stories under the pseudonym Satanella. He was not yet twenty-one. He married her.

This was the Budapest of the turn of the century. Summer was galloping in its skies and in its heart. Foreign visitors arriving in that unknown portion of Europe, east of Vienna, were astounded to find a modern city, with first-class hotels, plate-glass windows, electric tramcars, elegant men and women, the largest parliament building in the world about to be completed. Yet the city was not wholly cosmopolitan. In some ways, it was less cosmopolitan than the backward, unkempt town of a century before, whose population was a mixture of Magyars, Germans, Swabians, Greeks, Serbs. Now everyone, including the considerable number of Jews, spoke and sang, ate and drank, thought and dreamt in Hungarian. That ancient language, the vocabulary of which had been reconstructed and enriched with infinite care, sometimes haltingly, by the patriot writers and classicists of the early nineteenth century, had become rich, muscular, flexible and declarative, lyrical and telling. This was a class-conscious society: there was as great a difference between the National Casino of the feudal aristocracy and the Café New-York of the literary people as there was between the clubhouse and the grandstand at the racetrack. These worlds were separate physically, yet they were not entirely unbridgeable. A number of the aristocrats respected the writers and the painters; in turn, most of the writers and the painters admired the aristocrats, especially when these were to the manner born. They all read the same papers, sometimes the same books, saw the same plays, knew the same purveyors. They dined in different places, their tables were set differently; but their national dishes, their favorite Gypsy musicians, their physicians, and their actresses were often the same. In Budapest, there was no particular *vie de bohème* restricted to writers and artists; indeed, the city did not have an artists' quarter—no Bloomsbury or Soho, no Montmartre or Montparnasse, no Munich Schwabing. It was a grand place for literature. It was a grand place for the young Krúdy.



Yet he—at home in Budapest, at home among the famous and not so famous writers of the metropolis—did not write about Budapest at all. He wrote about melancholy provinces on the great Hungarian plains, about the little towns in the shadows of the Carpathian Mountains, feeding his pen with the memories of the few, very few, years of his brief adolescence. He traced the still visible path of sunken memories: the still living fragrances, colors, shapes, clouds of the past. He did not need the taste of the madeleine; his delicacies were always fresh and ready, stored in his mind. The way he wrote at the age of twenty-five reveals

"Sorry to be late, gentlemen. The damn chain on my bicycle broke."

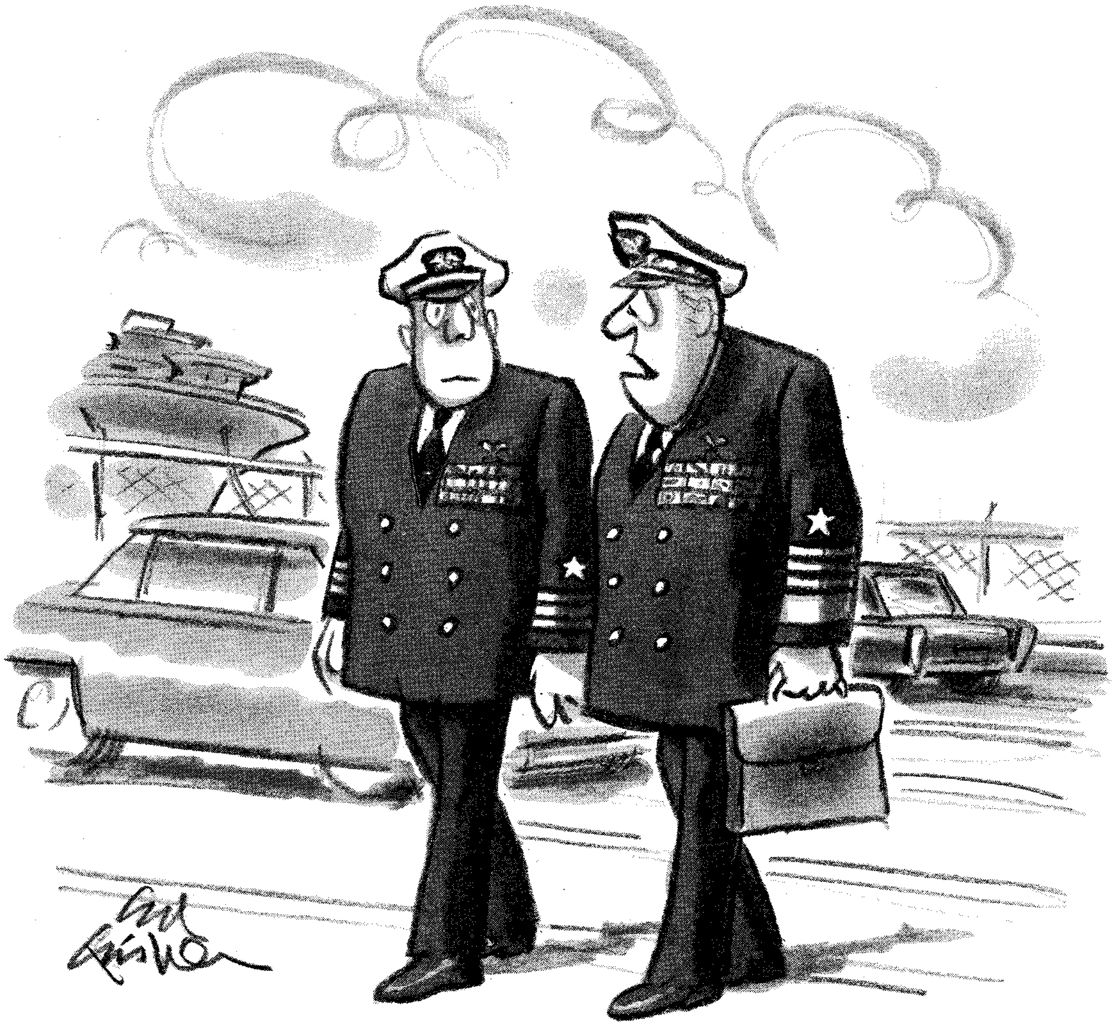
• •

something astonishing to anyone who is interested not only in writing but in the mysterious alchemy of the human heart: he knew everything about old age during the physical splendor of his youth; he knew everything about autumn in the spring of his life. He knew something that the psychiatrists of this century do not yet know, which is that in our dreams we really do not think differently, we merely remember differently. He was not only a Hungarian Proust; he was a Homer, not of certain places but of certain times, a Magyar-writing Homer of the great subterranean development near the end of the Modern Age—that of historical consciousness. And, unlike Proust's, his prose was different from fine prose; it was thoroughly lyrical. "I shall be a poet in Budapest," he had said; but he never wrote a single poem there. Yet poet he was.

Much of his talent showed itself in his early books. His first volume of stories was published in 1899, when he was twenty. Now he wrote every day; his first long novel appeared in 1901. His wife gave up her writing but not her teaching. They had four children, of whom one died young. She supported the family. Before thirty, Krúdy was already a legendary figure—as a presence, not yet as a writer. He had no money; he lived on credit. That was not unusual—so lived many of the writers and the journalists of his day, dependent on small cash advances and on the good will of certain headwaiters. But there was something extraordinary, even awesome, in the appearance of Krúdy, who at twenty-five was no longer a youth but a powerful, ageless gentleman. He was unusually tall, his handsome head leaning, with a kind of melancholy modesty, always to the right. He had large walnut-brown eyes. He spoke slowly. His voice sounded like a cello, as did his writing. He carried a cane. He was taciturn. He had few clothes, but they were always immaculate—clean white linen and a dark suit.

He was seldom at home. His home life was a shambles. He would disappear for days and nights, sitting up in wineshops and taverns. He would come home with empty pockets, a burning throat and stomach, yet few people had ever seen him drunk. He had many companions but few close friends. Women flocked to him. Eventually, he came to know Mme. Róza, the owner and manager of the most famous house of assignation in Budapest, whose guests included the nobility of the Dual Monarchy, and the Prince of Wales. Mme. Róza had literary ambitions; she, too, fell in love with Krúdy. Some of her letters to him survive. "I am ancient now," she wrote, "though, alas, not a venerable virgin. Were it so, I would offer that to no one but you." Another madam harbored Krúdy for days in her less elegant establishment, where he would sleep off the alcohol till noon, after which she took good care to serve him his favorite soup. (Once, she begged him to spend the night with her, instead of engaging in the usual fast hurly-burly on the chaise longue. If he wouldn't, she would jump out the window, she said. Krúdy told her that he had more serious business at night, with his companions. She did jump out the window—fortunately, not a high one—and broke her ankle.)

Around the age of thirty, Krúdy came into his own—or, rather, success came to him, with some money. The money did not last. As the great Hungarian critic Antal Szerb would write about Krúdy, he kept running after money but wrote masterpieces instead. Here and there, people began to savor his talent. He had found his genre at an early age, but now he found topics of a certain interest to the Budapest public. He had lived long enough in the city and knew its multifarious society well enough to write about it. Essentially, he remained the painter of the dream world of old Hungary, not of modern Budapest, but the peregrinations of his pen now included some of the latter, too. He invented an alter ego—Sindbad, the itinerant sailor of the Thousand and One Nights. Yet Krúdy was sailing not only from place to place but from one time to another. His most famous



"Life looks gray to me, Henshott. Battleship gray, of course, but still gray."

• •

books were the Sindbad stories and "A vörös póstakocsi" ("The Red Stagecoach"). Partly because some of their scenes took place in near-contemporary Budapest, partly because of their inimitable style, the reading public gobbled them up. Few people would now dismiss him as a journalist, an indefatigable scribbler, which, in practical terms, he was. A principal character in "The Red Stagecoach," faintly disguised, was one of the few contemporaries whom Krúdy admired. This was the fantastic figure of M. Szemere, an aristocrat who had played (and won) in the Jockey Club of Vienna at such scandalously high stakes that the Emperor Franz Josef ordered his police chief to banish Szemere from the imperial capital for a while. Szemere was the lord of the Hungarian turf. On racing days, he would rise about noon in the old-fashioned hotel where he dwelt, descend among his respectful retinue, put twenty or more gold coins (his only instrument of exchange) in the pocket of his Prince Albert coat, and send a gold piece to the Mother Superior of an Inner Town church, where the young novices were requested to pray for the success of his stable. Then he would order a carriage and trot off to the races, sometimes with Krúdy. It was around this time that Krúdy became addicted to his third and perhaps most destructive vice: after women and wine, gambling—horses and cards. When it came to horses, wine, women, it was his custom to choose outsiders.

He was a nocturnal animal. His head towered over the tables of the cafés, the night clubs, the taverns, the gaming rooms of the writers' and artists' club, through the night; he sat up straight for hours, monumentally silent. He would fall asleep for several minutes, sometimes for half an hour, but people did not know whether he was asleep or awake. One of his loyal companions would carefully, awkwardly, pull away his own chips from their joint pile. Krúdy's hand would move and hold the defector's wrist: "Put it back." No one would dare to touch the carafe—always a carafe, never a vintage bottle—of the country wine that Krúdy drank (it was said that no one could lift a wineglass with comparable dignity). At late dawn, a tired colleague would attempt to leave, tiptoeing out of the cold smoky fug of the room. Krúdy's deep voice would break the silence: "Come back. Talk some more." One famous midnight, a hussar officer, a champion rider and fencer, sat down in full uniform at the crowded table where Krúdy sat. This officer pretended to ignore the writer. Krúdy got his anger up. "We had not been introduced," he said. The officer answered with an insult. Krúdy stood up, grabbed the hussar's sword, tore it off his waist, slapped his face, knocked him down, and threw him out on the pavement. Next day, he gave the sword to one of the aforementioned madams. The customary duel followed. The fencing champion was slightly wounded; Krúdy was not.

Sometimes he got restless. He would corral a companion, and they would drive to the station, board the Vienna express, sit down in the dining car. When their money or the wine ran out, they would get off. He would wire one of his editors for an advance and return to the city in a day or so. Once, in the pearly haze of a summer dawn, he climbed into a fiacre with another companion. "Where to, my lord?" the coachman asked. "Keep going," Krúdy said. "Drive slow." They came back four days later, having made a round trip of two hundred miles, with

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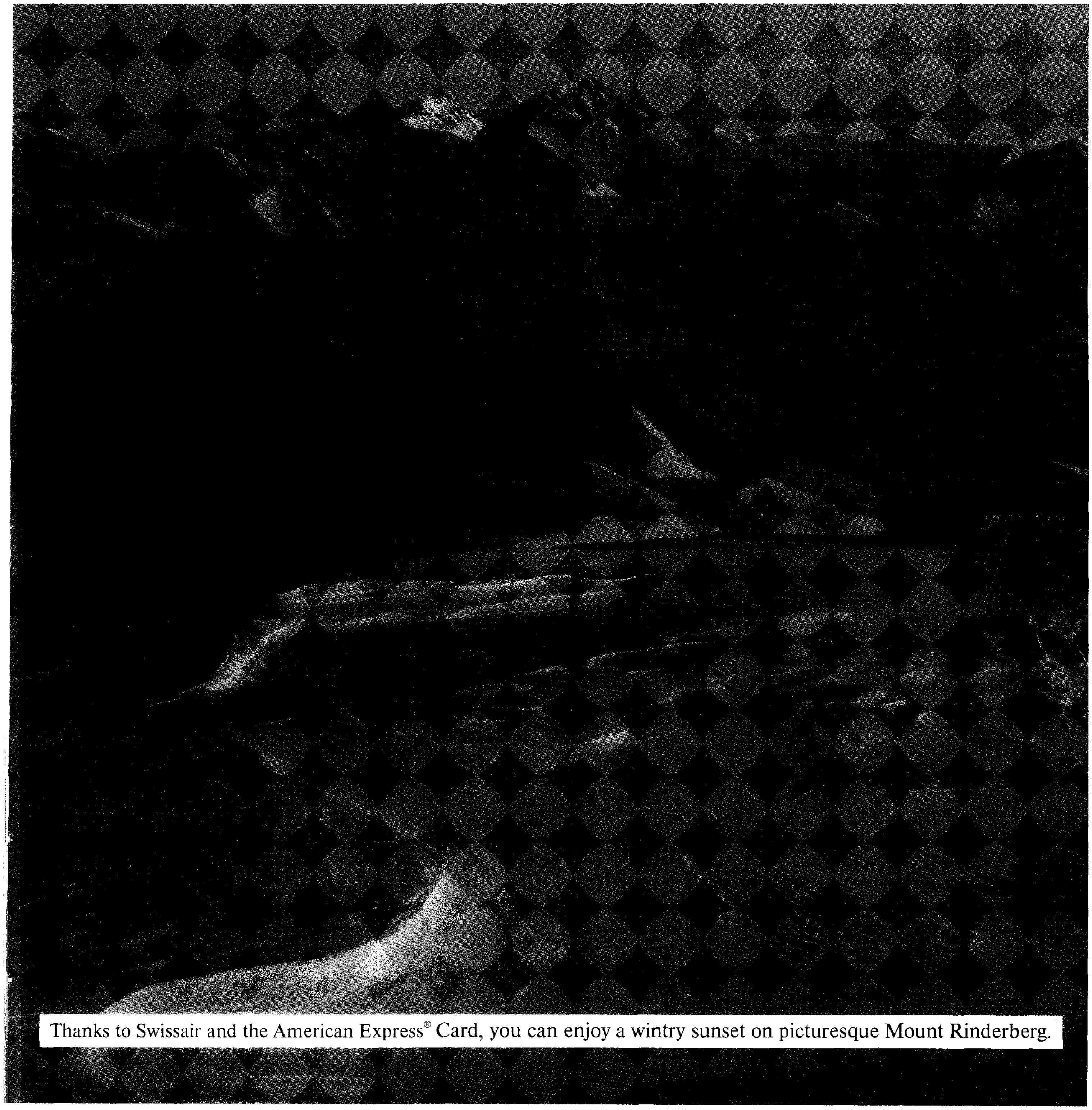

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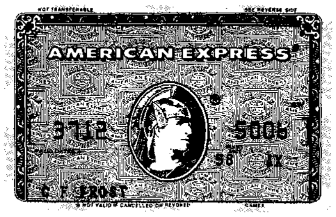

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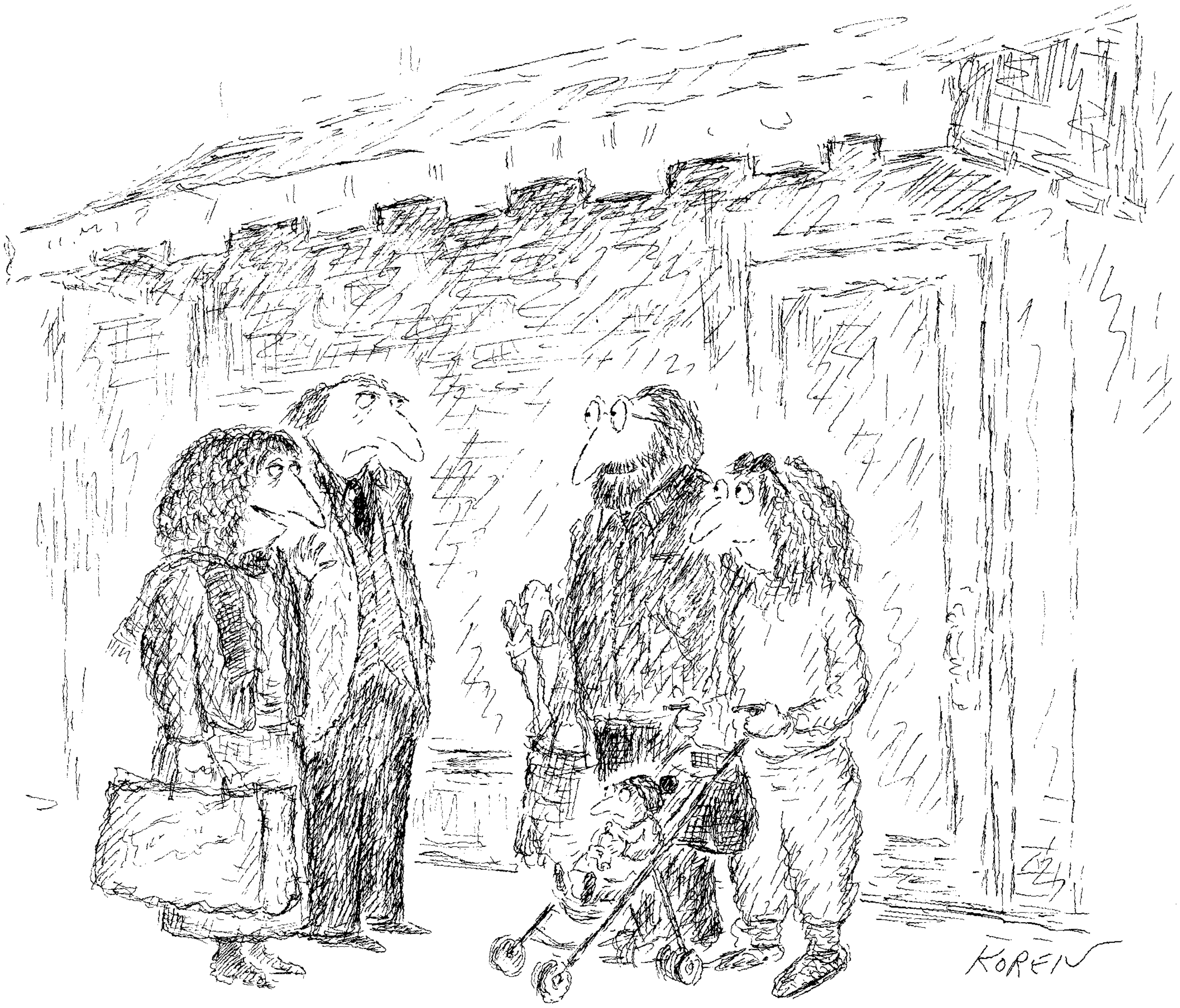

"You may not recognize Bobby. He's turned into his father."

stops at the taverns and the garden restaurants around Lake Balaton. In the fresh breezes of the morning, he would order paper and ink, and in the empty restaurants he would write twelve or sixteen pages of magical, dream-haunted prose, sometimes about lonely travellers. In one of his finest short novels, "Az útitárs" ("The Travelling Companion"), he meets "an agreeable, quiet, sad-eyed, gray, and, above all, unpretentious gentleman."

> We were travelling in the moonlight; through the shimmering fields ran those invisible foxes who by some magic always elude the hunters; wild ducks flew at a distance above a pond breathing silver; the shadows of trees moved like heartbeats. . . . Like sadness, rain reached and overtook us, and from the darkening night it beat strings of tears against the indifferent window . . . and now only the words of my travelling companion echoed around me, as if Death were reading the Scriptures.
>
> "I don't want to bore you with my circumstances," my travelling companion said. "That would be useless talk: like the usual, drowsy, uninspiring loquaciousness of fellow-travellers when they're waiting for the train in the musty room of a station and the signal bell is sullenly mute on the roof. I notice that most people travel for business. A bridegroom is the greatest rarity nowadays. And those fools out of certain romantic novels, with their bones shaken and hurting after ten, twelve hours on a train, in a stagecoach or a sleigh in winter—why? For the purpose of kissing a certain woman's hand, for being there to listen to her throaty mutterings, for the sake of getting a whiff of the scent of her petticoat or bodice; with their aim to say a few breathless words at the end of a path in a garden where the woman had stolen secretly from her bed—that kind of fool is now rare as a white raven. I was such a white raven once, exploding with love like dynamite in a quarry, the yellow smoke of which hangs for a while over the hillside until it disappears without a wisp of a trace."

Krúdy would return to the city, but seldom to his family. He now lived in hotels that he could afford—or, more exactly, whose owners were pleased to grant him credit. Yet his memories coursed in the opposite direction. They poured into scenes of a bygone patrician world of domesticity, peopled by spotless wives and honorable old men, and suffused with the quiet loveliness of country mornings:

> To breakfast on a light-blue tablecloth, smelling of milk, like a child in the family home . . . freshly washed faces, hair combed wet, shirtfronts bright and white around the table. Everything smells different there, even rum. The plum brandy

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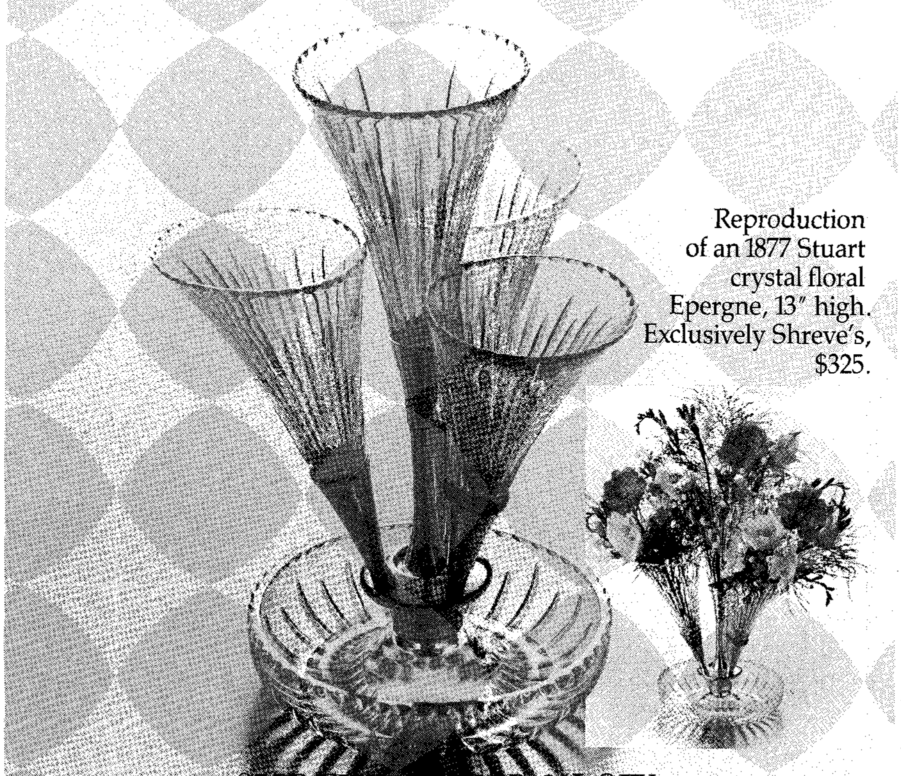

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men swallow in one gulp on an empty stomach is harmless at the family table. The eggs are freshly laid, the butter wrapped in grape leaves smiles like a fat little girl, shoes are resplendent, the fresh morning airing wafts from the beds the stifling, sultry thoughts of the previous night, on quick feet the maid patters from room to room in a skirt starched only yesterday. Even the manure carts on the road steam differently on frosty mornings from the way they do in the afternoons; the rattle of gravely ill gentlemen quiets down in the neighboring houses; the bright greens in the markets, the red of the coxcombs, the pink-veined meats shining in the willow baskets, the towers of the town had been sponged and washed at dawn; and a piebald bird jumps around gaily on the frost-pinched mulberry tree, like life that begins anew and has forgiven and forgotten the past.

His words flew with longing for the provincial Magyar Biedermeier of the previous century. He would paint such scenes over and over, with a magic of which the addicts of his writing never grew tired. And this was part and parcel of his character: again, he was not so much like Proust, who loved high society and yet condemned it, as like Monet, who painted beautiful gardens because he loved them. At the tail end of his alcoholic nights, his clothes were still spotless. He despised loud carousers. He would, on occasion, send a message and a few banknotes to his wife: "Forgive me. Take the children on a Sunday picnic." "I'll be back soon." "Buy yourself some fine perfume." His wife had become corpulent and sad, tortured less by jealousy than by the continual lack of money. She did not forgive him. His children did. For decades after their father's death, they treasured their sad, loving memories, and even wrote short memoirs about him.

You do not understand, he told his wife and the other women trying to cling to him: I must be alone. I need solitude. We know, or at least we can surmise, that his incomparable scenes grew in his mind while he mused for hours, half awake. Yet they did not crystallize until he began writing. He let his pen saunter, amble, canter away, down endless roads and tree-lined paths laden with the honeyed golden mist of memories and the old Magyar names of innumerable flowers, trees, ferns, birds. I write "endless roads" because his novels and stories have only the thinnest of plots. They are four-dimensional paintings, whose magical beauty is manifested not only through shades and forms but through the fourth dimension of human reality—time itself—as the thin stream of the story all at once bursts

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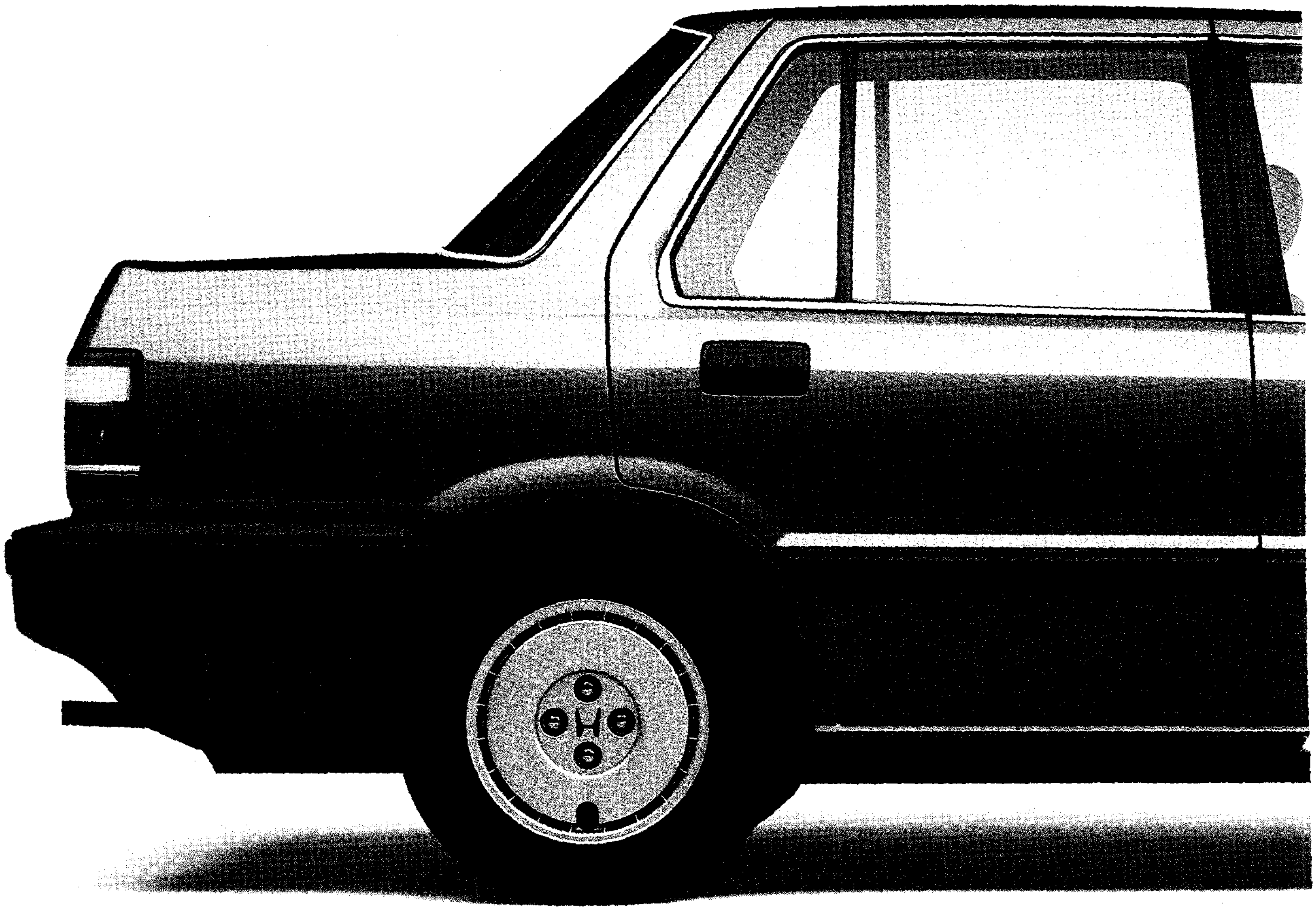

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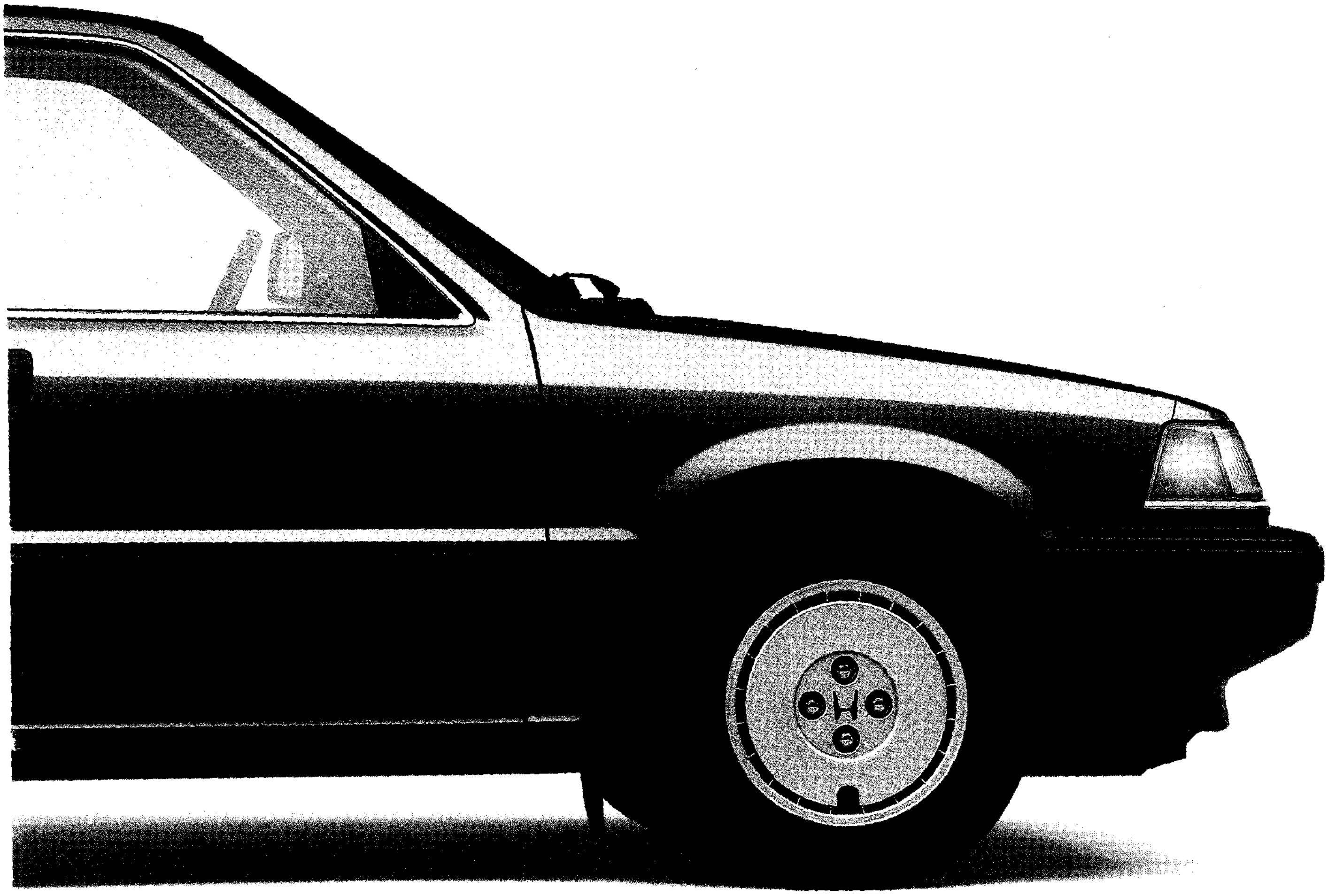

into a magnificent fountain, the water splashing and coursing in rainbow colors. Like Balzac, Krúdy wrote every day, through his worst hangovers, because he needed money instantly and desperately. Unlike Balzac, he never corrected his manuscripts, and he cared little for the proofs. He possessed only a few books, and not many of his own. He wrote because he had to. He never cared for his reputation. Some of his companions and admirers were writers, but he would never—absolutely never—talk literature with them. The topics that interested him were the preparation of certain standard Magyar dishes, the odd habits of attractive men and women, stories of the turf, and the fascinating legerdemain of certain people able to lay their hands on money whenever they wished.

He would tuck his sixteen pages into his pockets, hail a carriage or walk to an editorial office, and request his honorarium. Then came a long midday dinner, well after the noon hour, in a half-empty restaurant, where he would be surrounded by the silent, respectful service of the owner and the waiters. Then the turf, the gaming table, and the night life. By midnight, he would have little or no money left. There was the memorable occasion when, having played and lost at baccarat for hours in his club, he stood up and said to an acquaintance, who was holding the bank, "Give me the *cagnotte*." That was incredible. The *cagnotte* was a box with a slot, sunk in the center of the green felt table, where winners would occasionally drop a few chips after a successful run. That club of writers and artists depended on the nightly *cagnotte* for some of its upkeep. "But, Gyula—" this gentleman said. "No 'Gyula,' " Krúdy said. "The *cagnotte*." After a moment of deathly silence, the gentleman lifted out the box, opened it with a key, and poured out its contents before Krúdy. Krúdy ordered a waiter to cash them in; then he swept the money into his pocket, stood up, and left. The club did not expel him.

THE best of his times—and the worst of his times—may have been the years of the First World War. The war came after the publication of the first Sindbad stories and "The Red Stagecoach." Krúdy's writing had blossomed; for the first time, he had a considerable public. Perhaps because of the increasingly anxious and difficult years of the war,

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there was an appetite for his evocations of an older, better Hungary, an older, better Budapest, and older and better men and women—serious patricians, respectable virgins. Almost every Budapest newspaper carried a literary page. He wrote for most of these newspapers, indifferent to their political or social inclinations, interested in them only as the fount of honoraria. Yet his life was as disorganized as ever, perhaps even more so. He lived in the Hotel Royal, a large, modern commercial establishment on one of the noisy boulevards of the city, where it stands even now. The owner, a M. Várady, admired him. The owner's wife, a ripe woman in her thirties, loved him with a shameful, sensual devotion. At times, Krúdy had to resort to undignified stratagems to escape her desperate jealousies; once, at a summer resort where he was the Váradys' guest, he had a tall companion impersonate him in the evening shadows while he, bending his large frame, crawled silently among the bushes to the room of another woman, who had left a window open for him to climb in. Mme. Várady had a daughter, seventeen years old, who adored Krúdy. Krúdy chose to love her. They eloped. It took two years for his first wife to consent, bitterly, to give him a divorce. Zsuzsi, his new love, was twenty-three years younger than he. She married him.

Much of this happened during the saddest years of the country. Hungary, in tandem with Austria, lost the war. A Hungarian republic was proclaimed—ominously, in retrospect—in late October of 1918, with disorderly shoutings, and rain splashing on the pavement under dark, soiled clouds, on a sodden day. There followed an ugly and unpopular short-lived Communist regime, a humiliating foreign occupation, and the reëstablishment of a narrow kind of order, laced with the hatreds of a rent and diminished people. Meanwhile, most of the country had been amputated: two-thirds of the old Hungary was partitioned among the new states of Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia and the swollen kingdom of Rumania. Krúdy, who never wrote a false word when describing a flower, a tree, a woman's garter, or the odor of the midnight air but who was an instinctive opportunist when it came to money, had written a few things—paragraphs, sentences—here and there in accord with the ideas of the now despised revolutionaries and leftists. This was but one of his difficulties

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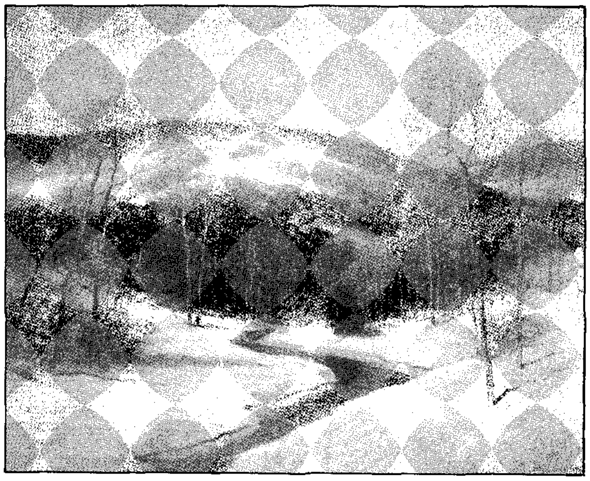

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under the new regime. There was now no atmosphere for his music; even the acoustics of nostalgia were out of date. The dust bath of abject poverty covered a truncated, misery-laden nation. After a while things improved. Hungary and Hungarians tend to be unsuccessful after their most astonishing triumphs, but they have an instinctive genius for recovery and rebuilding after their worst disasters. During the most miserable of those years—1919, 1920, 1921—Krúdy wrote several more masterpieces. Perhaps his new marriage and the birth of his adored youngest child sustained his spirits. He had not much changed his habits: the night before his young bride gave birth, he was at the gaming table in his club again. He sent her a tender note, saying that it was lucky that he had lost that night, since she would now have an easy delivery. A little girl, Zsuzsika, was born. She weighed "four quarts and three pints," the elderly father would say proudly to his companions.

For he had become an elderly gentleman. He was not much over forty, still handsome, but his head had turned silver, as had his mustache. His vices were changing, too: fewer women, more wine; fewer turf days, longer tavern afternoons. But he wrote like a fiend. His feuilletons filled the pages of newspapers of every persuasion or denomination. Eventually, these writings would be gathered together and published in modest, thin, paper-covered editions. They brought him little money. His public had diminished. His reputation was running down. He had written often about autumn, about country autumns that "stretched out long, like a single shining strand of red hair." In Budapest, too, the autumn mists were coming closer, there were "weeping young clouds, a damp wind whistling through the keyholes . . . when the Danube boats sound their horns like forlorn ghosts who cannot find their way in the night." He himself was in the autumn of his life now—*dans les faubourgs de la vieillesse*, as the lovely French phrase has it. Yet there were moments of happiness ("Happiness," he had written once, "is a moment's interval between desire and sorrow") —or, rather, of contentment. An ancient apartment was found for him and his family, in surroundings that could hardly have been more suitable for Gyula Krúdy, though comfortable they were not. It was in a century-old house in the shadow of giant plane

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trees, on Margaret's Island, in the middle of the Danube, between Buda and Pest. Decades before, the greatest of Magyar poets, János Arany, had sat under the island's noble oaks, in a grove beyond the ruins of a thirteenth-century monastery. In the early nineteen-twenties, the island had few telephones; it was traversed every hour by an open horse-drawn trolley. It had an old hotel, frequented by writers, among them some of Krúdy's companions. He and his family had to take their baths there; their apartment had no bathroom. At times, they led a country existence in the midst of the heaving city, which was gradually filling with buses and cars.

He had less and less money, while he gambled and drank more and more. "There are mornings," he wrote about another writer, in another age, "when literature resembles a kind, sad wife, weeping without a word, alone; she is always in one's mind but one does not talk about her." He spent a few unhappy months near Vienna, in a former imperial château rented by Baron Lajos Hatvany, who, besides being a baron, was a noted left-wing litterateur and dilettante, in temporary exile from Hungary for political reasons. During those months in the elegant house in the Vienna woods, Krúdy was morose and solitary. Once, he roused his host at four in the morning in order to break open an ancient armoire that, according to Krúdy, must have belonged to Franz Josef himself. Eventually, he came back to the island without a farthing, having urged Hatvany in vain to provide a substantial loan for a child-care establishment that his wife was trying to launch. The valves of his heart were leaking badly. He was lucky to have among his admirers a fine doctor, Dr. Lajos Lévy, who was one of those saintly giants of medicine from a past age who took it as their sacred duty to care for and attempt to cure men such as Krúdy without asking anything, material or spiritual, in exchange. He took Krúdy into his hospital, to cure and rest and feed him. Of course, Krúdy had to be bereft of wine. But one early evening the nurses found him in his whitewashed room with a beaker of wine and a lone Gypsy playing softly, very softly. The young doctors of Lévy's entourage were shocked. Lévy only shook his head. His patient was on the road to a limited recovery, and a little wine might be good for him, he said.

There was no money in the Krúdy

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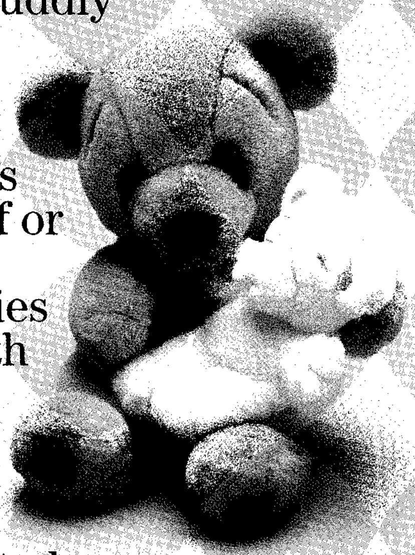

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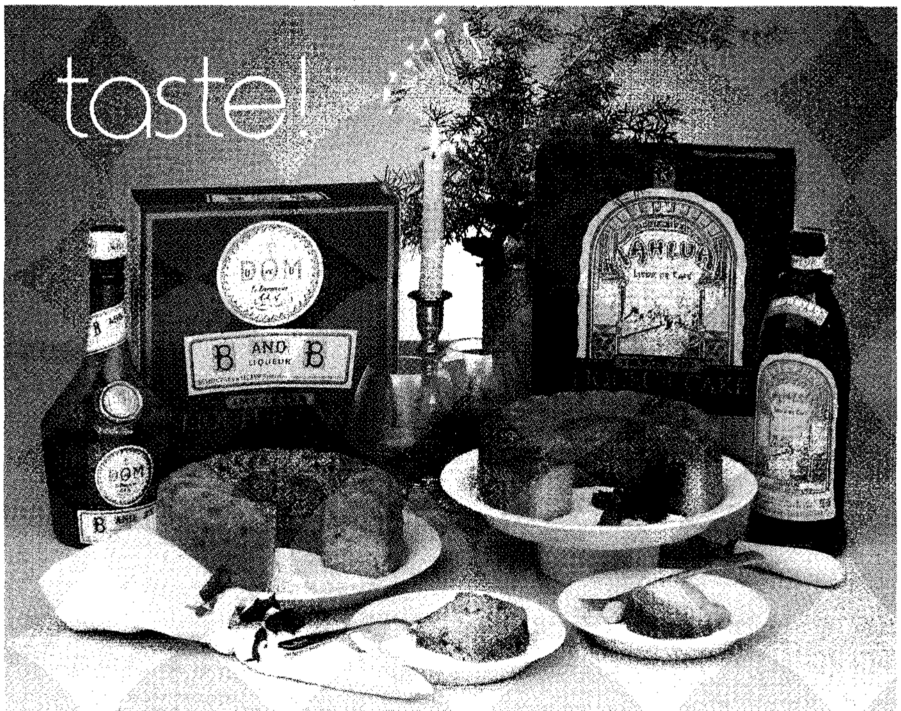

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house. There were sad, tremendous quarrels. He passed the age of fifty. He was an old man now. He failed to pay the minimal rent on the apartment. From the island, he had often looked across to the western side of the river, the old quarter of Óbuda—Old Buda—with its one-story houses inhabited by thrifty working-class people, its rough cobblestone streets, and its peasant-baroque church towers under the high Buda hills. Now he was forced to move there, taking three rooms in an old yellow house, in some ways reminiscent of the house of his childhood. There exists a photograph of Krúdy leaning out of his window and contemplating the street with his large brown eyes. Yet his headquarters were not in that house, Templom-utca 15 (No. 15 Church Street), which is marked with a plaque now. They were in Kéhli's ancient tavern, in the next street, whose yellow flat-country wine he liked.

He wrote and wrote in the mornings, at a plain table covered with wrapping paper that was held down at the corners with big No. 2 steel thumbtacks, always with an old-fashioned steel pen, always using a bottle of violet ink. He had written more than seventy books. His wife and daughter took temporary lodgings elsewhere, returning to him from time to time. His writings were no longer popular. His advances from publishers were exhausted. Most of his former publishers would have nothing to do with him, because they could not; the Depression of the early nineteen-thirties made the publishing situation even worse. Krúdy could still place short pieces in some of the newspapers, but this income was far from enough. His most faithful readers now were a small group of people, among them some of the best writers of Hungary. They understood what his prose meant for their Magyar language, that lonely orphan among the languages of Europe. One of these writers, the novelist and poet Dezső Kosztolányi, arranged things so that in 1931 and 1932 Krúdy would receive literary prizes amounting to considerable sums. Krúdy asked that the awards be given him not during a ceremony but privately; he wanted to avoid his creditors. By the spring of 1933, he had not paid his rent or his bills for many months. The city authority that owned the house informed him that he would have to vacate his rooms. His electric current was cut off. On the last day of his life, he coursed through the city unhappily, stopping in governmental and editorial offices with indifferent results. He sat for a few hours in Kéhli's, with his long white hand around the small wineglass. He borrowed a candle and ambled home. Alone in his apartment, he stuck that cheap brown candle in an empty bottle and lay down to sleep. A cleaning woman found him dead, at ten o'clock on a bright morning.

That was the end of the writer Gyula Krúdy. The sun was shining in the incredibly blue skies over Óbuda when they laid him out, in his last spotless piece of clothing—his full-dress suit. A companion recalled that, a year or so earlier, Krúdy had told him that he had tried to pawn this suit but that the pawnshop could not use it—it was too big, he was too tall, they said. To his funeral came writers, journalists, editors, waiters, headwaiters, porters, street girls, an official delegation from the city of his birth, and a small Gypsy band, which played his favorite air as the coffin was let down. His first wife cried out, "You had it coming, Gyula!" There was a hush. His friend the newspaper editor Miklós Lázár spoke at the grave. M. Lázár gave me the tear sheet of that beautiful speech, in New York, in 1963—a yellowed, brittle page from an old newspaper.

FOR almost a decade, Krúdy was forgotten. His grave, only faintly marked, was sinking into the ground. Then came a marvellous event—not only in Krúdy's posthumous annals but in those of modern Hungarian literature. A book appeared entitled "Szindbád hazamegy" ("Sindbad Comes Home"), by the great haut-bourgeois writer Sándor Márai. What Márai (who was twenty-two years Krúdy's junior and knew him in the last years of his life) had composed was a Krúdy symphony, in the form of a reconstruction of Krúdy's last day, in Krúdy's style. It begins with his solitary rising and dressing in his rooms in Óbuda; it ends with his last night, enveloped in the comforter of his unforgettable dreams—dreams that carry Sindbad the sailor to another world. I read this book when I was seventeen. Afterward, I read as much Krúdy (and Márai) as I could lay my hands on, buying Krúdy volumes often in antiquarian bookshops. And I was not alone. All this happened during the Second World War, in the middle of a German-occupied, brutal, and often very vulgar world, when people found happiness

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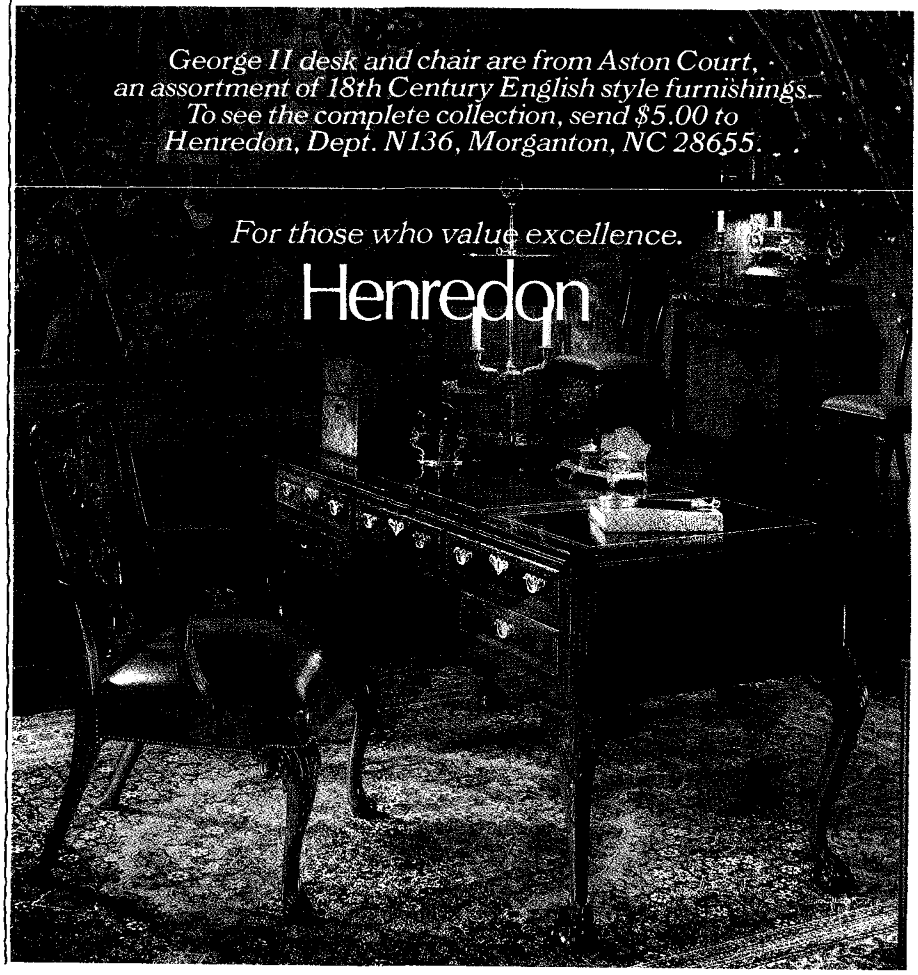

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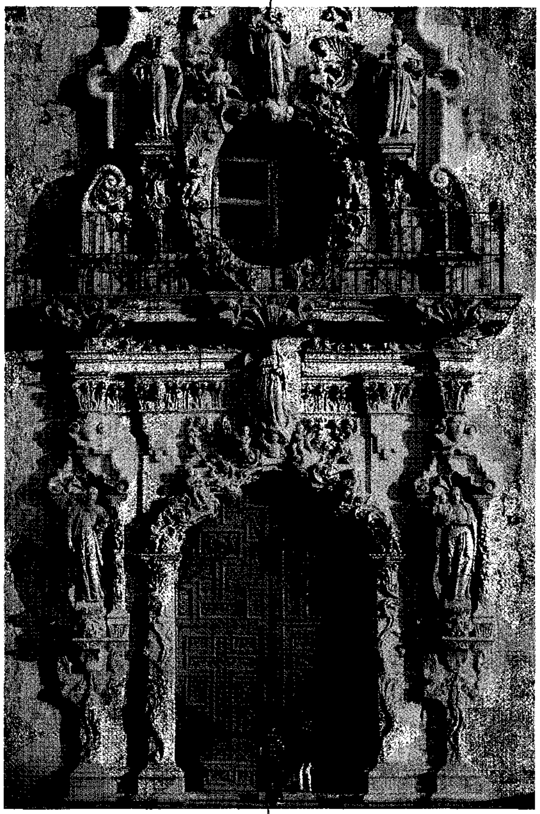

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and inspiration in the presence of nobler and better things of the past. I left Hungary in 1946, even before its regime had become wholly Communized, because I thought that there was no place for me in the "new" Hungary—or, rather, not a place I would want. So did Sándor Márai.

I left my family and, among other things, perhaps two dozen Krúdy and Márai books. I was convinced that Hungary was lost; besides, I knew English rather well. I wanted to become an English-writing and therefore English-thinking historian, not an émigré intellectual who writes about Central European history in English. Twelve or thirteen years later, I began to notice something extraordinary. Krúdy's books were being reprinted in Hungary, one after another. There was—there still is—a Krúdy revival, to an extent that he (or I) could not have dreamed of. People who had left Hungary after the 1956 Rising began importing his books from Budapest. I got some of them, and as I turned their pages on quiet winter evenings in my house in the Pennsylvania countryside my eyes sometimes filled with tears. Another exile, the scholar and critic László Cs. Szabó, has written what Hungarians, exiled or not, know: "How can a foreign reader understand Krúdy without ever having seen the Óbuda towers from Margaret's Island under gathering snowclouds; or the flirtatious scratching of the blushing leaves of birch trees in the sand, down the Nyír; or the inward smiles of the fallen apples lying on the bottom of the Lower Szamos? How could he, when he had never heard the sound of a cello through the open window of a one-story house; the sound of the bow pulled by an unseen gentleman, playing for himself alone, just before the evening church bells begin to peal from the Danube side?"

—JOHN LUKACS

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NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From the Los Angeles Times*]

Twenty girls' volleyball teams, including 14 ranked in the top 10 of the Southern Section polls, will compete in the Tournament of Champions Saturday at UC Santa Barbara.

•

Shanahan was at the negotiating session with his wife, Mary Ann. He said, "I'm so happy that if I could spell 'ectastic,' I would."—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

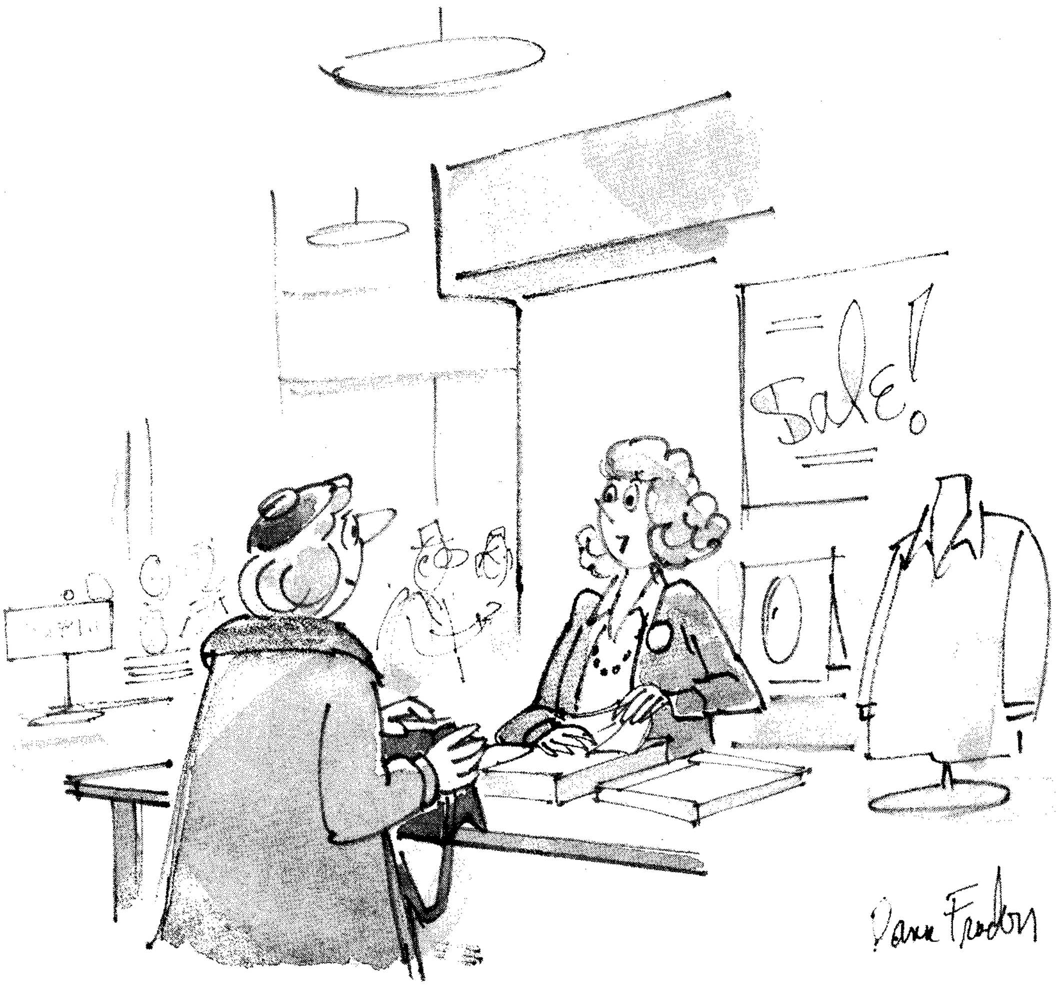
Hell, anybody can do that.

JAZZ

Benny and the Duke

THE American Jazz Orchestra, the repertory group brought into being last spring by the critic Gary Giddins, with John Lewis as music director, gave its second concert, at Cooper Union, on Halloween. The program was devoted to Benny Goodman's big-band music, and this was both appropriate and mystifying—appropriate as a memorial gesture and mystifying because Goodman's big-band music has been very much with us on recordings and in live performances. Goodman, like Duke Ellington, was his own best repertory director. More than that, it has long been clear that Goodman's finest playing was done with various small groups—with his trio and quartet in the mid-thirties (Teddy Wilson, Gene Krupa, Lionel Hampton), with his sextet of the late thirties and early forties (Charlie Christian, Hampton, Count Basie, Cootie Williams, Dave Tough, Jo Jones), with his small groups of the mid-forties (Wilson, Mel Powell, Red Norvo), and with small groups led by Krupa and Powell in the mid-thirties and early forties. Goodman made his way with his big band, but he never turned his back on the hot small-band music he grew up with in Chicago in the twenties. His big band was his vocation, his small groups his avocation. It was Goodman's 1935 big band that turned America on, that made jazz a popular music for a brief time, that gave Duke Ellington and Count Basie and Andy Kirk and Jimmie Lunceford a marketplace. Goodman was not an originator. He took his inspiration and the arrangements for his band mainly from Fletcher Henderson, and his clarinet style from Jimmie Noone and Leon Rappolo and Volly De Faut. John Lewis said at the outset of the Cooper Union concert that he considered Goodman the greatest of all jazz clarinettists, and he is almost right. Goodman had a fluency and finesse that only Buddy DeFranco has equalled, but Goodman never explored the tonal peculiarities and emotional boundaries of the instrument in the way that Pee Wee Russell and Lester Young and Artie Shaw and Benny Carter have done. This conventionality marked his first big band. It had precision and sweep but none of the lyrical swing of the Basie band, the rainbow harmonies of Ellington, the subtle emotions of Andy Kirk. Goodman was its principal soloist, and he never hired anyone who outmatched him—with the possible exception of Sidney Catlett, who drove the band so hard that Goodman fired him. There were two quite different Goodman big bands. The first, or Fletcher Henderson band, lasted from 1935 to around 1940, and the second, or Eddie Sauter band, lasted from 1940 to 1945. Sauter's arrangements were more adventurous harmonically and rhythmically than Henderson's. They were also fussy and somewhat obtrusive—they made the soloists sound as if they were competing with them. (Sauter's writing was offset by Mel Powell's occasional arrangements, which had a sleek, uncluttered Art Deco quality.) Before Goodman finally disbanded, in the late forties, the Sauter effect had worn off, and the band, despite light tangles with bebop, had become mechanical and rather vacuous.

The American Jazz Orchestra played fifteen Goodman numbers. Five were arranged by Fletcher Henderson, three by Eddie Sauter, two by Mel Powell, two by Jimmy Mundy, two by Edgar Sampson, and one by Gordon Jenkins. The orchestra included Virgil Jones, Bob Millikin, Randy Sandke, and Marvin Stamm on trumpet; Danny Bank, Arthur (Babe) Clarke, John Purcell, Loren Schoenberg, Chuck Wilson, and Walt Levinsky on reeds; Urbie Green, Jack Jeffers, and Jimmy Knepper on trombone; Dick Katz on piano; Howard



"Will this be cash or consumer debt?"

Collins on rhythm guitar and Rodney Jones on solo guitar; Rufus Reid on bass; and Kenny Washington on drums. At least a third of the musicians had worked with Goodman at one time or another, and the rest appeared comfortable with his music. (At the first concert, last May, the orchestra was made up largely of beboppers and hard-boppers, and much of the time they flew under the material—Fletcher Henderson, Basie, Ellington, Lunceford.) The orchestra played with authority and great swing, and so did such soloists as Sandke, Knepper, and Levinsky, who led the group and handled Goodman's parts. The only letdown was a "Sing, Sing, Sing" that, played with riotous intent, omitted Jess Stacy's famous, serene 1938 Carnegie Hall-concert solo. It was New York without Central Park.

Part of the purpose of the American Jazz Orchestra is to play new jazz works, and the concert was opened by "Concerto for Clarinet and Jazz Orchestra—Tribute to Benny." An eighteen-minute piece by the trombonist Bob Bookmeyer, it was an overture to Goodman's music. Levinsky played the clarinet solos, and these were balanced by Gil Evans backgrounds, by bursts of brass, by delicate guitar and bass accompaniment, by silence, and by a wild ensemble passage that suggested one of Alec Wilder's octets. Some of the attractive flickers of melody that lit the piece were original, and some were paraphrases of Goodman numbers. The concerto was a gracious refraction of Goodman's world. What was missing throughout the evening was Goodman himself. Perhaps such superlative Goodman small-band recordings as "Three Little Words" (1935), "As Long As I Live" (1940), and "The World Is Waiting for the Sunrise" (1942) should have been played during the intermission.

WHEN Duke Ellington died, in the spring of 1974, he was working on an opera called "Queenie Pie." Based loosely on the life of Mme. C. J. Walker, a wealthy and imposing Harlem beautician who flourished around the time of the First World War, it had apparently been in his mind since the sixties, and it was commissioned as an opera by WNET in 1972. The funds for the television program never materialized, but Ellington continued to work on the project sporadically, and by 1974 he had written some music and lyrics and fashioned a skeletal book. Legal tangles ensued after his death, and nothing much happened to the opera until, earlier this year, work was begun on it under the auspices of the American Music Theatre Festival. "Queenie Pie" opened in Philadelphia in September as part of the festival. It ran for a month and then was moved to the Kennedy Center, in Washington. It closed there early in November, and there are no present plans to revive it.

Ellington loved fantasy, and "Queenie Pie" is a fantasy set to music. (It has elements of opera but is not an opera in any formal sense. It calls to mind Ellington's "A Drum Is a Woman," a set of fantastical variations on the history of jazz done for CBS television in 1957.) Queenie Pie, the well-to-do Harlem beautician and beauty, is threatened by the younger and equally talented and handsome Cafe O'Lay. Her vanity shaken, Queenie sails to a tropical island to search for the secret of eternal youth. After various redemptive adventures, she falls in love, and returns to Harlem to find that she is still No. 1. She then graciously steps down and declares Cafe O'Lay her successor.

Many hands have been busy with "Queenie Pie." The book has been reworked by George C. Wolfe, the lyrics have been filled out by George David Weiss, and the music has been organized by Maurice Peress, Barrie Lee Hall, Jr., and Mercer Ellington. The score is a mixture of new Ellington blues and such old Ellington numbers as "Creole Love Call," "Hot and Bothered," part of "Second Line," from the "New Orleans Suite," and "Jam with Sam." Ellington apparently had it in mind to be the onstage narrator in "Queenie Pie," and he would have added a gracious satiric edge. As it is, he keeps peering out of it—particularly in its names and lyrics ("I'm one year older than I was last year And one year younger than I'll be next year"). But he never gets any closer.

—Whitney Balliett

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[*From the Wall Street Journal*]

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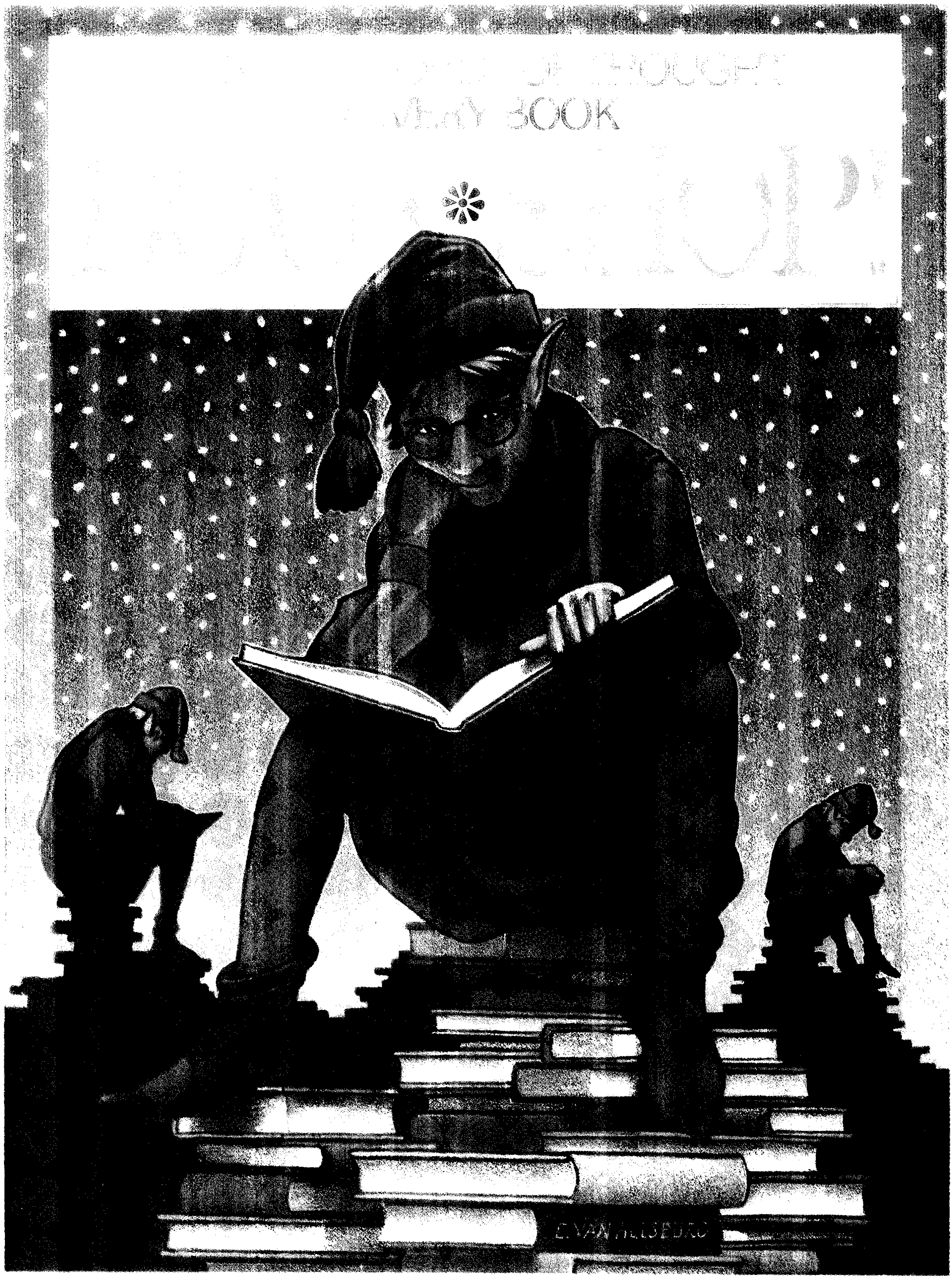

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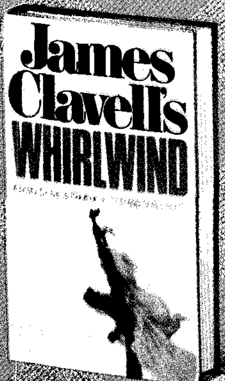
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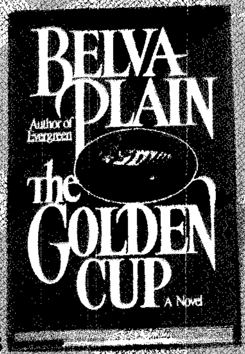
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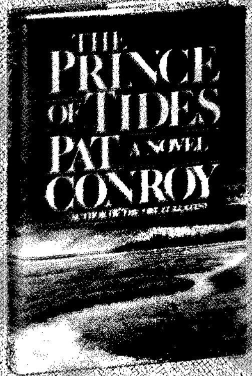
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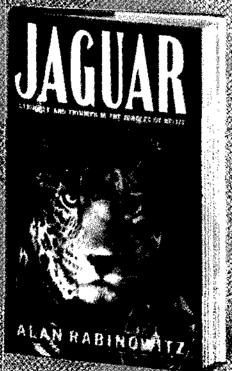
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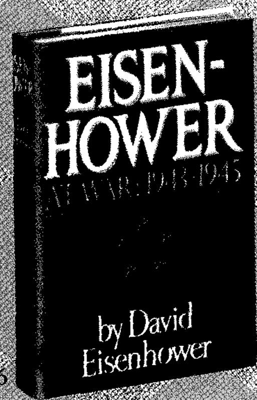
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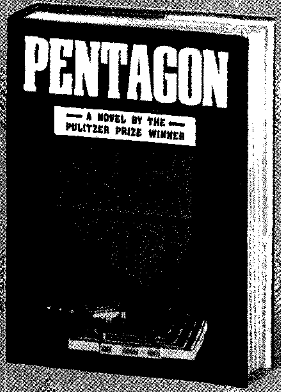
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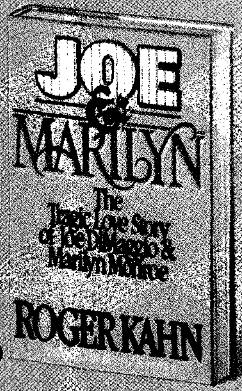
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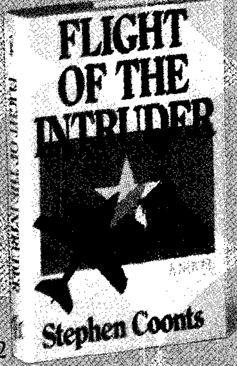
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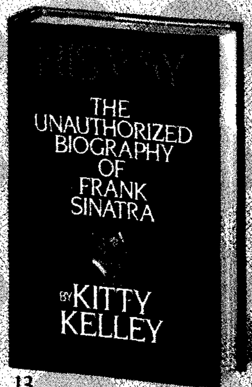
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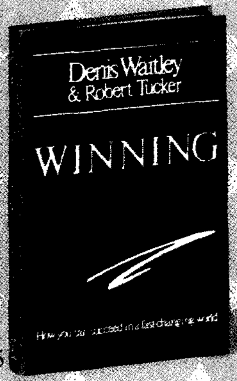
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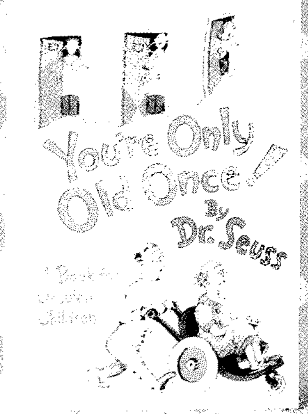
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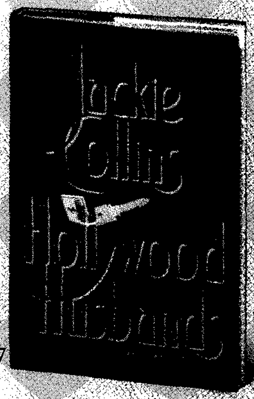
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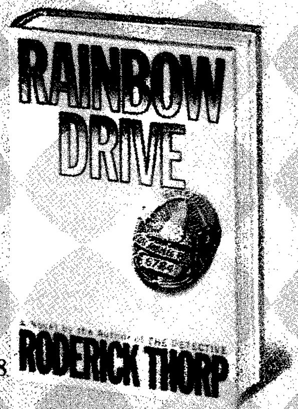
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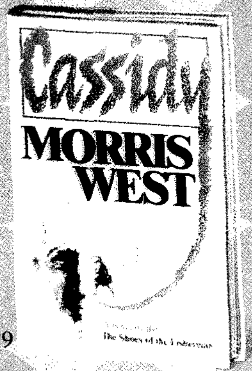
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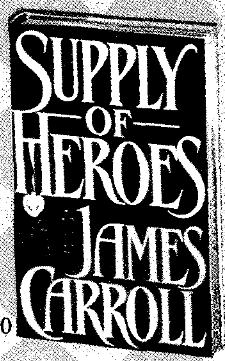
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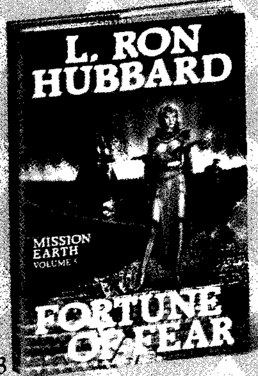
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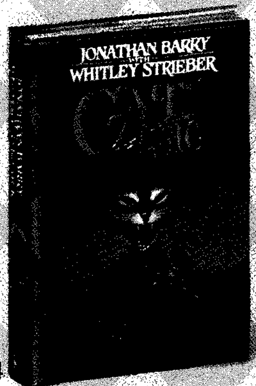
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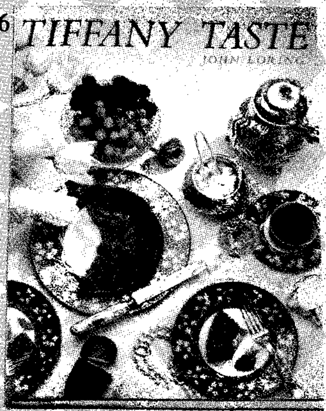
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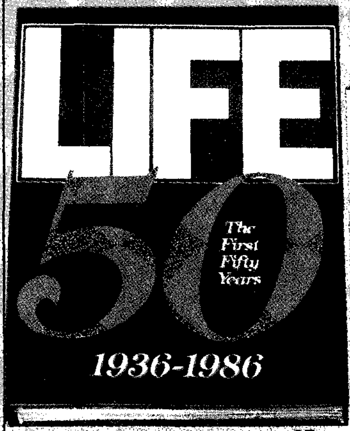
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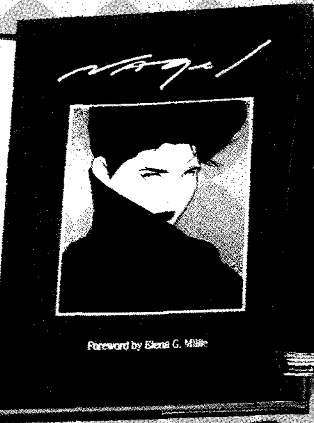
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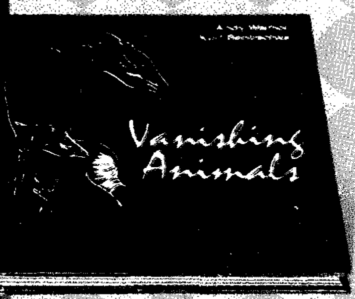
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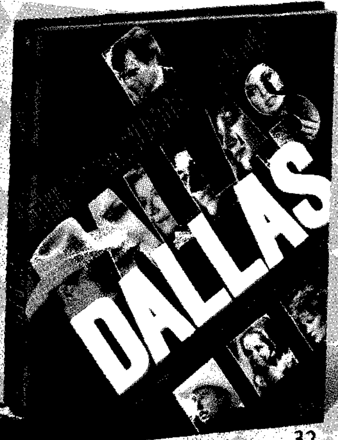

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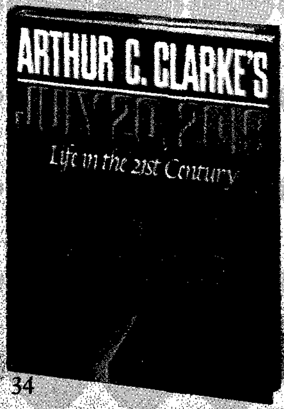
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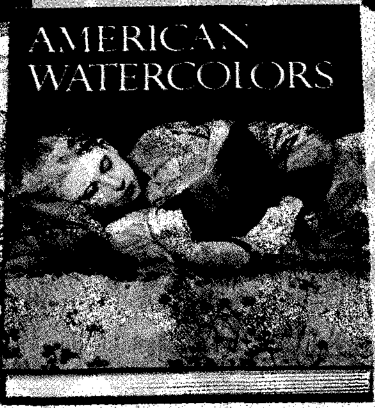
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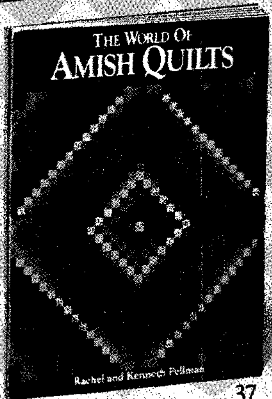
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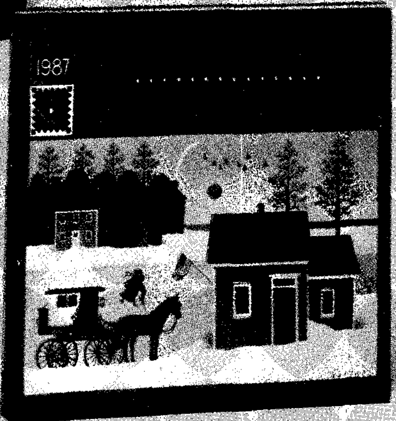

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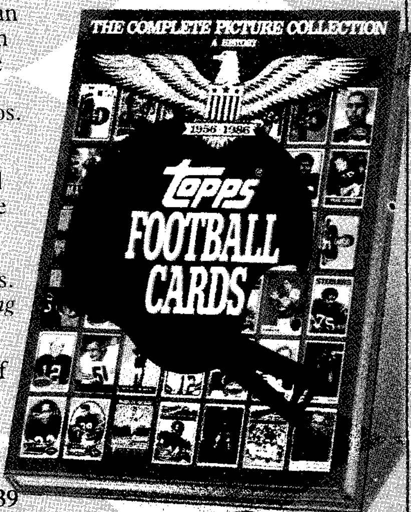
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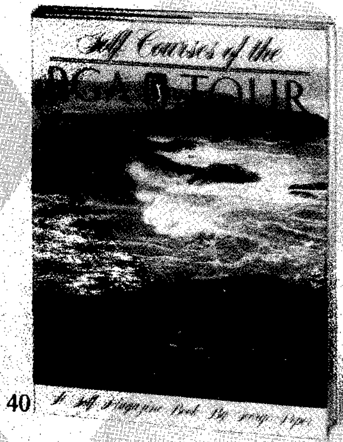
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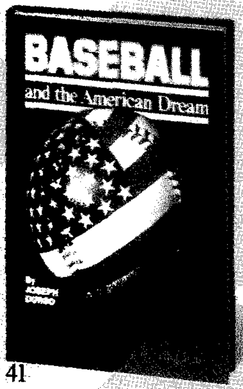
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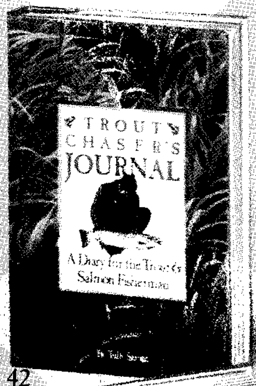
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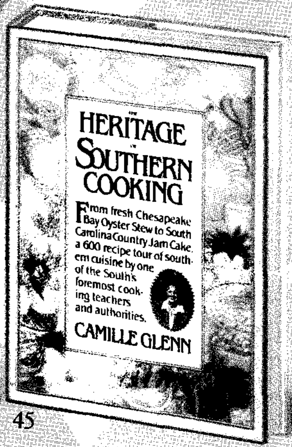
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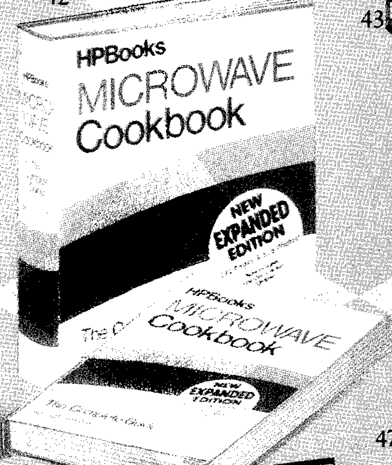
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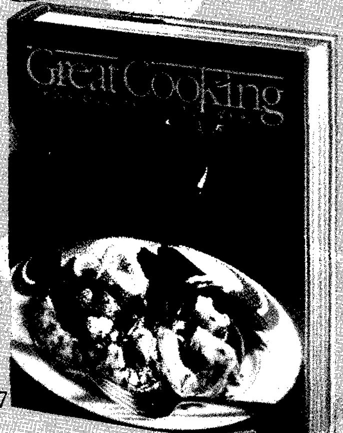
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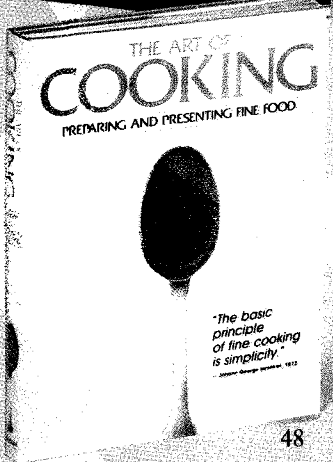
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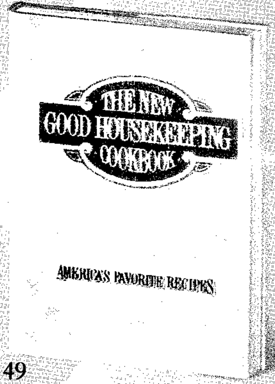
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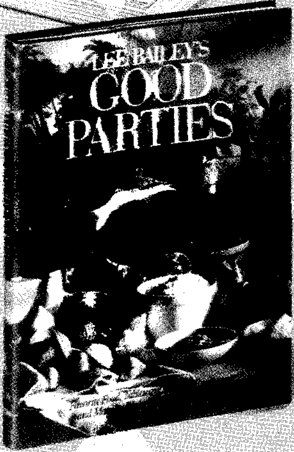
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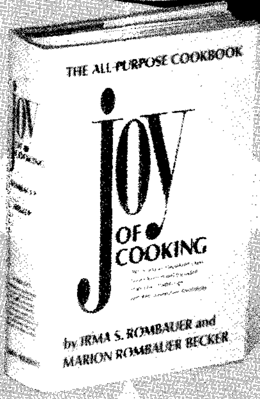
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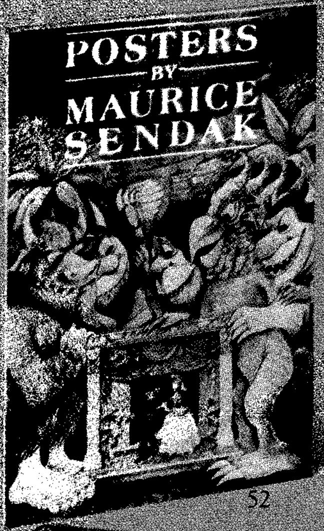
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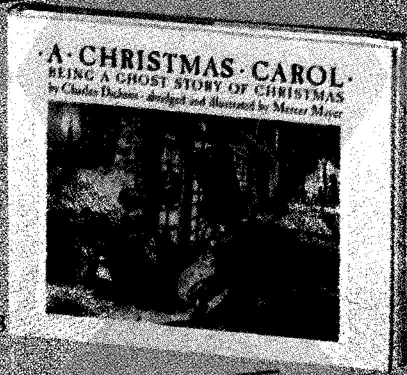
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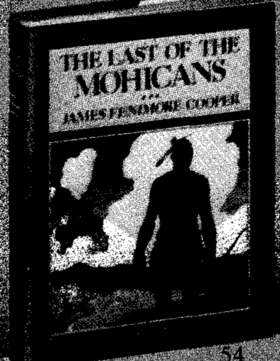
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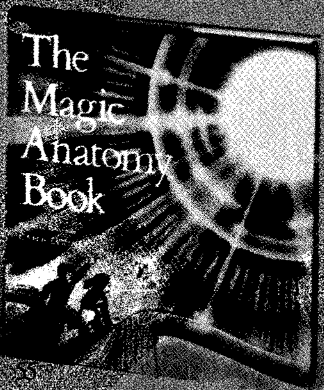
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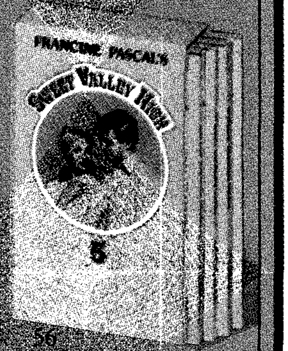
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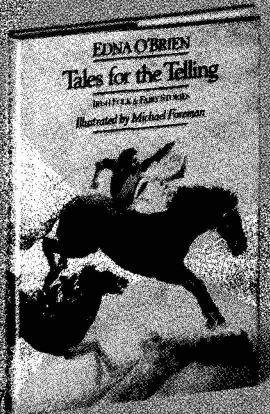
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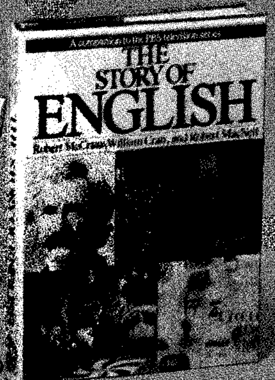
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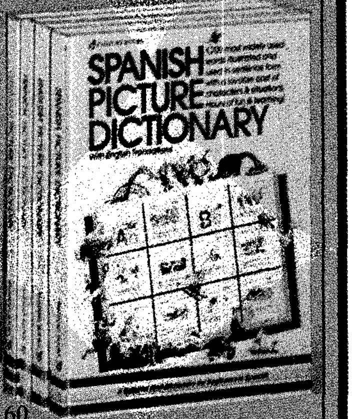
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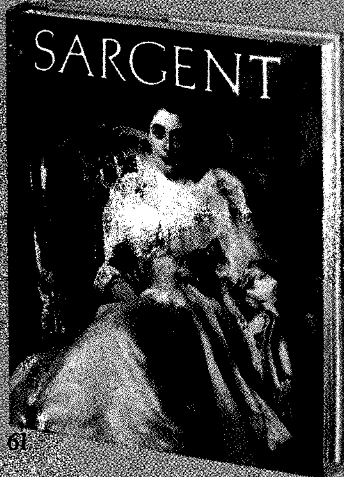

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DOG
best
bets
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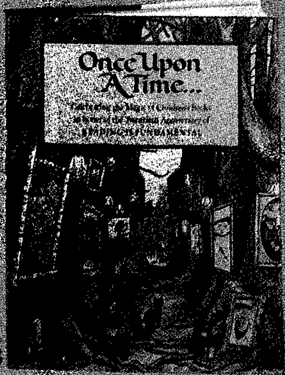
62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A Time...

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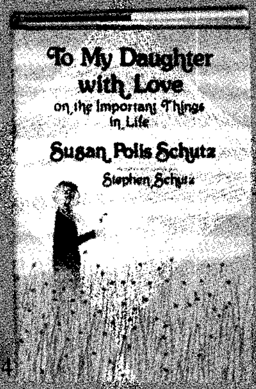
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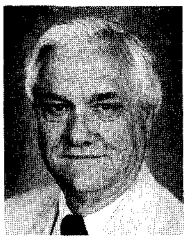

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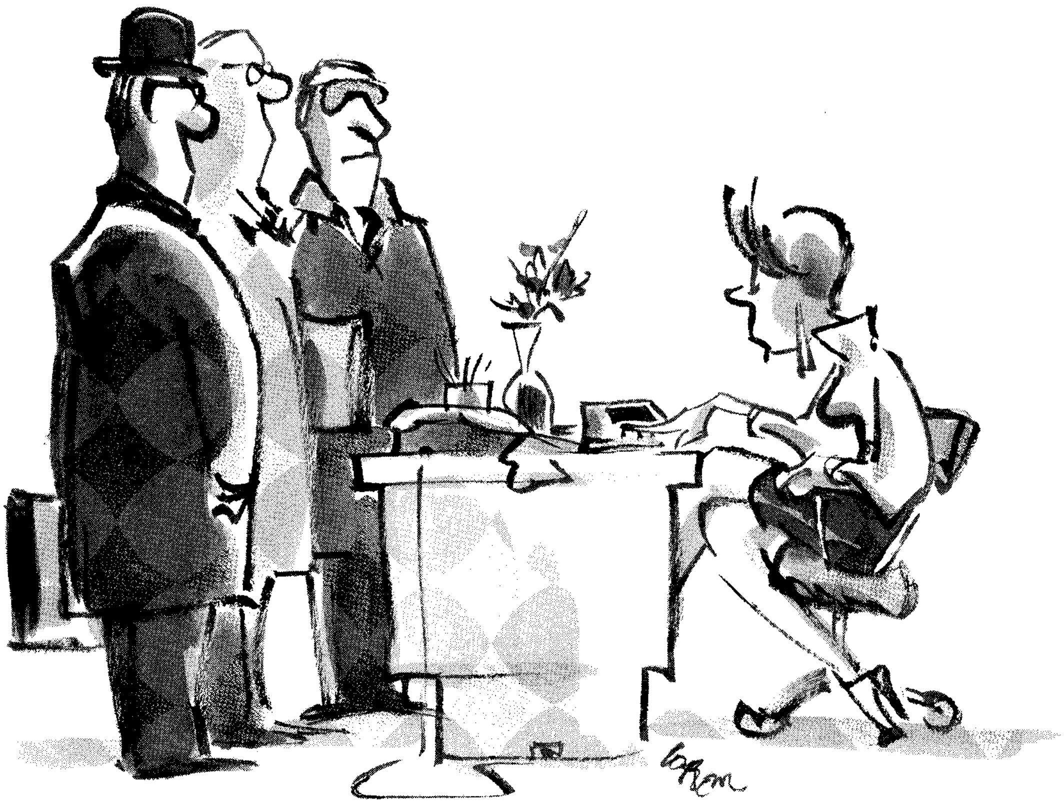
A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE SKIPPER AND THE DAM

BECAUSE California is such a crazy mosaic of habitats and plant communities, many of the nation's rarest butterflies are found there. Lange's metalmark, for instance, a fiery-red variety of the normally orange-and-gray Mormon metalmark, lives on the Antioch Dunes, east of San Francisco, and has a total range of only fifty acres. The Palos Verdes blue was limited to half an acre on the Palos Verdes Peninsula, in Los Angeles. Four years ago, the spot was converted into a ball field, and that was the end of the Palos Verdes blue—a particularly bitter loss, because it resulted from poor coördination between the United States Fish and Wildlife Service and the local people, who thought they were putting the ball field where the butterfly wasn't. The mountain West also has some rarities. Up in the Colorado Rockies, the so-called Pawnee montane skipper ranges over twenty-five or thirty square miles in South Platte Canyon, southwest of Denver. Unfortunately for everybody, this section of the canyon—where the main stem of the South Platte is joined by its North Fork, and for a considerable distance up both rivers—has been proposed by the Denver Water Department as the site for a huge dam and storage reservoir. Perhaps fifty per cent of the butterflies will drown if the dam is built. But building a dam in the West these days is a complicated process. A detailed environmental-impact statement, in compliance with the National Environmental Policy Act of 1969, must be submitted. Two separate population and distribution studies of the Pawnee montane skipper, and dozens of other studies as well, have been required for the impact statement for the Two Forks Dam, as the Colorado project is called. A task force of some four hundred people has been working on the document for the last two and a half years. The bill for it so far is coming in at thirty-six million six hundred thousand dollars—a sum that William Miller, the exasperated manager of the Water Department, recently declared to be "approaching a national scandal."

Small, subtly camouflaged, darting from flower to flower, the Pawnee montane skipper belongs to an enormous family of butterflies—the Hesperiidae, or skippers—with some thirty-five hundred species, distributed over every continent except Antarctica. As butterflies go—and they are among the most highly evolved insects, with four life stages—the skippers are rather primitive. They are, in some ways, closer to moths than to other butterflies. Like moths, they have stout bodies, and they sit with their wings flat out or partly open, but unlike most moths they fly by day and have knobbed antennae. The North American skippers, of which there are two hundred and ninety-two species, not including those in Mexico, tend to be drab—again, like the majority of moths—and sombre-colored. They have names like dusky wing, cloudy wing, sooty wing. It is only to the south, in Central and South America, that dazzling skippers, some with iridescent blue or orange stripes, zip around in the jungle understory. Because the North American skippers are small (seldom more than an inch from wingtip to wingtip) and subdued, and hard to catch and identify, they have been neglected by collectors, even though from an evolutionary and behavioral standpoint they are one of the most interesting groups. Take the two-spotted skipper, which lives in bogs and marshes and ranges from Colorado north to Canada and Maine, and south to West Virginia and Texas, yet never occurs in a group of more than a hundred or two. Only three colonies of the two-spotted skipper are known in all Colorado, one colony is known in Nebraska, none in Kansas. To find the next one, you have to go all the way to Iowa. The explanation for this highly local distribution pattern is that the colonies are believed to be stranded remnants of populations that were much larger during the last Ice Age. The Pawnee montane skipper, found so far in only one place in the world, is also thought to be what zoologists would call a "Pleistocene relict."

The first Pawnee montane skippers—eleven of them—were collected in the summer of 1883 and were sent that fall to W. H. Edwards, of Coal-



"Some very large egos to see you, Mr. Gilray."

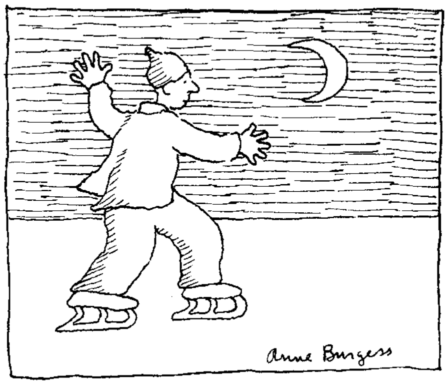
burg, West Virginia, a lawyer and coal-mine owner who was the leading lepidopterist of his day. Only two of the specimens were completely labelled. The labels identified their place of capture as Salida, Colorado, and their captor as one David Bruce. Edwards described more North American butterflies than anybody before or since, but he never got around to these, and they ended up, with the rest of his collection, in the Carnegie Museum of Natural History, in Pittsburgh, which at that time was the center of American butterfly studies. There they languished for several decades, until, in 1911, they finally came to the attention of a specialist in Western lepidoptera named Henry Skinner. He described them and gave them the Latin name *Pamphila pawnee montana*, having decided that they were a subspecies of a Plains species, *Pamphila pawnee*, which had been described in 1874. Indeed, the differences between the Pawnee skipper and the Pawnee montane skipper are slight: *montana* is a bit smaller and usually browner than the consistently lighter, more yellowish *pawnee*, and *montana*—particularly the female—has distinct ochreous-white spots on the undersides of its hind wings, while *pawnee's* spots are poorly developed. But the brown of some *montana* is greenish. Others are russet, and still others are yellowish, almost indistinguishable from *pawnee*. It's not an entirely clean situation.

Nothing more was heard of *montana* until 1967, when it was independently rediscovered in the South Platte Valley by two collectors—Ray E. Stanford and James A. Scott. Scott is a reclusive soul who has a doctorate in entomology from the University of California at Berkeley, and he makes his living building duplexes. His book "The Butterflies of North America" has just been brought out by the Stanford University Press. He caught his *montana* near a gold-mining ghost town in South Platte Canyon called Nighthawk. Stanford is a pathologist at the University of Colorado. He took his *montana* on a tributary of the South Platte named Sugar Creek. The two men didn't meet and compare their catches until a year later. At the time Scott collected his *montana*, he thought they were a dark variety of *pawnee*. Stanford suspected he had something new. Back home, he put them under a microscope, and saw that their valvae, or claspers—lateral structures of the male genitalia which enable butterflies to mate and butterfly taxonomists to tell one species from another—were definitely *pawnee*, but the coloration of the wings was wrong. It wasn't until 1972, when he went to Pittsburgh and, after pulling out dozens of drawers of skippers from their cabinets at the Carnegie Museum, finally matched his specimens with *Hesperia pawnee montana* Skinner, that he realized what he had. (The generic name *Hesperia* was reëstablished in 1922 for skippers widely but erroneously classified as *Pamphila* during the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries.)

There was still a problem, however: Salida, in Colorado's Chaffee County, is seventy-five miles from South Platte Canyon, where both Scott and Stanford had caught their *montana*. In the summers that followed, the two men combed Salida and the rest of Chaffee County for the insect, but they couldn't find a single one. Stanford began to wonder about the labels on the type specimens in Pittsburgh. He conveyed his doubts to F. Martin Brown, a retired prep-school science teacher and the doyen of Rocky Mountain-butterfly collectors, who had sorted out similar discrepancies in the past. David Bruce, who had been identified as the collector, was an English housepainter who lived for many years in New York. There had been problems with his labels before. Brown managed to reconstruct Bruce's itinerary in the summer of 1883 from his correspondence, and he discovered that during the period when Bruce supposedly collected the *montana* in Salida he was in fact in a hospital in Red Cloud, Nebraska, recuperating after a fall from a scaffold. Sleuthing further, Brown learned that Bruce had left a butterfly net that August with the children of one William W. G. Smith, in Buffalo Creek, which is in the South Platte Valley, only a dozen miles from Sugar Creek, and that on September 7th the Smith children had mailed him several boxes of butterflies from "the Platte Canyon Valley." Buffalo Creek today consists of a store and maybe a dozen houses. Its population is perhaps fifty. If anything, it's smaller than it was a hundred years ago, when it was a stop on the old Denver, South Park & Pacific Railroad and the Smith children were romping around with Bruce's butterfly net. It's still a great place to find Pawnee montane skippers.

On the basis of Brown's detective work and their inability to find *montana* anywhere in Chaffee County, Scott and Stanford decided to change the type locality—the place where the type specimens were collected—from Salida to Buffalo Creek. They also decided, after months spent doing field and laboratory work, and poring over more than a thousand specimens in museums and private collections around the country, and mapping out all the places of capture, that *montana* was not a subspecies of *pawnee* but, rather, both were subspecies of another species, *leonardus*, which ranges to the east. A lot of the taxonomist's work in every branch of the natural sciences consists of splitting or combining species and subspecies in the light of new information. Here Scott and Stanford were combining *pawnee* and *leonardus;* they were, in Stanford's words, "revising the *leonardus* complex."

Not until 1981 were their findings published, in the *Journal of Research on the Lepidoptera*. Apart from the excitement it stirred in the small fraternity of Rocky Mountain-butterfly buffs, their paper, "Geographic Variation and Ecology of *Hesperia leonardus* (*Hesperiidae*)," went unnoticed. The Pawnee montane skipper went from being *Hesperia pawnee montana* to being *Hesperia leonardus montana*. It still didn't have a common name, and nobody except a handful of Scott and Stanford's colleagues had ever heard of it.



THE South Platte River, in greatly altered form—diverted for treatment and consumption, returned as treated waste water—flows through Denver on the way to its meeting with the North Platte, in Nebraska, and their eventual merging with the Missouri, below Omaha. From Denver's beginning, in 1859, as a cluster of cabins and tepees at the South Platte's confluence with Cherry Creek, the river has provided the city with most of its water, and it still does.

The first effort to obtain a stable supply for the city by impounding South Platte water was made in 1905, when the Denver Union Water Company, a private outfit, created Cheesman Reservoir, some twenty miles upriver from the Two Forks dam site. Cheesman Reservoir can hold seventy-nine thousand and sixty-four acre-feet of water. (An acre-foot of water, which is about three hundred and twenty-six thousand gallons, covers an acre of flat ground to a depth of one foot.) The first substantial onstream municipal water-storage facility in the mountain West, Cheesman Reservoir was hailed as the answer to Denver's water problems for all time.

In 1918, the Denver Water Department was chartered as a self-regulating utility to provide water to Denver residents roughly at cost—which is now around forty-four cents a day for the average customer. The department acquired Cheesman Reservoir and also a shallower reservoir fifty miles upstream—the Antero Reservoir, with a capacity of fifteen thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight acre-feet. But by the nineteen-twenties the population of metropolitan Denver had reached three hundred and fifty thousand, and the demand for water had almost caught up with the supply. Drought during the Dust Bowl years of the thirties aggravated the situation, and in 1932 the department put up a third dam on the South Platte, between the two others—the Eleven Mile Canyon Dam, which added ninety-seven thousand seven hundred and seventy-nine acre-feet of storage to the system. These three reservoirs provided enough water for Denver through the end of the Second World War. But by the mid-fifties demand had caught up with supply again, so the department looked across the Continental Divide to the Colorado River drainage. (Western water people speak not of basins or river valleys but of drainages.) Until that time, Denver had been relying mainly on East Slope water—water east of the Divide, caught by the South Platte. The South Platte drainage is huge—just the part above Denver is twenty-seven hundred square miles—but it collects only ten per cent of the state's water. Seventy per cent of the water flows down the great Colorado. That most Coloradans live east of the Divide and most of the water is west of it is one of the state's geographical problems. Another problem is that none of the substantial rivers that run through Colorado stay there. According to the Colorado River Compact of 1922, roughly half of the Colorado's flow must be passed out of Colorado and down to its Lower Basin, where it is piped to cities like Los Angeles, Las Vegas, and, as of a year ago, Phoenix. Colorado is entitled to only fifty-two per cent of the water that remains. (The other Upper Basin states—Wyoming, Utah, and New Mexico—share the rest.) Some Coloradans feel that they're getting the short end of the stick, but twenty-five per cent of the Colorado is still more than all of the South Platte.

In the twenties, George Bull, an engineer working for the Denver Water Department who had done some surveying on the West Slope, quietly filed for water rights to two of the Colorado's tributaries—the Fraser River and Williams Fork. The problem was how to get the water over the Divide and down to Denver. The answer, effected in stages from 1936 to 1959, was this: line with concrete the pilot bore of a railroad tunnel that goes under the Divide (a pilot bore is a tunnel used by tunnel diggers to probe the geology and remove debris from

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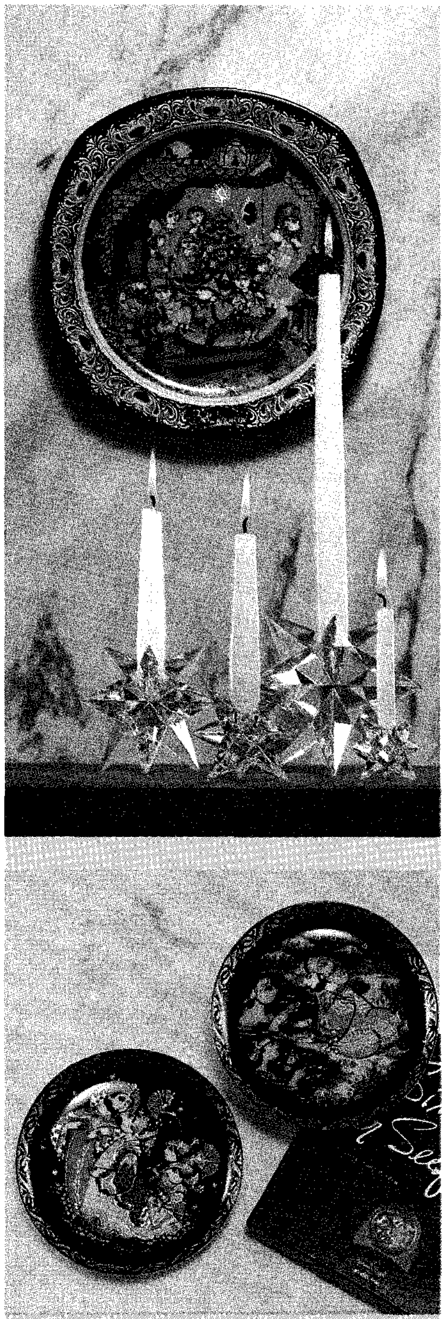

Top: “O Tannenbaum.” The 1986 Christmas Carols on Porcelain limited edition plate, designed by Bjorn Wiinblad, Denmark. “Rosenthal Stars.” Crystal candleholders, designed by Vicke Lindstrand, Sweden. *Bottom:* “Sinbad the Sailor.” Collector’s plates, designed by Bjorn Wiinblad, Denmark.

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the main tunnel) and run Fraser River water through the pilot bore into South Boulder Creek, on the East Slope; dam South Boulder Creek near Eldorado Springs and shoot the water by a series of tunnels, flumes, siphons, and canals over to Ralston Creek, two streams to the south; dam Ralston Creek and run the water by conduit from there to the city’s Moffat Treatment Plant. More tunnelling, of the Vasquez and August P. Gumlick Tunnels (longtime Water Commissioner Augie Gumlick had done so much for the Denver water system that he got his own tunnel), made it possible to divert Williams Fork water into the Fraser, so that today Moffat Tunnel, as the former pilot bore is known, can deliver a maximum of twenty-five hundred and thirty-nine acre-feet of West Slope water a day to Denver.

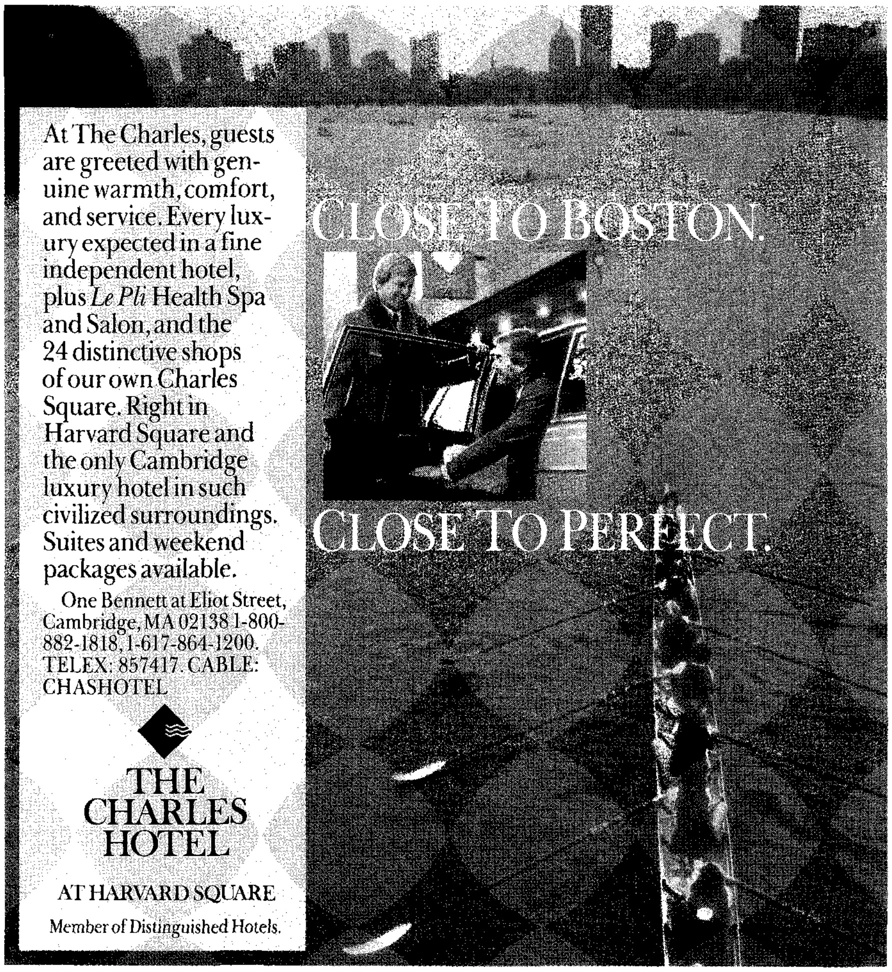
But the Moffat Tunnel was only the first “transmountain diversion,” as Denver water people describe the process of bringing water under the Divide. George Bull had also filed for water rights to three other Colorado River tributaries—the Blue River, the Snake River, and Ten Mile Creek. All that the department had to do, again, was figure out how to bring the water over. This time, it outdid itself, digging between 1946 and 1962 what the department believes is the longest water tunnel in the world—the Harold D. Roberts Tunnel, twenty-three and three-tenths miles long—and constructing Dillon Reservoir, which can hold two hundred and fifty-four thousand and thirty-six acre-feet of Blue, Snake, and Ten Mile water. The chief value of Dillon Reservoir is as a backup. When there’s a dry year on the East Slope and the other reservoirs are down, water from Dillon is piped under the Divide through Roberts Tunnel into the North Fork of the Platte to make up the deficit. The filling of Dillon Reservoir, in 1963, doubled Denver’s water storage. The department thought that it had the city’s water problems licked—if not for good, at least through the year 2000.

But no one foresaw the explosive growth that took place in and around Denver in the decades that followed. New suburbs blossomed in the surrounding plains and foothills, and the old ones spread riotously: Englewood and Littleton to the south; Lakewood and Wheat Ridge to the west; Arvada to the northwest; Thornton, Northglenn, and Westminster to the north; Aurora to the east. Vast unincorporated areas of Arapahoe, Adams, Jefferson, and Douglas Counties changed practically overnight from open range into dense subdivisions. It’s the familiar Los Angeles pattern; slowly merging with Fort Collins to the north and Colorado Springs to the south, greater Denver is in the process of becoming a sprawling megalopolis—one vast strip city along the Front Range, the eastern flank of the Rockies. A number of factors have helped make Denver the seventh-fastest-growing metropolitan region in America. Only Washington has more federal agencies; the defense industry is a particularly big presence. Then, there are numerous defense-related industries, like Martin Marietta, an aerospace outfit, which put Littleton on the map. A lot of microchip and other high-tech companies have started up in Denver. After Interstate 70 was completed through Denver, in the early sixties, Denver became the hub—the marketing and distribution and banking center—of the High Plains and the Rocky Mountain region. People flocked to Denver because there was work and because the mountains, with their year-round recreational possibilities, were so close.

But the plains and foothills around Denver are dry—they get only fifteen inches of rain a year—and all these new places needed water. Englewood, having arranged its own supply of transmountain water back in the fifties, was set. (Englewood acquired water rights in the Winter Park area, on the West Slope, and has an exchange arrangement with the Denver Water Department whereby it can draw South Platte water in return for delivering an equal volume of Winter Park water through the Moffat Tunnel.) Aurora cornered a piece of the South Platte action in 1981 by building its own onstream reservoir, the Spinney Mountain Reservoir (capacity fifty-three thousand eight hundred acre-feet). But the other suburbs were mainly dependent on pump water, as ground water is referred to in the West, and the more they pumped the lower the water table got and the more expensive the pump water became. Some wells had contamination problems, too. Trichloroethylene, a common degreasing agent and suspected carcinogen, turned up in the water in Commerce City, a northern suburb. The first source to be identified was the Rocky Mountain Arsenal, just out of town. The Army had to give the Environmental Protection Agency seven million dollars to build carbon-filtration plants for the South Adams County water district, which includes Commerce City. East of Aurora—the fastest-growing part of greater Denver, where new subdivisions are springing up almost by the hour—the pump water is in danger of being tainted by the Lowry landfill, where industrial wastes were dumped for a period of fifteen years. Parents of prospective students at a high school that is being built near the landfill have taken to calling the school Toxic High.

Although the Denver Water Department had a number of long-standing suburban contracts, its initial reaction to the rampaging growth outside the city limits was to have nothing to do with it. "Even before Dillon Reservoir came on line, the Board of Water Commissioners, our executive arm, drew a blue line around our hundred-and-fifteen-square-mile service area and told everybody that's it," Edward Ruetz, the board's manager of community affairs, recalled not long ago. "But the growth rolled on merrily over the landscape—or, rather, it hopscotched. Anywhere some developer could sink a well big enough, a subdivision popped up. Our blue line didn't put one dent in the growth of the suburbs, whether we were in a position to help them or not." In any event, as the new independent suburban water districts began to have problems with their water sources they turned to the Denver Water Department, and gradually the department relented and entered the business of selling water. Today, it has water contracts with almost a hundred suburban agencies. It has total-service contracts with several water districts, under which it assumes complete responsibility for their water needs, at roughly double the inside-city rate. It has a raw-water contract with Arvada, a northern suburb, which takes care of about a hundred thousand people.

RELENTLESS growth appears to be in store for greater Denver. According to the best study, there may be two million four hundred thousand people by 2010 and more than three million by 2035. In the late seventies,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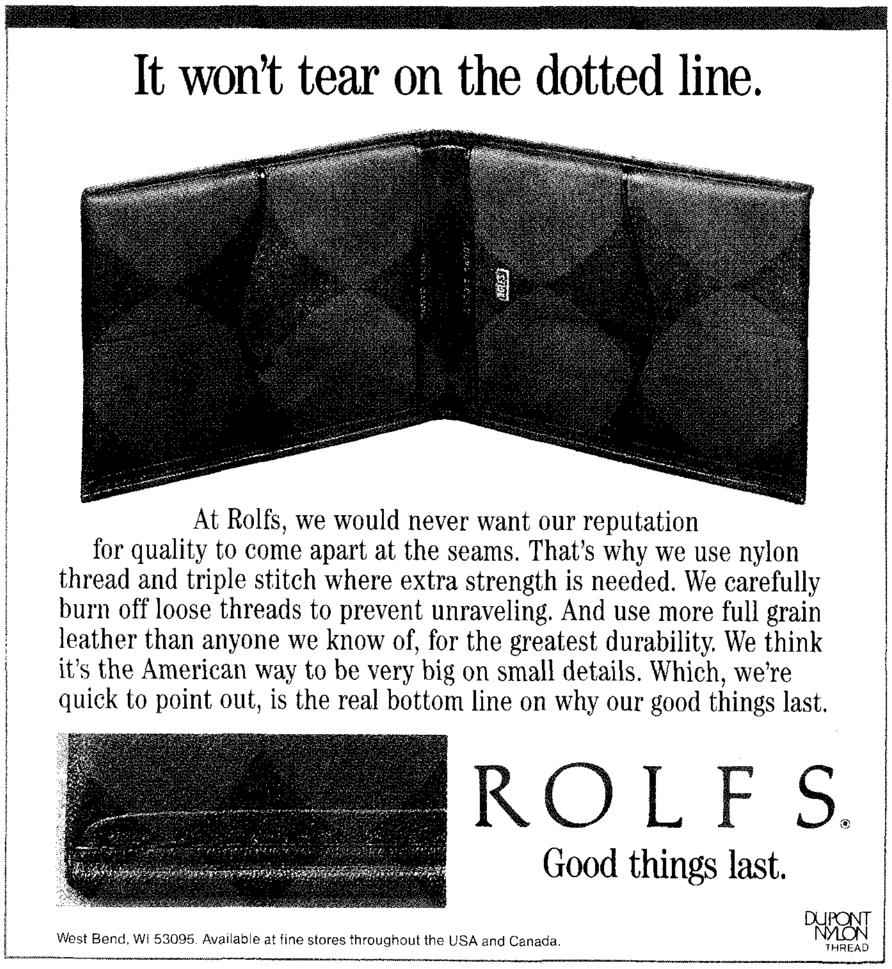
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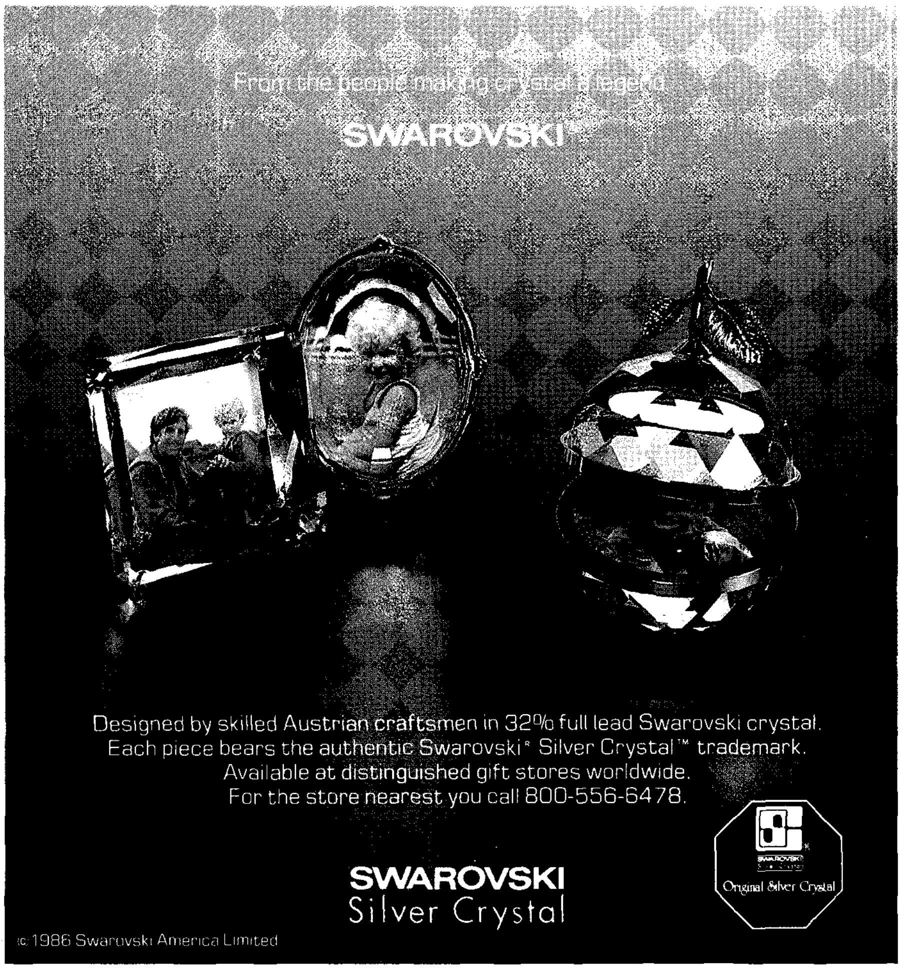

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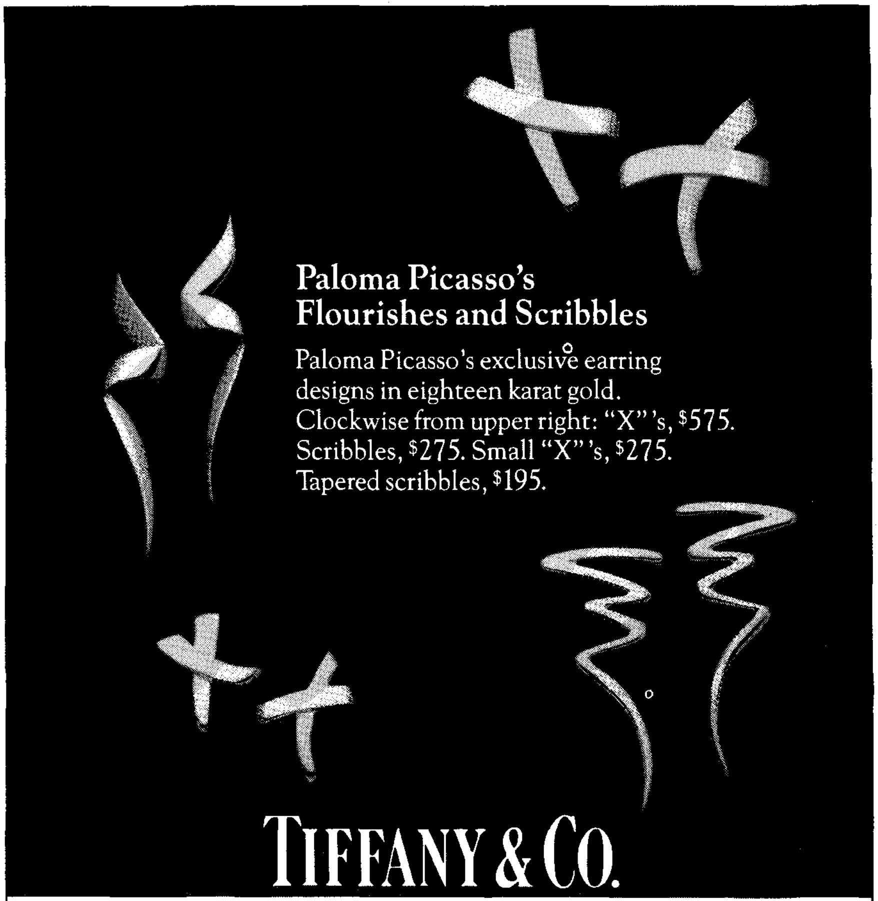
the Water Department began to worry again about an impending shortage. "The nightmare of every utility is that one day your customers are going to turn their faucets on and nothing will come out," Ruetz told me. The direst prediction had a "tap gap" developing by 1987.

The department had been aware of the potential of the Two Forks site for decades. (Some people call the main stem of the South Platte above the North Fork the South Fork; hence the name Two Forks.) Its predecessors had filed for water-storage rights in that section of the canyon in the late nineteenth century, and the department itself had filed for a right-of-way with the Forest Service, which owns most of the land there, in 1931. As a place to put up a dam, the Two Forks site has a lot going for it. Ruetz describes it enthusiastically as "the best remaining site in Colorado." The Front Range is riddled with faults, but there are no active ones at Two Forks. A mile and a half below the meeting of the two rivers, the gap between the walls at the bottom of the narrow, V-shaped canyon is only a hundred feet. From a dam builder's viewpoint, it's just asking to be plugged with concrete. The geology of the rocks that would hold up the two abutments—the anchorage—is absolutely sound. Furthermore, the site is close to Denver, so there would be easy access for the construction force. On top of this, very little of the eleven thousand-plus acres to be flooded is privately owned, and not many people live there. Only a few weekend cabins are perched on the steep walls. In 1942, the Water Department began buying up what private land there was, and it now owns about two-thirds of it, so the dispossession problem is minimal.

And, best of all, Two Forks "would give us operational control over our system that we don't have now," Robert Taylor, the environmental coördinator in the department's planning division, told me. "When there's a good water year on the West Slope, we can't capitalize on it, because of lack of storage. During 1983 and 1984—years of heavy snowfall on the East Slope—Denver lost about a million acre-feet of spring runoff, because there was nowhere to store it. Two Forks would enable us to collect high flows wherever they occur, including West Slope water released through Roberts Tunnel into the North Fork." This time, the department wanted something really big—a deep, narrow lake backing up the South Platte twenty-nine miles and the North Fork maybe seven, with a total capacity of eleven hundred thousand acre-feet. But that didn't mean that all those acre-feet would be available. The storage capacity and the annual safe yield of a water system are two different things. Two Forks would increase the Denver system's yield by only ninety-eight thousand acre-feet. The 1980 yield was three hundred and seventy-nine thousand acre-feet—uncomfortably close to the total annual metropolitan consumption of three hundred and fourteen thousand. By 2010, consumption is projected to be around five hundred and ninety-nine thousand, but the yield of the existing system will have increased (because wells for which permits have already been issued will have been sunk, among other things) to only four hundred and fourteen thousand, so there won't be enough water for Denver even with Two Forks on line. The balance will have to be made up by recycling and conservation.

But not everybody was as keen on the dam as the Water Department was. Few words, in fact, are likely to start a fight faster in the West these days than "dam." The seventies were not only years of sprawling growth around Denver but also the time when the environmental movement was spreading. Its messages hit home with many Coloradans, and strong anti-growth sentiment developed in the state. Some environmentalists felt that the only way to stop the development was to shut off the water.

Early in the decade, with greater Denver's population approaching a million and a half, the Water Department became concerned about its treatment capacity. There was enough raw water for the city but not enough treated water for peak summer demands. On July 6, 1973, the temperature went up to a hundred and three degrees, and five hundred and six million gallons of treated water—an all-time record—was consumed. The combined output of the treatment plants at the time was only four hundred and sixty million gallons a day; fortunately, there was three hundred million gallons more in underground storage. But that was too close for comfort. So the department proposed the construction of a diversion dam on the South Platte at a place called Strontia Springs, a few miles below the Two Forks site. The dam would divert some of the river into a tunnel through the southern wall of



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the canyon to a treatment plant in the foothills on the other side. A water-bond issue to pay for, among other things, the Strontia Springs–Foothills project was defeated in 1972 but was approved the second time around, a year later; a barrage of lawsuits involving environmental groups, including the Colorado Open Space Council, Trout Unlimited, and the Water Users Alliance, created a terrible legal tangle, however, and froze the project for five years, hanging up the rights-of-way that the department needed from the Forest Service and the Bureau of Land Management, and the dredge-and-fill permit that it needed from the Army Corps of Engineers. Finally, in 1978, Colorado Representative Timothy Wirth brought the disputants together, and in two intensive weekend negotiating sessions in Denver they reached what became known as the Foothills Accord. One stipulation of the accord was that the federal agencies involved would not approve expansion of the Denver water system until a review of the system—a system-wide environmental-impact statement—was made. The Foothills Treatment Plant came on line in June of 1983; it now contributes a hundred and sixty million gallons a day to the system's treatment capacity, and fifty million gallons of storage.

IN 1977, Ray Stanford heard that the Two Forks project was next on the department's agenda, and he began to worry about the effect that the lake would have on the Pawnee montane skipper. He called an old friend, Paul Opler, in Washington, and filled him in on the situation. He and Opler had caught butterflies together in California in the fifties; now Opler was in charge of listing invertebrate endangered species for the Fish and Wildlife Service. Opler decided that the skipper was a good candidate for the list. The bureaucratic definition of a species is different from the scientific one. According to the Endangered Species Act of 1973, a subspecies can also be considered as a species, so *montana* qualified. For a species to be "endangered," it has to be "in danger of extinction throughout all or a significant part of its range." Its habitat can be designated as "critical habitat," whereupon it becomes illegal for federal agencies to destroy or adversely modify it, or to take any action that would "jeopardize the [species'] continued existence." The status of an endangered species whose

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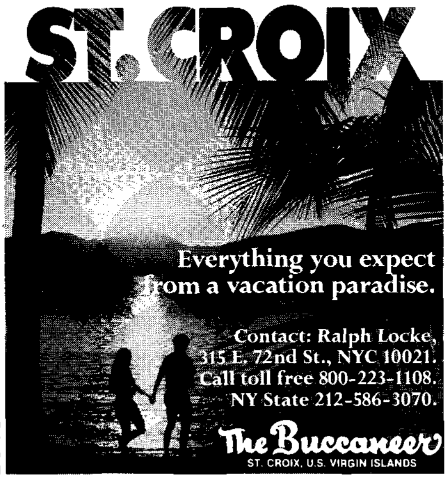
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habitat is in private hands is less certain; it is easier to get protection for the habitats of animals, including insects, than for the habitats of plants. A "threatened" species is a step down the ladder: it is in danger of becoming endangered.

After a species has been proposed for the list, its name is published in the Federal Register. Then there is a ninety-day "comment period," during which people can send in written opinions on whether the species is really endangered (the same sort of public review process, also ninety days long, that the Two Forks dam proposal will be going through, probably early next year). The difficulty with *montana* was that nobody except Scott and Stanford was familiar with its true identity and distribution, for at the time *montana* was proposed for the endangered list—in July of 1978—the two of them hadn't published their paper. Even the eminent F. Martin Brown confused *montana* with *pawnee;* he didn't realize that there was a smaller, darker form in the mountains, different from the common one on the Plains, which ranges all the way up into Saskatchewan, and he argued that *montana* wasn't endangered. Other lepidopterists, who weren't familiar with the butterfly and so were unqualified to voice an opinion—among them, Stanford recalled, were conservative amateurs who oppose the federal government's sticking its nose into what specimens they can or can't collect—wrote in against listing it, so the proposal more or less died. *Montana* wasn't listed, but it wasn't removed from the list of proposed endangered species, either.

During the comment period, there was considerable correspondence between the Denver Water Department and the Fish and Wildlife Service, which wanted to know if the department knew anything about the butterfly. It didn't. Bob Taylor was put in touch with Stanford, and Stanford told him that he thought the lake would severely jeopardize the butterfly's chances of survival. Up to then, every place he had collected *montana* was below the proposed waterline. Around this time, the insect made its first media appearance, in a weekly column in the Denver *Post* called "Spotlight on Clubs." Part of that week's column was devoted to the local chapter of the Xerces Society, an international organization dedicated to the conservation of invertebrates—primarily butterflies—and it mentioned that a "tiny, unob-

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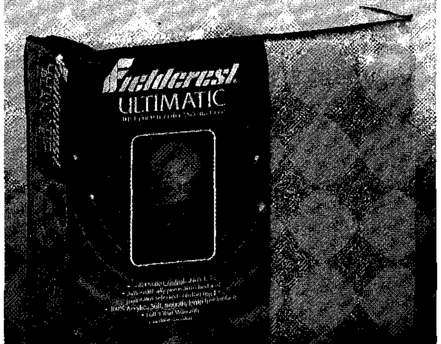
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trusive butterfly, with a wingspan of less than an inch," called the "montana skipper" was "causing discussion" among the members, because it was "found almost exclusively in the area of the proposed Two Forks reservoir." Stanford was misquoted as saying that he thought the butterfly would be "wiped out." He didn't feel quite that strongly.

During the early eighties, the *montana* issue was quiescent. Scott and Stanford brought out their paper in 1981, but it wasn't widely read. Not until 1985 did *montana* reëmerge on the scene. This time, it took center stage. The Water Department had started work on its obligatory system-wide environmental-impact statement, and also on a site-specific impact statement for the Two Forks Dam. It wanted these documents to be legally defensible from every angle—watertight, as it were. If there were questions about the Pawnee montane skipper, it wanted them settled now, before construction started. The last thing it needed was a snail-darter situation on its hands.

Judith Shahn

The snail darter is a small fish—a perch—that delayed the filling of the Tellico Dam, on the Little Tennessee River, and nearly scuttled the project altogether. It became an environmental cause célèbre during the seventies. After the Tennessee Valley Authority had the site preparation for the dam well under way, and early stages of construction had begun, the darter, a previously undescribed species, was discovered in the water below. A lawsuit was filed on its behalf. When the suit was filed, the T.V.A. immediately shifted to a twenty-four-hour-a-day construction schedule—a common practice among builders who are being sued, for they know that the more of the structure they can finish the better its chances are of staying up. By the time the darter was described and put on the endangered list, the concrete portion of the dam had been completed, but the Fish and Wildlife Service gave a "jeopardy opinion" on the fish's behalf; that is, it decided that the fish's continued existence would be jeopardized if the dam was filled. There matters stood, with dam and darter deadlocked, until the case was referred to the Endangered Species Committee, which had just been created by Congress to resolve irreconcilable differences between construction projects and species for which a jeopardy opinion has been rendered. Some of the highest officials in the land sit on this committee: the Secretaries of Agriculture, the Army, and the Interior, the administrators of the Environmental Protection Agency and the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration, the chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, and a representative of each state concerned. Environmentalists nicknamed it the God Committee. Snail darter v. Tellico Dam was its first case, and it ruled in the darter's favor, saying that the dam would cause the fish's extinction and that the T.V.A. hadn't explored all the alternatives. But then Senator Howard Baker, of Tennessee, incensed at the trouble the little fish was making, introduced a bill in Congress exempting the Tellico Dam from all federal law. Congress passed the extraordinary bill, and the dam was filled. The T.V.A. hired frogmen to catch the darters below the dam and transplant them to other rivers. Subsequently, the snail darter was found to be more widely distributed than had previously been supposed. Tiny populations turned up not only in several other rivers in Tennessee but in a couple of adjacent Alabama and Georgia rivers as well—and its status was downgraded to threatened. So in the end the T.V.A. got its dam (even though Boeing had by then backed out of a proposal to build an industrial city near the dam, and one of the main reasons for building the dam had disappeared). But it was a traumatic experience, and one that the Denver Water Department had no desire to repeat.

In the spring of 1985, the department hired two biologists—Scott Ellis, who was with an outfit called E.R.T. (for Environmental Research and Technology), and Lewis Keenan, of PEST (Professional Entomological Services Technology)—to do a study of the Pawnee montane skipper. Thirty-five thousand dollars was allocated for the study, and Ellis and Keenan hired a number of assistants, including Ray Stanford. He spent a lot of time in South Platte Canyon that summer. It was the first time he had been paid for what he likes to do best—go out and look for butterflies. By then, the press, sensing a potential snail-darter situation, had picked up on the butterfly. The Denver *Post* printed a story on April 20th, with a photograph of the insect, that was headlined "DO BUTTERFLIES SWIM? TWO FORKS A COSMIC QUESTION FOR RARE SKIPPERS." In July, the *Rocky Mountain News* put a much-larger-than-life *montana* on the cover of its Sunday magazine and captioned it:

IN DANGER
The Pawnee Montana Skipper
Is Its Future Worth a Dam?

The story inside spoke of an "olive-drab speed-demon" that had been "suspended in silk every Colorado summer for a million years, maybe." It went as far as to quote a famous remark made by the Chinese philosopher Chuang-tzu upon awakening from a strange dream some two thousand years ago: "I do not know whether I was then a man dreaming I was a butterfly, or whether I am now a butterfly dreaming I am a man." The *Post* story called the insect "the Pawnee montane skipper," and the *Rocky Mountain News* "the Pawnee montana, nicknamed montane"—the first crude attempts to give the insect a common name. While Stanford was interviewed in both articles, apparently neither reporter was aware that he and Scott had reclassified *pawnee* and *montana* as distinct subspecies. Either "the montane Leonard" or just "the montane skipper" would have been more apt, but "Pawnee montane skipper" it became, joining the ranks of "the American Indian," "New Jersey the Garden State," and all the other misnomers that have made their way into the language.

I WAS alerted to the flurry that the skipper was causing by a letter from a woman who lived in Boulder, Colorado, and was aware of my interest in butterflies—an inherited one, which has run in my family off and on now for six generations. Catching and mounting butterflies and making watercolors of them had been part of growing up for me, as it had been for my father and his uncle (both did scientific work as adults) and *his* grandfather, who grew up in the mid-nineteenth century, when a rounded education included a solid dose of natural history. Enclosed with the letter was a recent article in the Denver *Post* headed "$65,000 OK'D FOR STUDY OF TWO FORKS BUTTERFLY." What had happened, I learned after making a few calls, was that the 1985 study by

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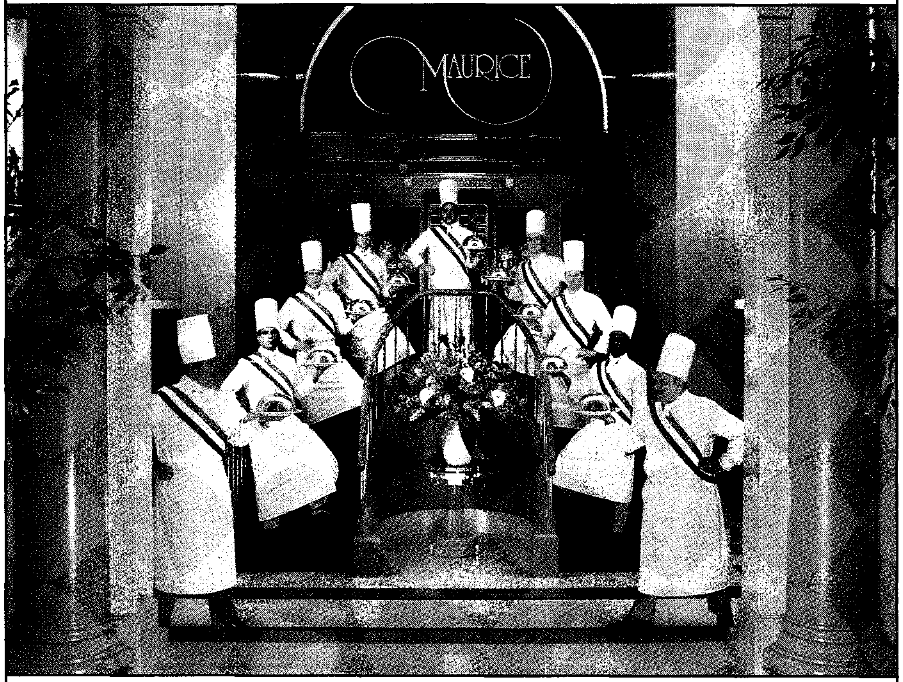

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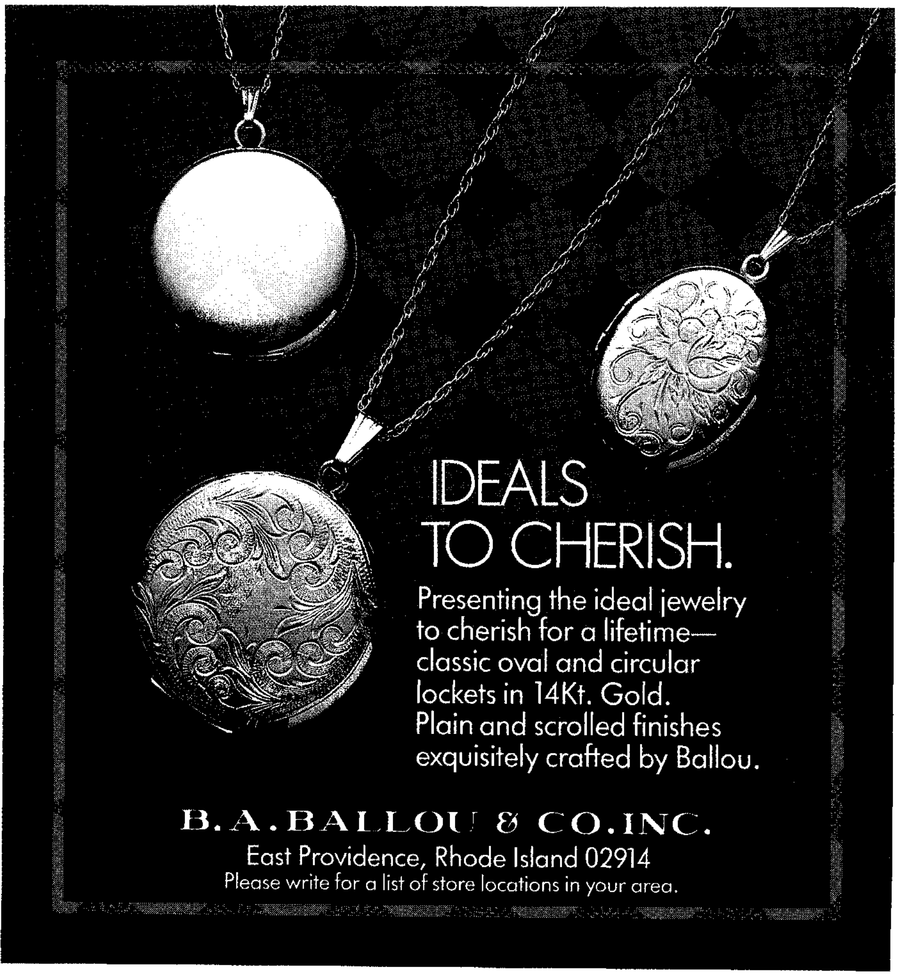

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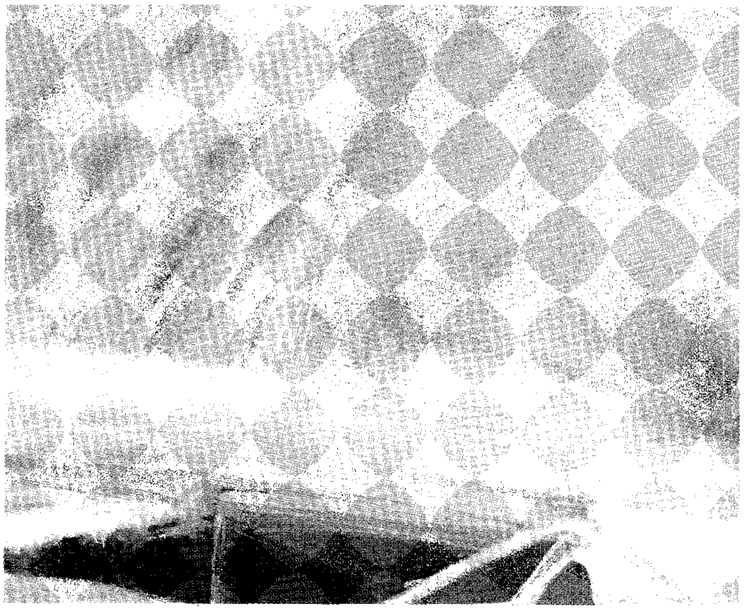

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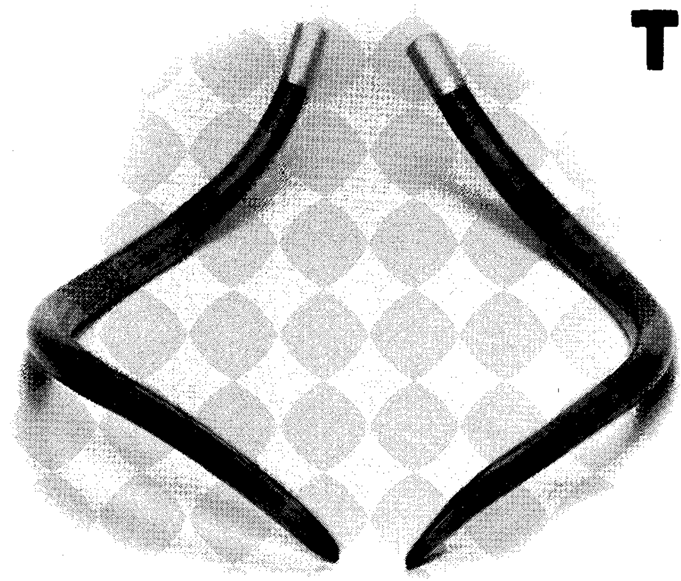

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Ellis and Keenan had concluded that only about seventeen per cent of the *montana* population would be inundated—an estimate that Stanford, Scott, Opler (who by then had moved to Colorado and become more involved in the skipper's future), and James Miller, Fish and Wildlife's regional listing coördinator, all thought was far too low. Miller raised a number of questions about the methodology of the study. The census had been conducted only in places where the skipper was already known to occur, he complained, and was therefore not representative; the census plots should have been chosen at random. So Fish and Wildlife, which was in a position to declare the reservoir site a critical habitat and to stop the dam in its tracks, recommended that a second study be undertaken. "We insist that the species remain around," Miller told me over the phone. "When you're in the West, there are two sides: the people who want it and the people who don't. If you go out to the canyon and look at the scenery, you'll see that it's asinine to put a dam in there. But the water needs of Denver are getting larger by the day."

Though the Water Department was "initially teed off," Miller recalled, it complied with Fish and Wildlife's recommendation. Sixty-five thousand dollars was allocated for the new study, and ten thousand more for the assistance of Fish and Wildlife entomologists; Scott Ellis, of E.R.T., was again retained. This was a modest sum to invest in the future of a rare life form, and a tiny fraction of the cost of the whole environmental-impact statement.

Early in September, I took a plane to Denver. My plan was to see the butterflies in the morning, get the Water Department's side of the story in the afternoon, and then discuss the skipper and its prospects over dinner with Stanford, Miller, and Opler.

At nine o'clock, Scott Ellis stopped for me in a big blue-and-white Blazer, and we drove over to the Water Department to pick up a biologist in the environmental section named Chip Dale and then headed out to South Platte Canyon. Except for one overnight stay, I hadn't been to Denver in nearly twenty years. The place was unrecognizable. In the last decade, with the help of Canadian and oil money, a dense stand of tall glass towers had shot up downtown. One of them was shaped like a gigantic cash register. Ellis said that that was the

United Bank Center. "We're living in a growth syndrome," he explained. Tall, blond, lanky, earnest, Ellis was thirty-seven. He had grown up in western Colorado, in a little town called Hotchkiss, in a family of fruit farmers (apples, plums, peaches). One day when he was eight, a cousin came over with a butterfly net. "I got kind of hooked," he told me. "I wrote F. Martin Brown, and he gave me a lot of encouragement." Ellis went away to college—Cornell—and graduated with a degree in English and biology. "I thought I'd become a bio-poet," he said, "but after spending a year living in a trailer in Fort Collins and getting a good taste of poverty I decided I didn't want to be some kind of hippie general-purpose ne'er-do-well, because it was so damned miserable." He got a job with E.R.T., a new environmental-consulting firm based in Concord, Massachusetts, and he'd been with it ever since. "Our main game is air-quality analysis and hazardous-waste management," he said. He had been doing a lot of plant-ecology and endangered-species work. With his background in butterflies, he was tailor-made for this assignment.

Leaving the city limits on a freeway, we passed through the southwestern suburb of Lakewood—a maze of attached two-story or three-story condominiums and apartments and detached, densely clustered single-family houses. The buildings were brand-new and quite handsome, with narrow, slanted natural-finished board siding, portholes under the eaves, stained-glass windows, greenhouses, patios, and other nice touches. Glamorous, nostalgic versions of the local vernacular architecture that they had replaced, they were best described, we decided, as ersatz mine shack—the Rocky Mountain subspecies of modern American tract housing, a Colorado cousin of New Mexico's ersatz pueblo, Kansas's ersatz grain elevator, Vermont's ersatz country store. Even the shopping malls harked back to the clapboard hammer mills where ore was ground, or to the headframes that had perched over shafts in the old mining days.

Chip Dale, who was thirty-one, had grown up in suburban Aurora but had been drawn to the backcountry; he liked to hunt and fish and be outdoors. For a master's degree in wildlife biology from Colorado State University, he had spent a year observing a herd of bighorn sheep that have a lambing site where the north abutment of the dam

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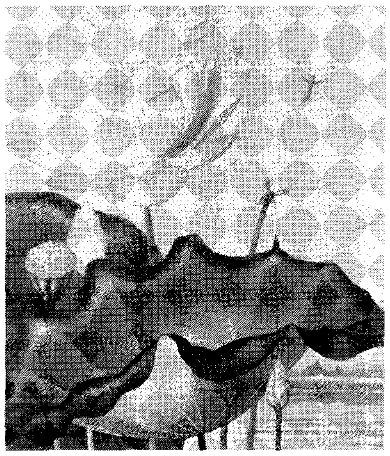

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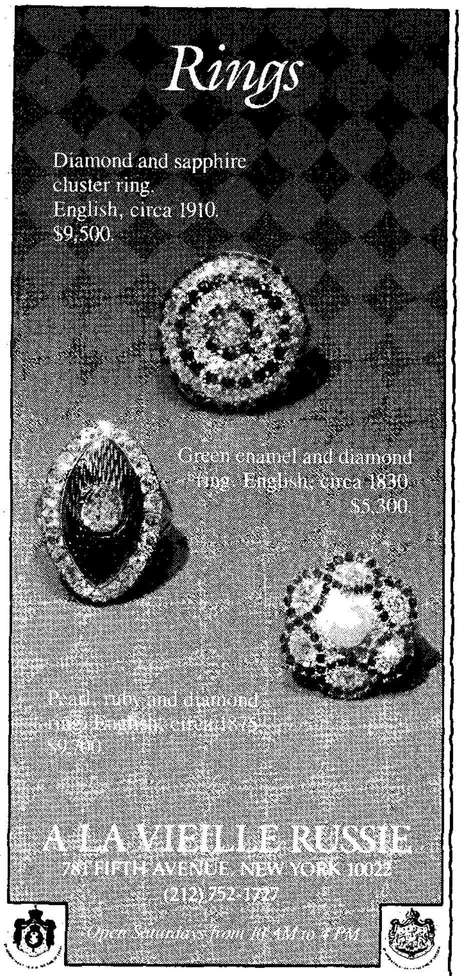
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is supposed to go. "Between 1978 and 1980, the herd rose from forty-eight members to seventy-seven; then it suffered a pneumonia die-off, and it's now down to around fifteen," he told me. "Bighorns have a highly integrated social structure and a strong collective awareness. One sheep sees a predator—a cougar or a coyote—and does an alarm display. The others key to it, and they all head for the rocks, where they can outrun it."

Dale explained that he was "scoping out" the field studies necessary for compiling the system-wide impact statement. The impact on the terrestrial wildlife, excluding the bighorn herd, was being assessed by a Boulder-based firm called Stoecker-Keammerer Associates, which was getting two hundred and forty-three thousand dollars for its study. The sheep were going to be a problem. Dale himself was weighing the alternatives: improve the adjacent habitat to entice the sheep off the site; move them temporarily during construction; permanently relocate them; or leave them alone and see how they did. E.R.T., whose total slice of the impact-statement pie was four hundred and eighty-eight thousand dollars, was looking into the matter of peregrine falcons that had once nested in the canyon. Their aeries were no longer in use, but with the endangered birds making a comeback in recent years they might return to them. E.R.T. was also responsible, with several other consultants, for determining the impact of Two Forks on the critically endangered whooping cranes, on the magnificent but not yet endangered sandhill cranes, on the locally endangered interior least terns, and on the locally threatened piping plovers, all of which visit or nest along the Platte as it flows through Nebraska. How would their delicate existence be affected by changes in the water regime hundreds of miles upstream?

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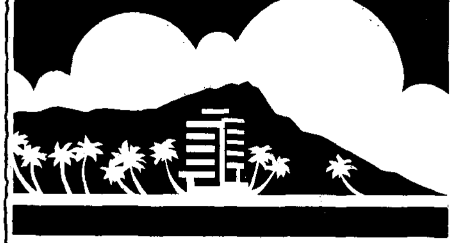

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acre-feet of water a year that Two Forks would add to Denver's water supply would be taken from the West Slope, and this might alter the flow of the Colorado enough to disturb the spawning grounds and nurseries of the fish. "As you can see, we're leaving no stone unturned," Dale told me.

We rose out of the suburbs, and out of the short-to-mid-grass prairie, into grassy tablelands—*pawnee* country—and then into the foothills of the Front Range. Chaparral—savanna bristling with ribs of tipped-back Jurassic red rock known as hogbacks and flecked with such shrubs and low, stunted trees as mountain mahogany, Rocky Mountain juniper, Gambel oak—began to take over, with ponderosa pine fringing the hillcrests. The freeway narrowed to a two-lane highway, which led through dense second-growth coniferous trees—"dog-hair stands," Ellis called them. Gray skeletons of Douglas fir—victims of the spruce budworm—were scattered among them. We turned left onto a smaller road, which passed through Pine, an austere cluster of mountain cabins, with a sparkling little creek twisting through it. The creek, I was surprised to learn, was the North Fork, the transporter of much of Denver's West Slope water. We went on down through even smaller settlements—the famous Buffalo Creek, and Foxton, which will probably be at the edge of the lake and overrun by lakeside enterprises if the dam goes through. Then we made another left, onto a dirt road that dropped into a steep, narrow canyon, with room just for it and the greenish, mineral-tinted pools of the North Fork, plunging among huge orange boulders to our right.

After maybe half a mile, Ellis pulled over, and we got out. We were perhaps thirty feet below the projected waterline now. The air was thin and clear and dry, and was scented with the vanilla odor of ponderosa pine mingling with the pungence of fringed sage. Ellis scrambled up a steep slope of coarse orange nuggets of crumbled Pikes Peak granite, too fine and firm to be called scree but not organically developed enough to be called soil. "F. Martin Brown calls it Grape-Nuts," Ellis said. "It's real stressful for plants, because it has no water-holding capacity, and whenever it rains the stuff comes right down. Look at this rill." He was straddling a crevice cut into the slope by

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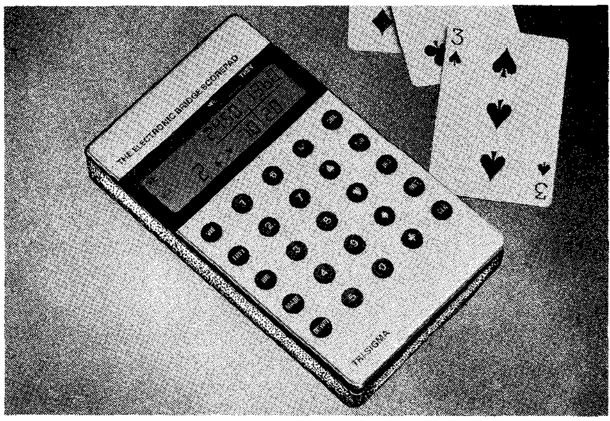

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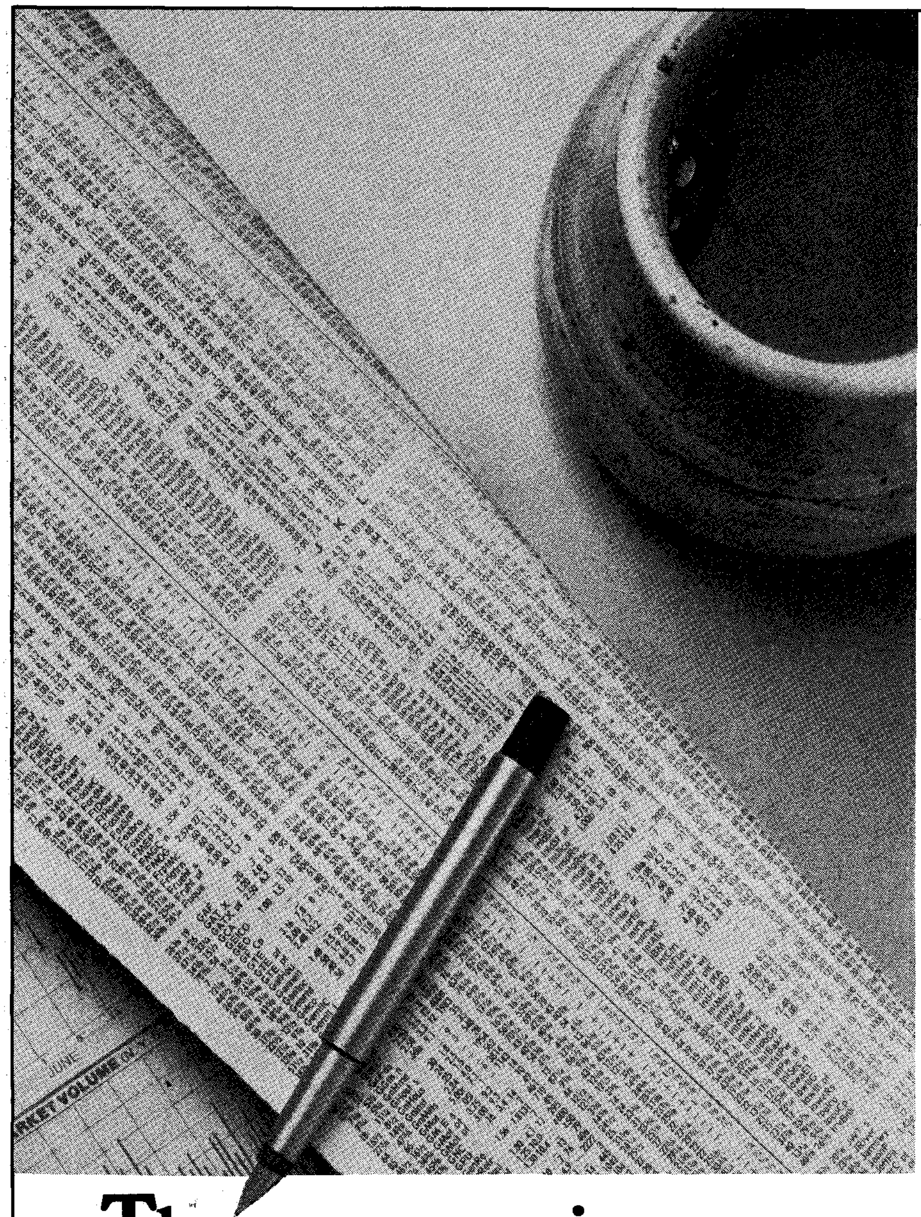

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runoff. "There must have been a gully washer here last night. The sliding helps keep the slope open. Open is what *montana* likes—the parts of the canyon that are most like the Plains, especially the south-facing slopes, which get more sun and are drier, so the pines are more widely spaced. The premier habitat of *montana* is ponderosa-pine parkland, up to seventy-four hundred feet."

Looming high above us were the smooth, rounded orange crags, spattered with green lichen, known as Cathedral Spires. Such a majestic formation must have been sacred to the Indians. I asked who the Indians had been around here. "Cheyenne and Arapahoe may have made seasonal use of the canyon," Dale said. "They never lived here full time." The Water Department was lucky that it had no Indian rights to contend with. A large bird of prey, which Ellis and Dale agreed was a goshawk, flew over. All around us, male grasshoppers were crepitating—snapping their wings—in an effort to attract mates.

HOSTILE though the slope was for plants, quite a few species had managed to take hold on it. Some were ubiquitous roadside plants, like smooth sumac and velvet-leaved mullein. Others were xerophytes, adapted to the dryness—yucca glauca, Plains prickly pear. "Here's some blue grama—*montana's* food plant," Ellis said. We knelt before a clump of grass whose spikelets, unlike any grass I'd ever seen, shot off from their stalks at right angles, like a pennant. Equally unusual was the arrangement of kernel-like flowers: they were on only one side of the spikelet—the underside—and it looked like a toothbrush. "Blue grama is one of the dominant grasses of the short-grass prairie," Ellis said. "It's also the food plant of *pawnee*. The feeding ecology of the two subspecies is the same. In fact, the differences between them are purely visual. *Montana* is a penetration of *leonardus* that may have been isolated in this canyon sometime after the last Ice Age, and, once here, it began to develop characteristics of its own. Only five miles of hostile habitat, at the bottom of the canyon, separates it from *pawnee*. Given the opportunity, the two would interbreed. Maybe they do on occasion. Maybe every once in a while, a *pawnee* blows in here from the foothills."

At that moment, a little orange butterfly—so small and swift and well

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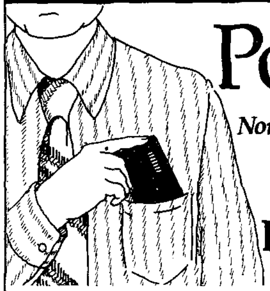

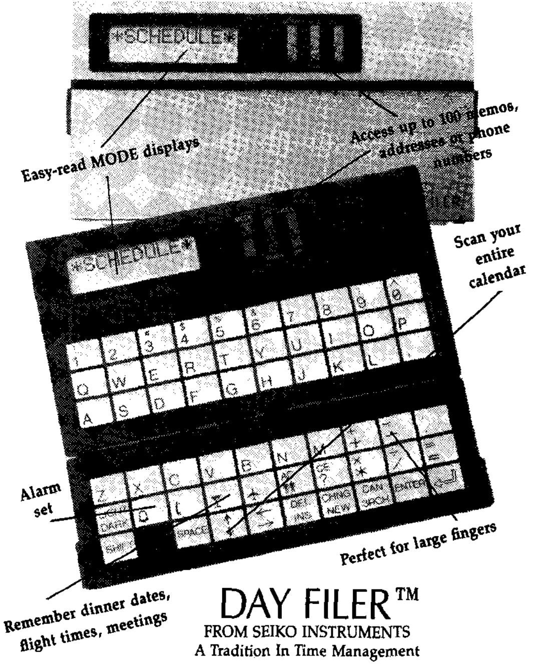
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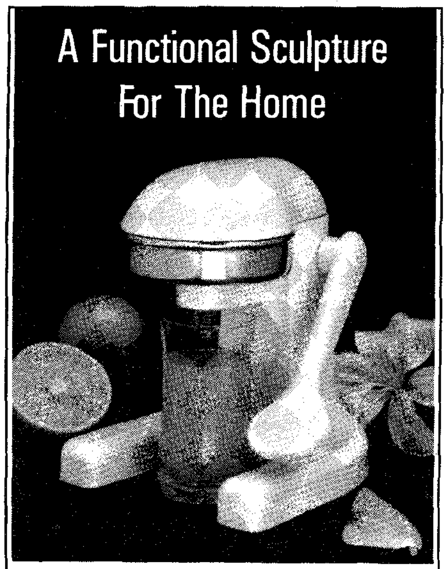

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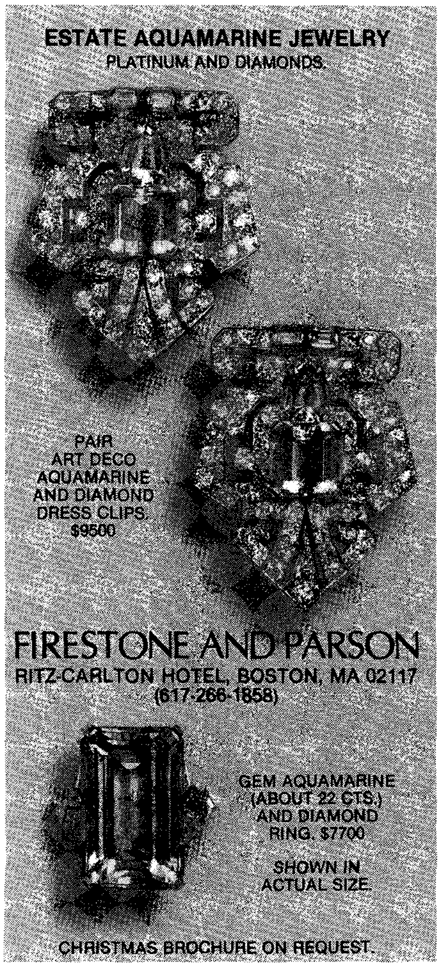

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camouflaged against the orange Grape-Nuts that I wouldn't have noticed it on my own—landed on another clump of blue grama, several yards away. "A female *montana*," Ellis whispered excitedly. He crawled until it was within a foot of his nose. "All right! I think she's going to oviposit. This has only been seen a few times. Come on, baby." But the *montana* flew off, leaving Ellis searching vainly for an egg. "It's big and bright and pearly white," he said. "You can't miss it. The females lay one at a time, maybe fifty to a hundred during their brief lifetime." He got to his feet and slapped his thigh. "Damn! That's what's so frustrating. They sit and fly around all day and nothing happens."

Another female landed on my shoulder. "She likes your shirt," Ellis explained. "It's the same color as *Liatris*." *Liatris punctata*, which has several common names—blazing star, prairie gay-feather, dotted gay-feather—is *montana's* nectar plant. Not far away, under a ponderosa pine, we found a clump of it. It had half a dozen flower clusters dripping with feathery lavender petals and bristles. The lavender was a little rosier than my shirt. As if on cue, a third female *montana* landed on one of the clusters, delicately uncurled its proboscis, and tapped the nectar deep within one of the plant's little trumpets. We were so close we could see velvety green hairs coating its chunky brown body. Still another landed on Dale's jeans. Suddenly, there were dozens of them, flying all around us. Had they come to check us out, or had they been here all the time and were we just now getting them in focus?

Ellis explained what all the *montana* were doing here: "They are locally abundant wherever both components of their habitat matrix—*Liatris* and blue grama—come together. But there aren't many spots like this. Over their entire range, their distribution is patchy." That August, he and five assistants had counted *montana* in forty-eight belt transects. A belt transect is a strip four hundred metres long and ten wide. The transects were selected at random, both above and below the proposed waterline. The counters found an average of only one *montana* per transect, maybe from one to three individuals per acre. I asked how many there were altogether. "That's a hot controversy," Ellis said. "Everybody wants a number. Very cautiously—we haven't really looked

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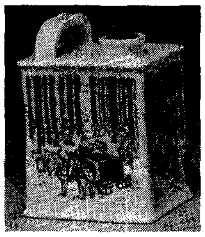

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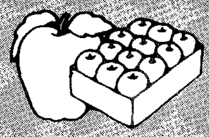
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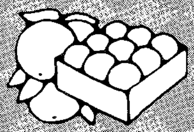
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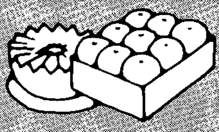
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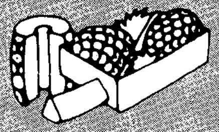
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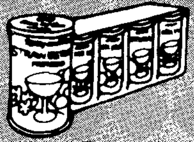
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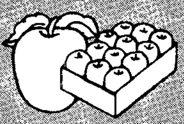
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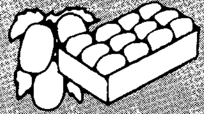
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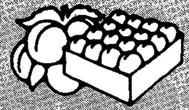
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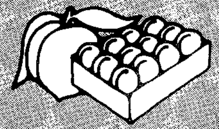
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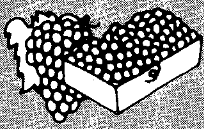
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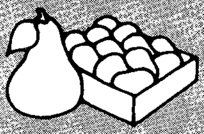
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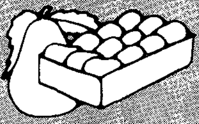
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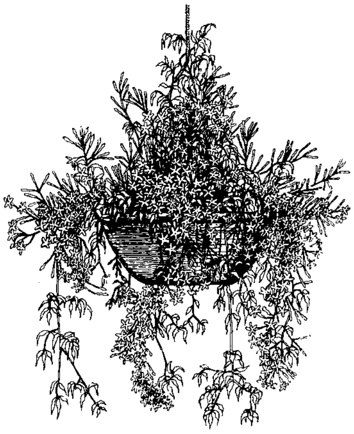

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at the numbers yet—I'd say anywhere between seventy-five and a hundred and fifty thousand." And how many of them would be flooded? "We don't know that yet, either. But a lot more than the seventeen per cent we came up with last year. I'd say maybe even as many as forty per cent."

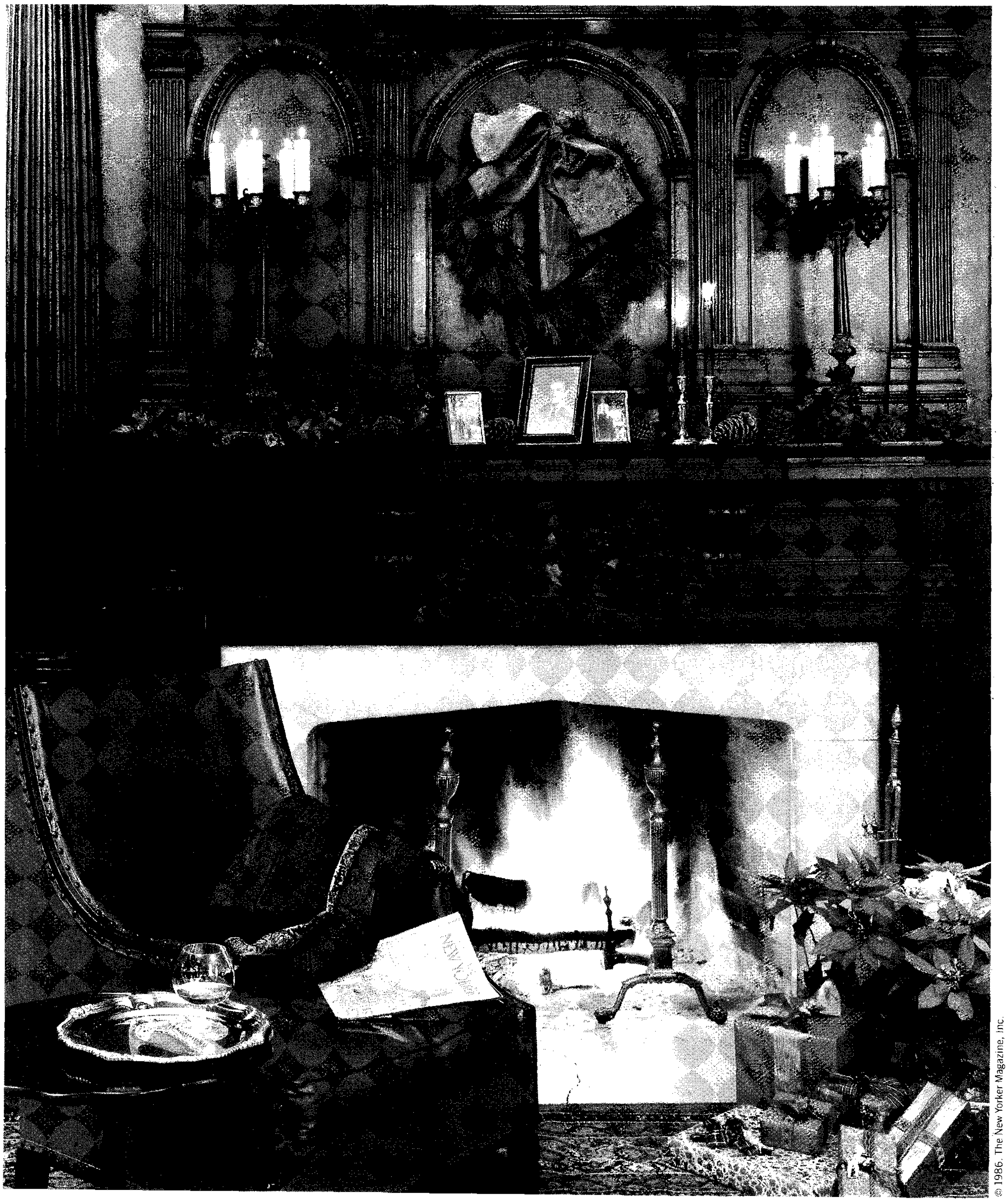
IT was getting hot. We sat under the pines, and Ellis reviewed the butterfly's life cycle from the moment, in late August or early September, when the female lays one of her big white eggs on a blade of blue grama—actually glues it on, with some kind of secretion. The egg hatches in a week or so, and a little larva comes out: pale pinkish, nondescript—no horns or tufts, gaudy spots or stripes. Secretive and solitary, the larva feeds on the grass only at night, and when winter comes it burrows down into the base of a clump of the grass and passes into a torpid state called diapause. Around April, it revives, and probably in the last half of July it pupates. It emerges from its cocoon no earlier than July 31st (at least in the laboratory). By August 15th, the emergence of the males is well along. The females really start coming out between August 20th and 25th. By now—September 5th—the females were dominant. The only males still around were occasional "rags"—old, tattered butterflies. Why the sexes emerge at different times is a mystery. It would seem to be maladaptive, since it reduces the opportunities for reproduction, unless it is a mechanism for population control.

The adult males spend a good deal of the time patrolling—flying from flower to flower taking nectar and trying to find females. Unlike hummingbirds and bees, they don't have a fixed route, a sequence of plants that they visit—they don't "trap-line." They wander around haphazardly within their rather small home range. Few of them probably go more than several hundred yards from where they are born, although they are such strong fliers that they can go a hundred yards in one burst. "They're aggressive, pugnacious little butterflies," Ellis said. "They'll challenge all comers." We watched as a male rag sunning on a boulder was dive-bombed by another male, into whose area he had evidently intruded. They rose to a great height in a kind of dogfight. With their robust bodies, skippers have thermal-mass problems. They have to start the day warming up on a rock, vibrating their wings, as bumblebees do.

"When a male spots a female, he flushes her and tumbles around in the air with her and maybe wafts sexually arousing pheromones in her direction from his stigmas, or wing glands," Ellis said. "If she's receptive, she'll land and remain stationary while he walks around her a couple of times. Then he comes up parallel to her and, bending his abdomen into a U—butterflies have the most awkward sexual practices—latches on to her abdomen with his claspers, and they copulate. If she isn't receptive—which is usually the case—she flaps her wings briskly or, if she's into a major rejection, opens them, then flies away. The male gets the point."

We drove on down past a group of cabins. Somebody had built a boat in his back yard which looked like a small ark. I wondered if he knew the plans for the canyon. "He must be waiting for the flood," I said, to which Ellis replied, "The species diversity is going to be really low when he sets out." There was an abandoned hotel at the meeting of the North Fork with the main stem of the South Platte—a relic of the Denver, South Park & Pacific Railroad. Otherwise, the canyon there was pristine, gloriously wild, sun-drenched, and filled with butterflies. We stopped to investigate a stand of musk thistle that was a mecca for them: half a dozen *montana* (musk thistle is one of their next-favorite nectar plants), several *Hesperia comma* (same genus, but much more common, ranging over Eurasia as well, differentiated from *montana* by well-defined whitish chevrons on the hindwing undersides), a ragged Aphrodite (a large, silver-spangled orange fritillary). We drove up along the South Platte to the little town of Deckers and stopped for lunch at a log-cabin restaurant, slated to be under a hundred and forty feet of water. I felt like a condemned man eating his last burrito. Even if the future of the Pawnee montane skipper weren't at stake, I thought, the loss of this canyon would be a real shame.

THE West has always been a land of lucrative contracts. The big money in the nineteenth century was made by the people who won the contracts to survey and build the railroads and to supply beef and grain to the Army and the reservation Indians. Since 1969, the year of the passage of the National Environmental Policy Act, which requires the federal gov-



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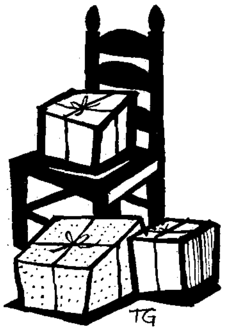
Detail from *The Peaceable Kingdom* by Edward Hicks used by permission of the Philadelphia Museum of Art.

ernment, before it makes any major decision affecting the environment, to evaluate the decision's consequences, consulting for environmental-impact statements has become a big business in the West, where so much of the land is federally owned.

As a genre of writing, the environmental-impact statement is—in a word—deadly. It has a standard form, dictated by the Council on Environmental Quality: Chapter 1 contains the executive summary; Chapter 2 explains the purpose of and need for the project; Chapter 3 lays out the project proposal and its alternatives; in Chapter 4, the existing environment of the site and its flora and fauna, and the environment and flora and fauna of other sites on which the project might have an impact, are identified and described; in Chapter 5, the impacts and the possibilities for minimizing them are assessed; and the rest is boilerplate —who wrote what, and that sort of thing.

The study for the Two Forks project—including the system-wide and site-specific impact statements—is thought to be the most extensive and expensive in history, and it is being financed locally. The technical documentation it has generated so far stacks to six feet. By the end of this year, its millions of words and accompanying art will be boiled down to a three-hundred-page draft; the final version will be published by the Corps of Engineers, the "lead federal agency," a year from now unless it is delayed by negative feedback from the other contributors. Fifty-eight consultants and consulting firms, five principal federal agencies, a group of environmental consultants, and thirty Denver Water Department employees have been working on it. The Corps is getting $1,450,651 for its participation, and is asking for three-quarters of a million more. To "coördinate" the statement, Engineering Science, a California outfit, has been retained by the Corps and is being paid $4,602,057, which the Corps feels should be increased by eight hundred and fifty thousand. And four and a half million dollars is being paid to the Water Department for supplies, salaries, and services. Twenty per cent of the document's cost is being passed on to the Water Department's existing customers in the form of a three-to-five-dollar annual increase in their water bills. The remaining eighty per cent is being billed to forty-four suburban "participants," who will get most of the additional ninety-eight thousand acre-feet; each one's share of the water will vary according to its contribution to the costs of developing and operating the dam.



That afternoon, the department's special-projects coördinator, Stephen Work, traced the history of the system-wide statement for me. It was on Halloween of 1982 that work on the statement began. The growth projections and the water-demand-and-availability figures all had to be verified. "Fifty-some alternatives for increasing storage had to be evaluated, and all but three scenarios, each with two long-term nuances, were ruled out for environmental, economic, engineering, or geological reasons," Work said. "We asked what's going to happen after Two Forks, and looked fifty years down the road, at what the Corps calls the linkage issue—whether Two Forks would predispose the system to further environmentally undesirable transmountain diversion projects. Our conclusion was that it wouldn't. The system-wide statement came in at six million nine hundred thousand dollars—very near the estimate of six million seven hundred thousand."

The original estimate for the entire document was nineteen million dollars, but by May of 1984, when work on the site-specific statement started, the new estimate was twenty-five million. By 1985, it had gone up to twenty-seven; by March of 1986, it was thirty-four; today, it was thirty-six and a half. "And I doubt that's the end of it," Work went on. "The site-specific statement got into heavy cost. First, there was the predesign effort—the feasibility and geology studies. The size and type of dam had to be selected." Should it be a gravity-concrete, an earth-fill or rock-fill, or a double-curvature dam? In the end, a six-hundred-and-fifteen-foot-high thin-arched, double-curvature dam was settled on. Double-curvature dams curve both from side to side and from top to bottom—a configuration that gives them double strength.

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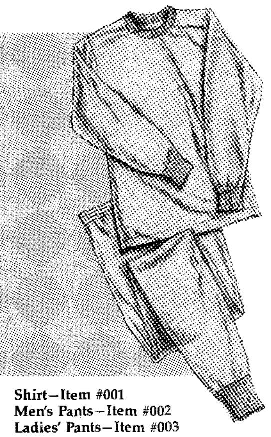

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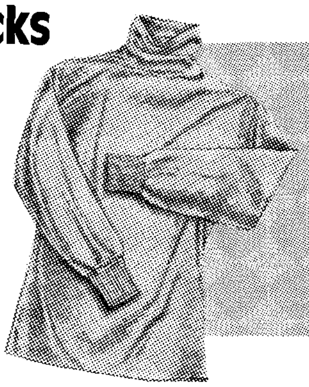

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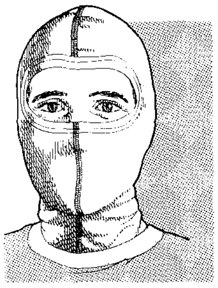

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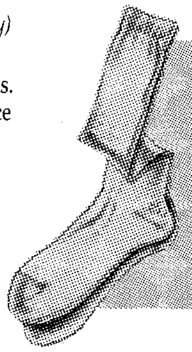

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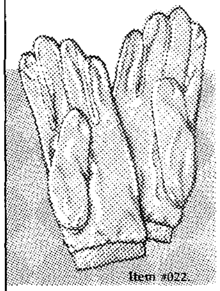

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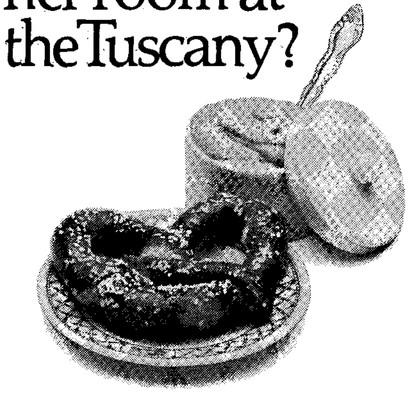

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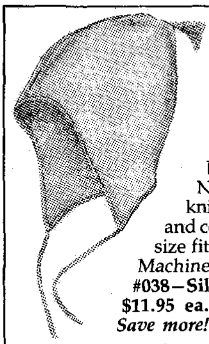

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Harza Engineering, a Chicago firm. Micro Geophysics, of Wheat Ridge, got $1,677,580 for the seismic studies. "And we hired a number of individual geotechnical consultants—geology professors with expertise in areas like dating faults," Work continued. A couple of hundred thousand dollars' worth of drilling and trenching were involved, and, of course, the estimated cost of the dam had to be determined: it was three hundred and thirty-seven million. "But all this work would have had to be paid for anyway, with or without the impact statement," he reminded me.

During these same two and a half years, the "traditional" environmental studies were undertaken. Wetlands disturbance above and below the site, erosion acceleration, channel stability below the dam (a new concern of the Forest Service, evaluated by Symons & Associates, of Fort Collins, for ninety-seven thousand dollars), vegetation encroachment, overbank flooding, sediment transport—all these had to be examined. On top of these were "non-traditional" investigations, like the recreational study done by Flores & Associates, of Denver, which cost more than half a million dollars—$817,000, to be exact. In its present state, South Platte Canyon is very popular with inner-tubers, kayakers, trail bikers (who tear up and down its walls, wrecking *montana* habitat), and stream fishermen. Turning the river into a lake would drown one of the state's great trout streams. According to Trout Unlimited, there are eight thousand miles of trout stream in Colorado but only fifteen miles are of the calibre of the stretch of the South Platte that will be drowned. The flat-water fishermen, of course, would be delighted at the prospect of a new lake to put their boats on; there's a shortage of flat water around Denver. Flooding the canyon would perhaps triple the number of "recreators" it could accommodate. The Water Department hadn't decided yet how many marinas and launching spots and access roads (which would further destroy *montana* habitat) it would provide. The dramatic fluctuations of water level that are anticipated if the lake is created—thirty feet when it is high, as much as a hundred and fifty feet when only the lower section, down by the dam, has water—could be a big problem. The lower section would be like the neck of a funnel, Work explained.

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economic impact brought it more than half a million dollars—$596,430. That seemed a lot, considering that hardly anybody lives in the canyon; but the little towns like Pine and Buffalo Creek were never going to be the same, if what had happened after Dillon Reservoir was created was any example. The firm was also evaluating how fishing and rafting on the Blue River would be affected by the lowering of its water level. The South Platte's hydrology, all the way down to Nebraska, was mostly being done by the Water Department.

The thing that was driving up the cost of the statement and exacting so much detail was, of course, the fear of litigation. Work figured that the production of such a voluminous document might not save money, but it would save time, since it could keep the project from being held up or altered in mid-career. The main legal counsel was the Denver firm of Saunders, Snyder, Ross & Dickson, specialists in water rights and environmental law. It was being paid $1,747,000. The suburban participants had spent $880,000 more for their own legal counsel, and $223,381 for public relations.

Finally, there were the miscellaneous expenses: $325,000 to a helicopter service; $157,875 for a public-opinion survey on the desirability of dams and flat water versus wilderness and stream recreation; several contracts—not all with the Water Department—adding roughly seventy thousand dollars, for the services of a former environmental aide to the governor as a public and political liaison and consensus builder; $193,975 to the Environmental Caucus—a consortium including the Environmental Defense Fund, the Colorado Mountain Club, the Colorado Environmental Coalition, the National Wildlife Federation, and the Audubon Society—to enable the environmentalists to review the progress of the project and provide feedback as it developed, in the hope that then they would be less inclined to sue.

ONE figure in the Water Department's 1984 Annual Report, which Work gave me a copy of, caught my attention—that for "per-capita g.c.d.," or gallons consumed daily. That year, the average Denverite used two hundred and twenty-one gallons of water a day. This figure seemed as much a "scandal" as the cost of the impact statement. Work explained that it represented the total water consumption in the city divided by the number of residents, so it included "a fruit salad" of industrial and commercial as well as residential use, the watering of golf courses, and the unknown usage of the commuters who pour in from the suburbs. He produced a report that showed Denver's per capita g.c.d. to be no more of a scandal than that of other cities: in 1981, when it was 227 gallons, New York's was 166, Cheyenne's 235, Los Angeles's 151, San Francisco's 146, Fort Worth's 285, Phoenix's 238, and Cleveland's a towering 292. "In New York, the g.c.d. is affected by leaks —it's an old system," Work explained. "Out here, the dryness and the need to keep things green make a mess out of our g.c.d." Denver has an evaporation problem, he said. Swimming pools, reservoirs, and other surfaces of standing water there drop three feet a year. During the hot months, eighty per cent of the residential use, which accounts for half of Denver's total consumption, is for watering lawns.

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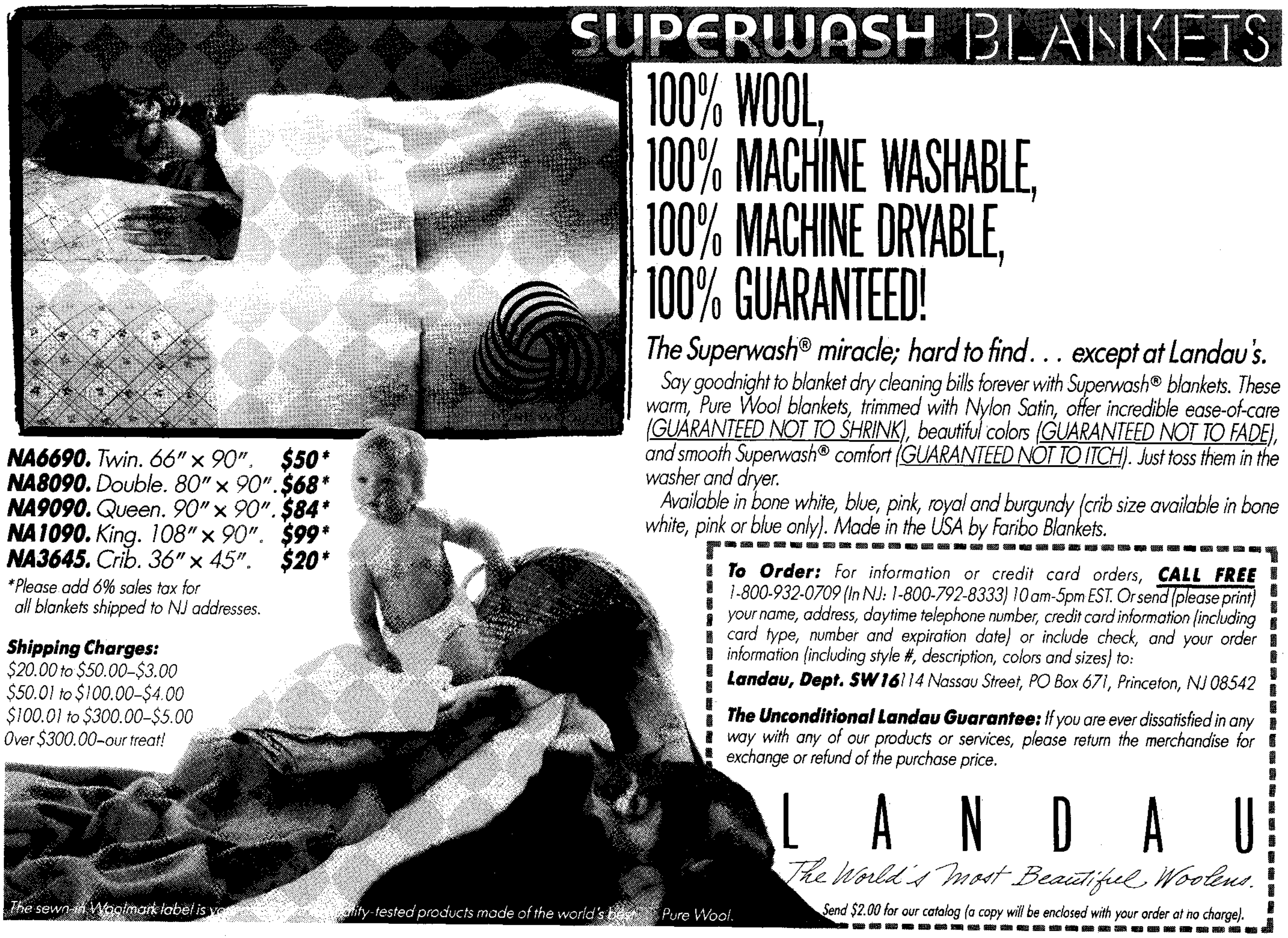

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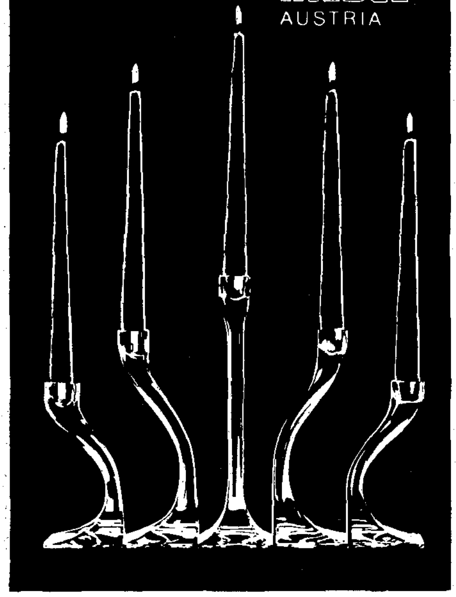

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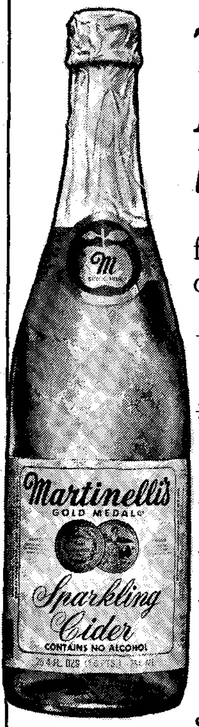
in American culture. In Denver, it is even more than that; it is a major pastime and a recreational therapy, practically an obsession. I remembered from a visit to Denver in August of 1967 that everybody was out watering. Now the watering was more automated. Wherever I looked as I drove around that afternoon and evening between appointments, fans of fine spray were arcing slowly over glistening greensward, jets were spurting, flicking in revolutions. "If you want anything growing besides native things, you have to irrigate," Doris Kaplan, a colleague of Ruetz's in the Water Department's community-affairs section, told me. (Professionals don't speak of watering or sprinkling.) "The cities and towns in the West are the only green around. You have to figure out if it's worth a little water. You have to have something to look at out here. A lot of people in Denver who belong to certain age groups and income levels don't get up to the mountains. What they have in the way of environment is right there, and when they know that it isn't going to rain they get into a routine whereby they water."

Some critics of the Two Forks project maintain that South Platte Canyon and the Pawnee montane skipper are being sacrificed for new lawns in Denver. One biologist claims that if the residents of Aurora alone planted buffalo grass instead of Kentucky bluegrass Denver wouldn't need a new reservoir. Not only does Kentucky bluegrass need lots of water, he says, but it has caused an explosion around the metropolitan area of tawny-edged skippers, an undistinguished species whose larvae eat it.

WORK's assessment of the skipper's impact on the dam was that it would be "more of a thorn than a big problem," and he seems to have been correct. On September 26th, the Fish and Wildlife Service formally proposed that *Hesperia leonardus montana* be listed as a threatened, not an endangered, species, and the proposal was published in the Federal Register. The habitat of a threatened species can also be designated as critical, but *montana's* was not. The conclusion was that the species would survive. "We're going to get the protection we want," Jim Miller, Fish and Wildlife's regional listing coördinator, told me. "Even if we don't have critical habitat, we've still got the Section 7 consultation process. The Water Department is going to have to



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consult with us—closely—before it does anything." And Fish and Wildlife could still declare the canyon a Category 1 (irreplaceable) Resource. That would make it very hard for the department to get its right-of-way and dredge-and-fill permits, though not as hard as if *montana* had been designated an endangered species with critical habitat.

Jim Scott was upset by the decision. He worries that with the lake there a prolonged period of cold could wipe out the remaining skippers; they wouldn't be able to move down into the lower, warmer reaches of the canyon.

A Fish and Wildlife employee I talked with said he thought that the threatened-species listing was a sellout. "Of course *montana's* endangered," he said. "Fifty per cent of its habitat is going to be flooded, but that's the choice habitat, where most of the *montana* live, so maybe seventy-five per cent of the population will drown. And nobody really knows how the microclimate of the remaining habitat is going to be changed. It's unquestionably going to become more humid, and *montana* needs dryness." Then why hadn't it been proposed for the endangered-species list? "Something this big has got to have politics in it all the way from the top down," the Fish and Wildlife man said bitterly. "The reauthorization of the Endangered Species Act has been stalled since 1985. Congress could easily rescind it. The protection of rare life forms is not a priority of the Reagan Administration. It doesn't like the idea of multimillion-dollar projects' being held hostage by butterflies. So we've got to play it cool. We've got to look down the road and consider all the other endangered species around the country that still need protecting."

—ALEX SHOUMATOFF

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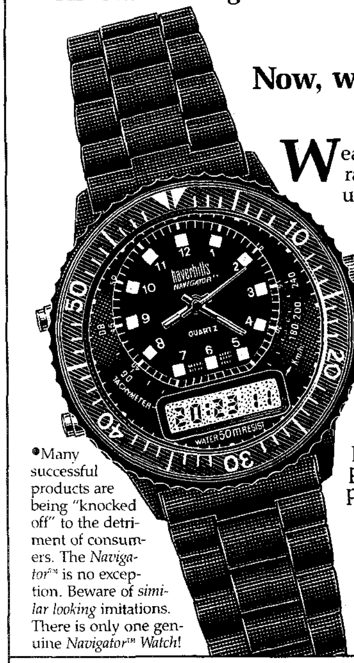
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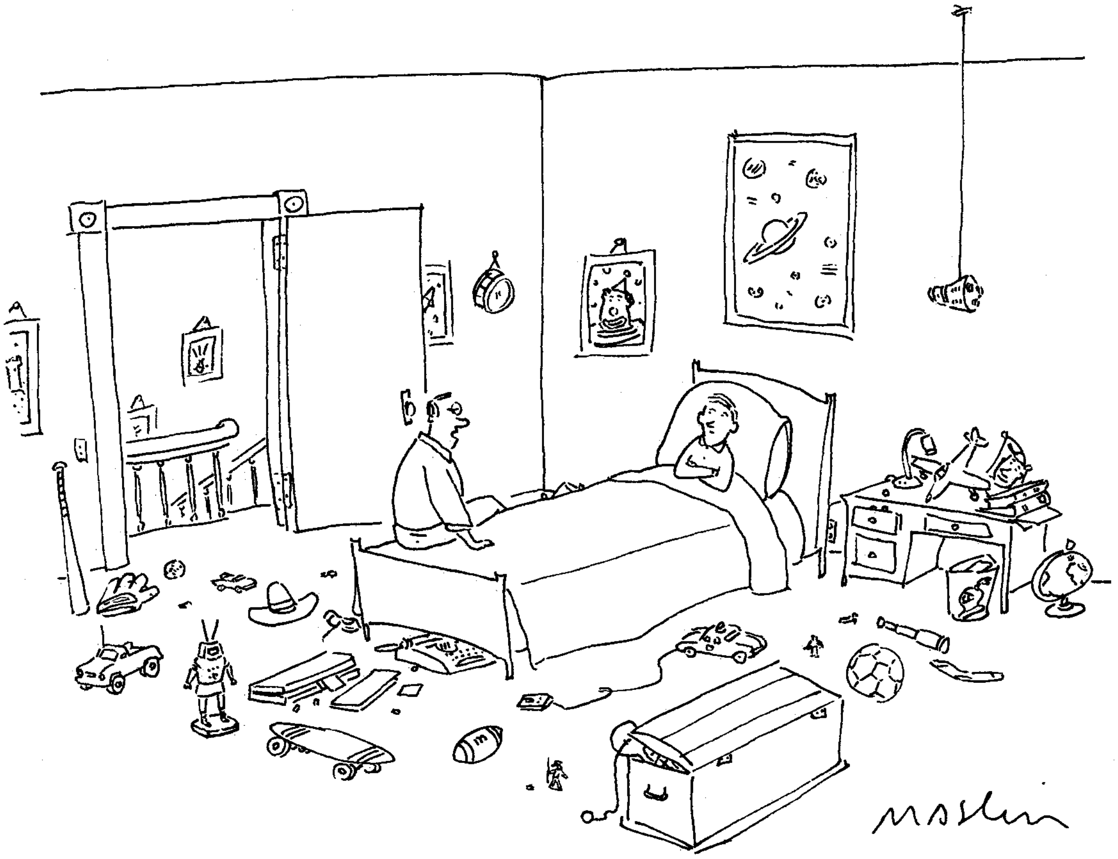
DANCING

Choreographer of the Year

THIS time last year, Mark Morris was at Dance Theatre Workshop, straining its seating capacity (one hundred plus) to the bursting point. A few weeks ago, when the Morris company played New York again, in the Next Wave series at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, it was the Opera House's biggest draw of the season. Morris in the past year has become the most widely interviewed, most talked-about, and most commissioned young choreographer in American dance. He interests magazine editors as much as artistic directors, he attracts the musical as well as the dance public, and he holds connoisseurs of fashion spellbound. Between the D.T.W. and the BAM seasons, he showed New York a total of fifteen works. This doesn't include pieces that were part of his "Dance in America" television show, seen here in October, or the ballet for the Joffrey, which was given at the City Center the week of the BAM engagement. And Morris did a lot of work this year that New York hasn't seen: one other ballet commission; a special three-part evening based on Roland Barthes essays, mounted in Boston; two pieces for his company's début at Jacob's Pillow, last summer; and the "Dance of the Seven Veils" in a Seattle Opera production of "Salome." All this in addition to his regular teaching commitments at the University of Washington, in Seattle (where he still lives). At the end of such a year, one might have expected a somewhat depleted choreographer to show up in Brooklyn. Besides "Marble Halls," a Bach piece repeated from the D.T.W. programs, there would be two world premières, and one of these would be set to a piece of sacred music—Pergolesi's "Stabat Mater"—that is around forty minutes long. As it turned out, "Pièces en Concert," to a suite of Couperin dances, was as fresh as anything he has done, and the "Stabat Mater" flowed out in a thick stream, the culmination of the grand and sombre series that includes "Gloria" and "Handel Choruses." Mark Morris is still an amazing young man, and he was all there in Brooklyn.

"Pièces en Concert" is the kind of thing only Morris does, and "Stabat Mater" is the kind of thing only Morris does well. He's an innovator and a traditionalist, a satirist and a romantic, and one can never tell in advance what side of him will be presented in any given work or at any given moment in a work. The Couperin piece mingles absurdity and sobriety until they begin to look alike. The curtain goes up on a stage primly decorated with potted plants. Three people vaguely resembling eighteenth-century figurines come to life and dance a sarabande, then a courante, and so on. They use regulation deportment and nonregulation steps. Gradually, eccentric bits of timing and attack color the dance with a weird vivacity. As these different bits accumulate, a subversive logic takes over, yet the dance keeps moving with a specific exquisiteness through it all. The overstressed staccato attack turns into a passage about feeding birds, then into a passage about falling down, and soon we are in the totally unprincipled territory of pure slapstick.

How Morris (who is one—the silliest one—of the dancers) extracts the most laughs he can from this portion of the piece and then gets out of it and back to the unbroken porcelain calm of the beginning is a technical feat that I would think other choreographers could gain by studying, not only because of its psychological tact but for its delicacy in negotiating the Couperin music without violation. Impressive, too, is the way the absurdist tone arises so innocently from inside the dance—from Morris's shuffling pauses and distributing accents with a kind of scientific detachment. In generic terms, the piece is an absolute novelty—a pas de trois that, for once, does not set up a situation wherein the two same-sex members (here Morris and Rob Besserer) are rivals for the affections of the other (here Susan Hadley); there is, in fact, no love interest at all. Perhaps the strangest thing about "Pièces en Concert" is that it seems to have been made with no preconceptions—not even



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a preconception of how funny it would turn out to be. It looks as if three Martians had come to earth, having encountered the spirit of Angna Enters in outer space.

Not everyone enjoys this sort of thing, and those who do are almost certain not to like "Stabat Mater." Religious expression in dance so easily becomes sanctimony, I confess to a dread of it myself. But "Stabat Mater" isn't a piece of religious art. It's about religious feeling: specifically, the aspiration to faith and how people, especially young people, experience it in their lives. Even this much seriousness about religion may have been too much for the BAM audience, which gave the piece respectful applause and departed in relief. Maybe it was the triple dose of Baroque music that proved too much. Whatever it was, it was clear that Morris had not designed himself a safe success at BAM. His relation to the haute audience that patronizes Next Wave offerings had grown complex; he was certainly in that world, he was of it, but he was not in service to it any more than he would be willing to be the official standard-bearer of back-to-basics modern dance. "Stabat Mater" may be in an exalted Old Modern tradition, but it certainly doesn't look or feel anything like José Limón.

Morris is a true believer whose fidelity follows from his taste, especially in music. He can, for example, find and exploit the good in the fanatical style of Doris Humphrey. The first section of "Marble Halls" shows him doing it, but the piece as a whole salutes the Paul Taylor of "Esplanade." In "Stabat Mater," Morris reaches a kind of muscular effulgence that reminded me of Taylor's "A Musical Offering." And though both pieces are episodic in structure, it was interesting to see Morris dispense with one of the things he does best—transitions—and invent a continuity by shifting his cast in silence between dances, stylizing the shifts so that each group of dancers runs on from stage left and displaces an equal number of dancers, who run off stage right. This happened over and over; as a device, it had something of the ritualistic power of the walks-to-place in Graham's "Primitive Mysteries." But it also risked tiring the audience, and it points to one of the few weaknesses in Morris's command of choreographic technique, which is that once he has got hold of a structural device nothing on earth can make him let go. Usually, he

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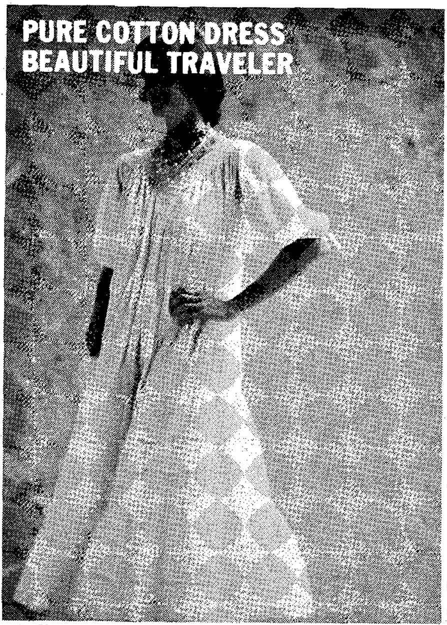
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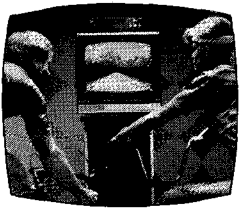
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derives structure from music and, as Taylor does, creates a correspondingly organic choreography. The tenacity of Morris's method has about it a marvellous integrity and sense of play, but there are times—the first section of "Esteemed Guests," the ballet for the Joffrey, is an example—when he sticks too close to his musical spine, ignoring its free articulation, and ignoring, too, the possibility of expanding the dance's limits beyond structural equivalence. Morris actually comes close to such an expansion in the second movement of this ballet, when he brings off one of his headiest group transitions, converting a series of lifts into a series of poses. For a few moments, the ballet has a lyrical independence that feels like floating. Does this choreographer, whose sensibility is so Blakean, know Blake's proverb "Improvement makes strait roads; but the crooked roads without Improvement are roads of Genius"? His habitual use of Baroque music ("Esteemed Guests" goes to a cello concerto by Carl Philipp Emanuel Bach) may have improved his craftsmanship while straitening his poetic language. I make this suggestion mindful of works in the D.T.W. collection which were set to scores by Françaix and Shostakovich and were poetically expressive as well as structurally sound.

Having raised this objection to Morris's work, I should also point out that very few of his colleagues so much as acknowledge the structure of a piece of music or show any other kind of musical insight. The Joffrey chose to present, in the same season with "Esteemed Guests," another piece to Baroque music by another young choreographer new to ballet. This was Mark Haim, whose "The Gardens of Boboli" showed talent and audacity. But it didn't show structural integrity, and it used music as a trampoline, in the manner of Gerald Arpino. The difference between Haim's ballet to Albinoni and Morris's to C. P. E. Bach was the difference between metre and rhythm, between rootless ingenuity and integrated invention. "Esteemed Guests" (who hands out titles at the Joffrey?) is not on the whole a success; it looks rushed and scrappy, and its central idea of a lone ballerina never gets pinned down. But Morris at least presents his credentials, and he makes us smile. I almost laughed at the allusion to Twyla Tharp in his two squirrelly female soloists and in his choice of Santo Loquasto for the costumes.

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"Esteemed Guests" comes at the same point in Morris's career that "As Time Goes By" came in Tharp's, and it is, with all its flaws, much the best new work the Joffrey has done since.

The adjective most commonly applied to Morris is "outrageous," and it refers to brilliant porno ballets like "Lovey" and "Striptease," or to shocking fantasies of rape and repression like "One Charming Night." Morris does have a taste for luridity, a taste for camp, and all the rest of that. But his most outstanding characteristic in these matters is his sense of balance. Outrage occurs in his work as a reflection of the natural order and what society has made of it. His sincerity can provoke some people to outraged reaction. Morris wears his heart on his sleeve, and nowhere does he do so more conspicuously than in his pieces with religious themes. But he's no less objective in these pieces than he is anywhere else. His great solo to an Indian raga, "O Rangasayee" (performed at BAM two seasons ago), had both ascetic rapture and sensual languor. Morris's personality seemed to merge with the dualities of classical Hindu dance. "Stabat Mater" is comparatively single-tracked; it's fleshy and glowing and hot with the sensual appetite of youth. Pergolesi wrote the music in the year he died, at the age of twenty-six; Morris turns it into a mirror of adolescent conscience. He sets his stage with three scrims, each with a cross; we see them sequentially, the first enveloped in crimson flames, the last pure white. The discipline of the choreography, formidable as usual, becomes part of the emotional texture. Bit by bit—the dance is in twelve parts—an imagery develops which is dumbfoundingly inchoate, like brutish statues being worked free of the marble that imprisons them. The simile comes from Michelangelo, and Michelangelesque or Blakean images recur in Morris's work. Yet shame, pain, ecstasy are here shown according to no known model. If there can be such a thing in dance as giving voice to the inarticulate, then Morris has done that thing. Once more, he has expressed the passions of a generation.

—ARLENE CROCE

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SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Romney* (*W. Va.*) *Hampshire Review*]

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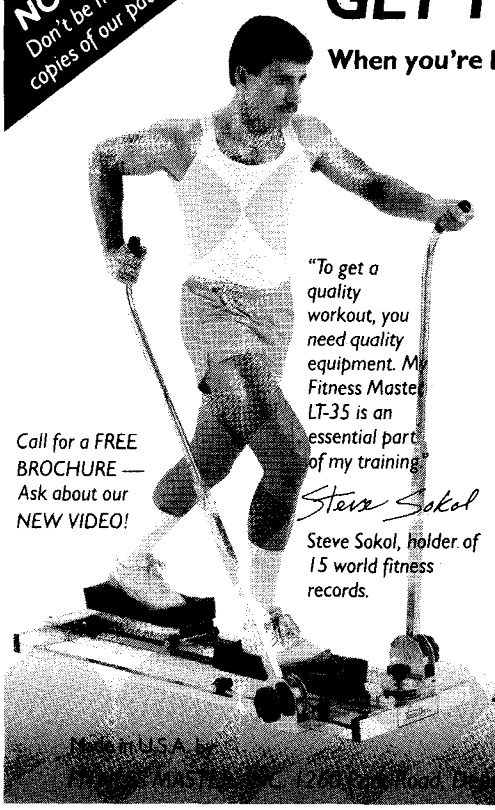

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Sonorous Force

THERE are composers whose merits every musical observer recognizes and responds to at each encounter but who are not often performed, and whose absences seem to leave no hole in life. Busoni, Hindemith, Varèse, perhaps Stefan Wolpe come to mind—the composers who *don't* come to mind at first if one is asked to name the great ones of any period. A shortlist of major living composers which omitted Iannis Xenakis would be manifestly incomplete, yet Xenakis doesn't receive the attention that Carter, Messiaen, Boulez, Stockhausen, Ligeti are regularly accorded. At festivals featuring his music—Athens in 1975, Huddersfield in 1982—even those who may have come to scoff remain to praise. He does not lack champions. Last year, Nicholas Kenyon began a long *Sunday Times* review of Xenakis's "Thallein," composed for the London Sinfonietta, with

> For sheer dramatic impact, for sonic originality coupled with elemental power, is there any music of the last thirty years . . . to match that of Iannis Xenakis? Time and again he has astounded us with his ability to create a wholly new method of musical discourse, whether in the extravagant orchestral violence of his ballet music "Antikhthon" or in the concentrated passion of his more recent smaller pieces like "Mikka" for solo violin or "Tetras" for quartet.

And then, it seems, time and again people tend to forget about him—until the next performance comes along:

> We hear far more about Stockhausen's ability to attract vast audiences for his sound structures than we do about Xenakis's no less remarkable feats of mass communication. We hear far more about Boulez's research centre in Paris than we do about Xenakis's, out in the suburbs . . .
>
> But it would not be an exaggeration to say that Xenakis has been as important as both these figures in opening up the boundaries of music.

Xenakis's theoretical writings and program notes prove forbidding. His use of computer calculations to plot compositions probably puts people off. He is an architect and engineer as well as a composer: that he used a similar Modulor system for planning the Couvent Sainte Marie de la Tourette and the orchestra piece "Metastaseis" can be disconcerting. His larger visions—as architect, of a towering "cosmic city" that could contain Paris's five million inhabitants on twenty acres, not the twenty-five thousand acres they now occupy; as composer, of a work to be performed simultaneously on several continents, linked by radio or laser beams—seem grandiose. Some of his works cannot travel. Called "polytopes," they were composed in sound and light at once for particular sites: in elaborate technical detail for festival pavilions in Montreal, Osaka, Paris; more simply—but on an enormous scale—for Persepolis and its surrounding hills, and for Mycenae, with "entries" arriving from Argos and Tiryns, echoing the beacon fires that once signalled the taking of Troy. Those shows had D. W. Griffith-sized casts: hundreds of torch-bearing children, battalions of soldiers, in Mycenae a herd of two hundred bell-tinkling goats. Nature took a hand, too: in Persepolis, a sudden, violent dust storm swept the site; in Mycenae, the whirr of cicadas and the scent of wild thyme filled the night. Xenakis has always had a strong appreciation of place. Even "Persephassa," which *can* travel, being for six percussionists, has never seemed so exciting as when I first heard it, in 1969, beaten out from six watchtowers erected aloft round the apadana at Persepolis—the décor enhanced by the Empress of Iran on a dais where once Darius' throne had stood.

Persephassa, Xenakis's program note revealed, is an old name for Persephone that also suggests to him a Humpty-Dumptian portmanteau of Perseus, Persians, Parsifal, and Persepolis. It may not be frivolous to suggest that if Xenakis's titles—"Gmeeoorh," "Terretêktorh," "Hibiki-Hana-Ma"—were less difficult to remember accurately, a shade catchier, the public could have caught on to his œuvre more readily. ("Was it 'Achorripsis,' 'Akrata,' or 'Anaktoria,' 'Khoaï,' 'Kottos,' 'Kraanerg,' or 'Khall Perr' that we heard

"Tom Kean seems awfully nice. We should hop over to New Jersey sometime."

two seasons ago?") There's much in a name. I bet Xenakis's Sappho piece for percussion might have been played more often had it been called simply "Sappho" instead of "Psappha."

I've tried to rehearse reasons for Xenakis's name's being less constantly dominant than the power of his music and the public's ready, enthusiastic response to it whenever it is played would suggest. There's one more reason to add: he is—or was—a Brutalist. Brutalism was an architectural term coined—not in disapprobation—for Le Corbusier's style as he designed his Unités d'Habitation. Xenakis, a member of Le Corbusier's team from 1948 to 1959, worked on them, and carried over their principles into his first scores. His music had their hard, uncompromising logic. The Unité d'Habitation at Marseilles is a wonderful building to contemplate—rhythmic, rational, and idealist—but I should hate to live in it. The laws that determine its proportions may be Nature's laws: the omnipresent Golden Section discernible in fine works of God (shells, leaves, the human body) and of Man (the Parthenon, Debussy's "La Mer"), the Fibonacci series, and the Modulor system Le Corbusier derived from them. But it would be like living in Plato's rational, idealist Republic.

PLATO is a recurrent name in an intelligent new book about the composer, Nouritza Matossian's "Xenakis" (Taplinger), which does much to bring into focus the confused, conflicting impressions left by his music and his writings. (An earlier version of the book appeared in French in 1981.) It is neither a formal biography nor a work-by-work musical analysis. Xenakis gave Miss Matossian free access to his archives. She talked to him, talked to his wife and their daughter, to those who had known him in his younger days. Her book is a study of Xenakis's ideas as they developed and of their manifestation in some key compositions, musical and architectural. As epigraph, Miss Matossian uses the composer's remark "I am a classical Greek living in the twentieth century." Toward the end of the New Grove essay on Xenakis is the sentence "Although Xenakis's employment of mathematical and physical models might suggest that his work is highly abstract, it is rather the expression of a profound humanity, even a thinly veiled romanticism." Miss Matossian traces the forces that shaped and inspired him: ten years in the Rumanian Danube town where he was born, in 1922; education at the Greek-island school, on Spetsai, known to literature from Kenneth Matthews' novel "Aleko" and John Fowles' "The Magus;" violence in war-riven Athens, where in 1944 Xenakis, political leader of the student group Lord Byron, was left for dead, and emerged from a hospital three months later terribly scarred; in 1947, his flight to Paris, on a forged passport and under sentence of death. Miss Matossian reproduces a photograph that at first glance seems to be one of Xenakis's more spectacular polytopes; it is a British Ministry of Information official war photograph of bombing and machine-gunning over Athens in 1941. The "Greekness" of Xenakis's thought is everywhere apparent. Sharp natural images recur: the form and dynamics of a bee swarm, the song of cicadas all around, vibrating at different pulses, "sound events made out of a large number of individual sounds . . . not separately perceptible, but [as he said in relation to "Metastaseis"] reunite them again and a new

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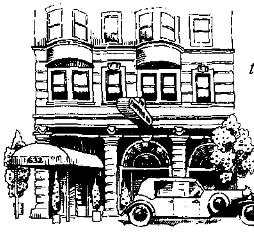

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sound is formed which may be perceived in its entirety." Little music after folk song and monodic chant is found personally significant to him—except Varèse's and, to some extent, Debussy's and Messiaen's. In 1953, Xenakis wrote, "My great passion is a marriage between Western music and the folk music of my own country." And in 1971, "Lack of understanding of ancient music, of both Byzantine and Gregorian origin, is doubtless caused by blindness resulting from the growth of polyphony, a highly original invention of the barbarous and uncultivated Occident following the schism of the churches." Music became trapped in a prison of counterpoint: Xenakis's prescriptions for freedom echo those of Busoni and Varèse. What he wrote in an obituary tribute to Varèse applies to him:

> Varèse worked on the very flesh of sound. He researched the architecture of sound itself, always opposing all those schemes of music called "musical," all kinds of formalism, including that of the series. . . .
>
> His music is colour and sonorous force. No more scales, no more themes, no more melodies, to the devil with music called "musical," he delivers in flesh that which is more generally called "organised sound."

XENAKIS's latest work to appear is "Keqrops," for piano and large orchestra (with quadruple winds). It was commissioned by two Australians, Phynea and Peter Paroulakis, for the pianist Roger Woodward and the New York Philharmonic, conducted by Zubin Mehta, and was given its first performance on November 13th. The title, according to a note on the score, signifies a "weaving together" of "*KREKOO*" and "*OPSIS*;" in the absence of further explanation, one presumes that some blend of "striking the lyre" (or "striking the loom") and "sight" is intended. In addition, the note continues, Cecrops, the legendary king of Athens, introduced civilization to Attica, fortified the Acropolis, divided the populace into communities, and was credited with a double nature, of dragon and of man (mortal from the waist up, say the classical dictionaries, and a serpent or dragon below).

The Philharmonic has not been backward in performing Xenakis. Leonard Bernstein conducted "Pithoprakta" with it in 1964, and since then it has done "Eonta" (in 1969), "Akrata" (in 1971), "Aroura" (in 1976), and "Empreintes" and "Metastaseis" (in 1980). What it has not

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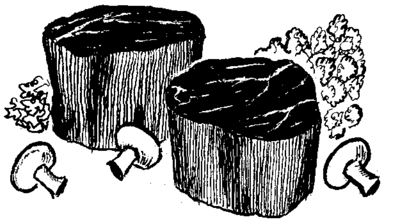

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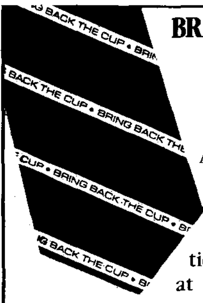

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done is to revive any of those works. I hope that, having mastered "Keqrops," it won't forthwith drop it, too. The public appeared to like the work; few people walked out. (It lasts about seventeen minutes.) Mr. Woodward, a formidable virtuoso with fingers and nerves of steel (he made his American début, in 1972, playing "Eonta" with the Los Angeles Philharmonic and Mr. Mehta), had his part by heart. The orchestra seemed to be playing with spirit and attention. Once the music began, any literary notions stirred by the title—thoughts of a king half man, half dragon, of the Athene-Poseidon contest over Attica which was decided by Cecrops' evidence, or of striking cords that make music visible—were forgotten. It is hard to write about music that is simply itself. "Keqrops" contains the dense, agglomerate textures, the thin, glittering textures, the glissando escapes from twelve fixed notes into plasticity, the molding of forms in space which one knows from other Xenakis works. There is an enchanted sudden dialogue for piano and harp, over a surging double-bass sound. Paul Griffith's thumbnail sketch of the composer in the new "Thames and Hudson Encyclopaedia of 20th-Century Music" ends by noting that in Xenakis's later works the "bewildering activity has been countered by strong and simple melodies or rhythmic patterns suggestive of folk music." That's true here. The paradox running through all Xenakis's music—the most modern means for calculating and constructing serve the vision of a composer rapt in truths of the past—finds exciting expression. In 1969, he wrote to his twelve-year-old daughter (from Bloomington, Indiana, where he was on the faculty from 1967 to 1972) about the two ways of obtaining knowledge: "Firstly by reasoning—this is the discovery of the Hellenic Greeks. . . . Secondly by an immediate vision of things by 'illumination' . . . of all the means of penetration, the most ancestral, mystical, religious." "Keqrops" is a work more of "illumination" than of mathematics.

Music Before 1800, the Sunday-afternoon series in Corpus Christi Church, directed by Louise Basbas, continues its exploration of Alessandro Stradella. In Lent this year, it did his most celebrated oratorio, "San Giovanni Battista" (a work in which Maria Callas once sang the role of Salome); in Lent last year, his oratorio "Ester." This month, it presented his serenata "Il Barcheggio," his last dated work, composed in 1681 for the wedding of a noble Genoese couple. The 1681 entertainment took place in Genoa harbor: the guests, after a splendid water excursion, assembled in a pavilion erected on an arrangement of barges and there enjoyed (in the words of a contemporary chronicler) "an intermingling of harmonious voices, poetry, and musical instruments, accompanied by delicious things to eat and drink." "Il Barcheggio" has a thread of plot: Neptune (a bass) and Amphitrite (a soprano) rejoice in the revelry, but when Amphitrite learns from Proteus (an alto, presumably castrato) that not she but a mortal pair is being honored she departs in a huff, summoning wind and wave to spoil the party. Disaster is averted: in Part Two, Neptune wonders at his wife's absence, discovers the reason for it, and is cross with Proteus. But when Proteus proclaims the merits and the exalted lineage of the bridal pair, Paola Brignole and Carlo Spinola, Neptune and Amphitrite are appeased and call for "a thousand and

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"Il Barcheggio" is a very different kind of work from "Ester" and "San Giovanni Battista." Those oratorios make a strangely modern effect, with their abrupt scenic juxtapositions, dramatic confrontations, and candid monologues in which line and harmonies leap with the characters' thoughts. (I likened Haman, in "Ester," to Verdi's Macbeth.) The serenata proceeds at a more leisurely pace: the numbers are long, often in rondo form or larded with refrains. There is a hint of Wotan, Fricka, and Loge in the characterizations. In the god's first aria, his phrases are grandly confident; they stride majestically in quarter notes from heights to depths while the instruments depict his mobile realm with sixteenth-note wave figures. Neptune's range is from the E below the staff to the F-sharp above it. Amphitrite's aria of anger is an elaborate construction, with sections in four different tempi; she goes through the scheme twice, embarks on a third stanza, and then cuts it short with a furious, florid coda in a different key. Proteus is suave, intelligent, and lyrical—a skillful advocate and melodious commentator.

Johann Mattheson—singer, composer, critic, and theorist (when are we to hear his opera "Cleopatra," his oratorio "Das Lied des Lammes"?), and Handel's friend—commended the performance of a serenata "on the water during calm weather: for there one can employ various instruments which with their full strength would sound too forceful and deafening in a room, such as trumpets, drums, hunting horns, etc." (The translation is from Julianne Baird's study "The Vocal Serenata of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries.") In "Il Barcheggio," Stradella employed a trumpet, a cornett (that protean "wooden trumpet" whose tone blends so beautifully with voices), trombones, first and second violins, and basso continuo. Here, as elsewhere, his scoring was bold. But Music Before 1800 did not muster the forces—either in "San Giovanni" or in "Il Barcheggio"—to make the most of Stradella's concerto-grosso effects: alternations between a small concertino group and the full band. The full band for this "Barcheggio" was only trumpet, cornett, trombone, two violins, and a continuo of viola da gamba and a small harpsichord. A big water-music consort would prove overpowering in the confines of a small church, but this minimal consort (with thin string tone) had balance problems, too. In addition, the Baroque trumpeter's struggles with his music were sometimes painful to hear. The cornettist had a few dicey moments; these could be forgiven, however, since Stradella keeps him on the go almost all the time—to an extent that makes listeners' lips feel tired in sympathy.

Cheryl Bensman and Robert Kuehn, the Amphitrite and the Neptune, sang fairly well. Drew Minter, the Proteus, was exceptional: few singers combine beauty of timbre, grace and charm of phrasing, poetic delivery of the text, and elegance and wit in decorating with the accomplishment that this young countertenor brings to all he does. Miss Basbas, who led the performance from the harpsichord, is not the springiest of directors: several numbers would have profited from a lighter touch and livelier rhythms. But, all in all, her revival gave uncommon pleasure (even though it was unaccompanied by "*pregiatissimi comestibili e rinfreschi*"), and it revealed new aspects of "a man whose genius and abilities," Burney said, "were the delight of all Italy." The edition used was Harry Bernstein's, a 1979 doctoral submission at Stanford. In a thorough introductory study to his score (on which I have drawn above) Mr. Bernstein points out such amusing details as a punning tritone to accompany Amphitrite's reference to Tritons, and the forcibly wrenched harmonies when she accuses Paola of usurping her honors.
—ANDREW PORTER

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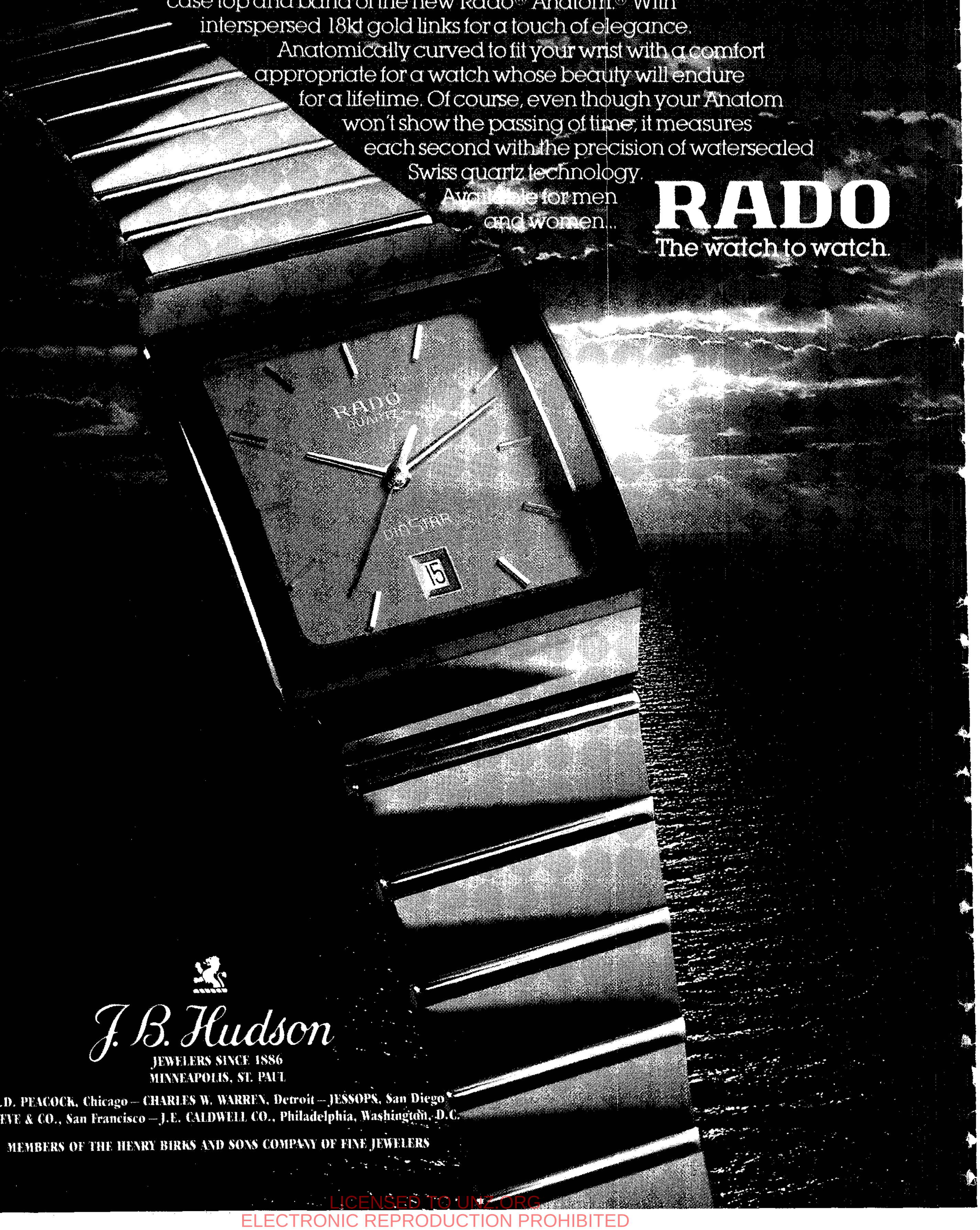

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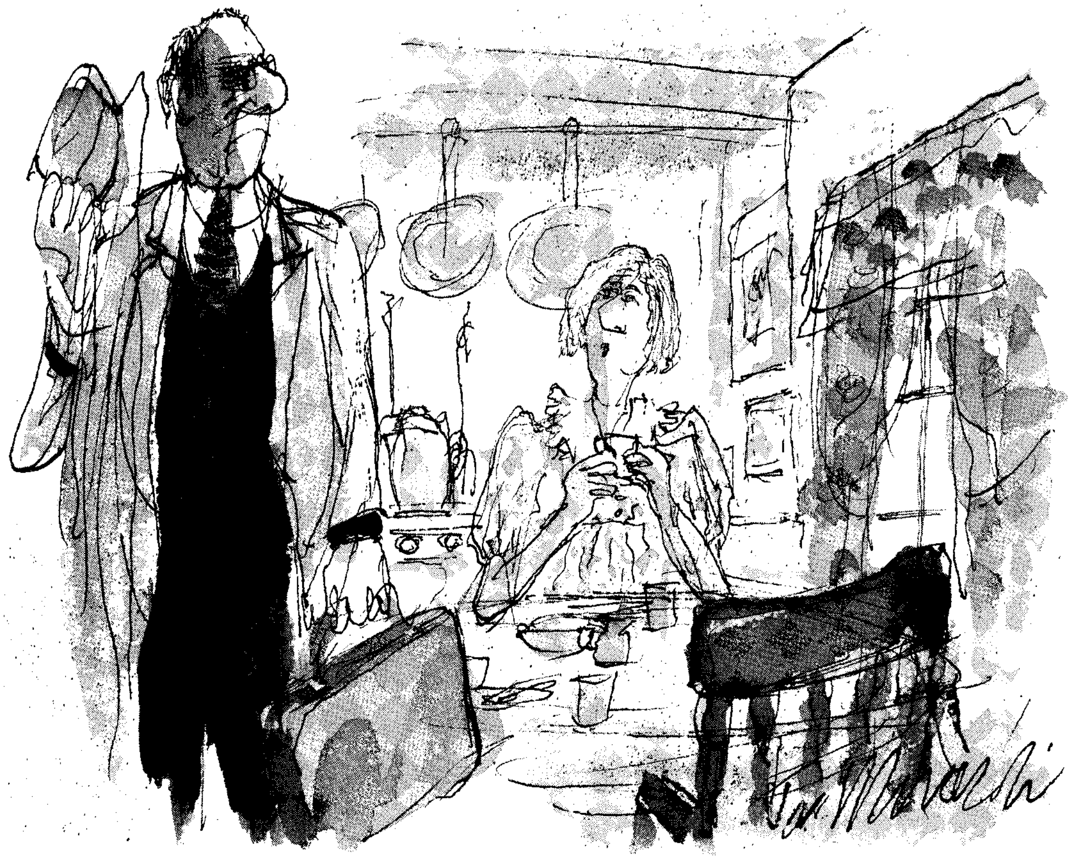
Tina Howe's enchanting "Coastal Disturbances," at the Second Stage, is a love story set on a private beach on Massachusetts' North Shore at the end of the summer season. The heroine, Holly Dancer, is a photographer from New York on the verge of breakdown after running away from an unsatisfactory lover back in town. The hero, Leo Hart, having broken up with the woman he had been living with, has taken a temporary job as a lifeguard, and he, too, is in a state of emotional disrepair. The other characters are regulars at the beach—summer people who have come there year after year. There are two mothers (mid-thirties, I'd guess), one of them pregnant and happy, with a noisy little girl, the other divorced and at the mercy of her exposed nerves and inclined to scream at her wild and brilliant little boy, Winston (but at the end we know who is taking care of whom); there is an elderly couple, Dr. and Mrs. Adams—he collecting shells as she paints watercolors—both of whom could have strayed in from Miss Howe's "Painting Churches;" and, finally, there is Holly's abandoned lover, André Sor, a gallery owner and a slick operator (though none the less fascinating for that), who comes to retrieve her. The action is very active, what with the kids racing up and down the lifeguards' platform or dipping their fingers in the blubber of a dead whale, evading discipline at every turn, and the mothers confiding, and the old couple wandering in to set up a tent for a celebration; through it all runs the passion of Holly and Leo. Much of Holly's feeling takes the form of the inspired clowning that Miss Howe's admirers cherish. The two mothers tend to laugh a lot—the kind of social laughter that breaks the boundaries of sense, and is, in the case of the divorced mother, a camouflage for desperation. Wonderful soliloquies abound, and so do small pleasures. Emotions spill over, and there are comic surprises everywhere. All seems easy and spontaneous in the sand and sun, and the time flies. And here ends my inventory of the contents.

The play is free-form, yet a clear story is told. Miss Howe is a beautiful writer in line after line. The actors are well cast and do well, under Carole Rothman's direction; and yet I feel that the play's potential is not entirely realized. Annette Bening and Timothy Daly are the beguiling lovers; Heather Mac Rae is the happy mother, and Joanne Camp is the sad one; Rachel Mathieu is the pretty little girl, and Jonas Abry, a fine actor, is the distinguished-looking little boy; Rosemary Murphy and Addison Powell are the patrician old couple, the embodiment of obliviousness; and Ronald Guttman is Holly's former lover, a con man but no phony. Tony Straiges designed the setting, remarkably spacious on the small stage, and Dennis Parichy did the exquisite lighting. Susan Hilfert designed the appropriate costumes. The scrim curtain is an immeasurable boon in many ways, keeping the comic spirit of Tina Howe aloft.

Keith Reddin's "Highest Standard of Living," at Playwrights Horizons, doesn't come to much as political satire; its originality and humor are all theatrical. The show opens on the ferry from Finland to Leningrad. The hero, a young American called Bob, is aboard, eventual destination Moscow, where he plans to do graduate study of the work of the Soviet writer Mikhail Bulgakov. He meets a Russian passenger, to whom he confides his knowledge of Soviet poets by listing them in the manner of Danny Kaye chanting the names of Russian composers in "Lady in the Dark." The passenger responds by reciting "The Shooting of Dan McGrew," complete. As the voyage ends, another passenger jumps, howling, off the boat. From then on, the action is kaleidoscopic. Bob becomes ill from food poisoning in his hotel room and is taken to a hospital (the rooms have identical red brick walls), where he is attended by an attractive woman doctor, Ludmilla, and a brawny nurse, who tells him



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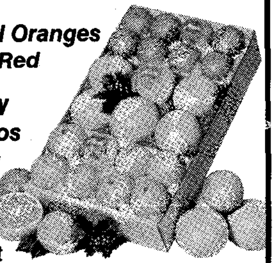

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that she works for the K.G.B. Every encounter is peculiar, not to say sinister. A man in peasant costume enters Bob's hospital room accompanied by a bear; the two are Bob's uncle and aunt, in disguise. (They have arrived with a circus.) Another nurse, whose face has been hidden behind a magazine, turns out to be Bob's mother. An old man in the next bed, dying of a surfeit of vodka, is visited by his son, who spouts a stream of Soviet propaganda and attacks the United States; Bob agrees with every word he says. Five little boys run in with hammers, and that is the end of the old man. Bob goes to dinner at Ludmilla's apartment and *invites her to defect to* New York, and then to stay with him there. Bob is ordered by an American official to leave the country. Bob is attacked by the children with hammers. So much for Act I.

Act II is also brimming with incidents, but a lot of the steam has escaped during the intermission, and a lot of the fun, too. The action opens at the airport in New York, as Bob enters, his head bandaged, to confront a couple of men from the State Department (I guess). Again, all events are spooky and/or dangerous; the C.I.A. has become the counterpart of the K.G.B. In the final scene, Bob and Ludmilla, hand in hand, leap from the Staten Island ferry, but long before that the play—such as it is—has perished of a surfeit of itself. The production, under the nimble direction of Don Scardino, is ingenious, and gives some coherence to a script that is essentially jumpy, for all its high spirits. (I am not ungrateful for high spirits.) Steven Culp is very good as Bob, and he is ably supported by the other actors, most of them in multiple roles, who include Sloane Shelton, Peter Crombie, Lola Pashalinski, Robert Stanton, and Leslie Lyles, as Ludmilla. John Arnone designed the inventive, witty scenery. Lighting by Joshua Dachs and costumes by David C. Woolard.

THE determining events of Horton Foote's "Lily Dale," at the Samuel Beckett, have taken place several years before the play begins, in 1909. A man named Robedaux, a literate and refined member of the gentry of Harrison, Texas, has died of drink, leaving his wife, son, and daughter destitute. The wife is remarried, to a workingman in Houston, and has taken along her young daughter, Lily Dale, now eighteen years old. Her son,

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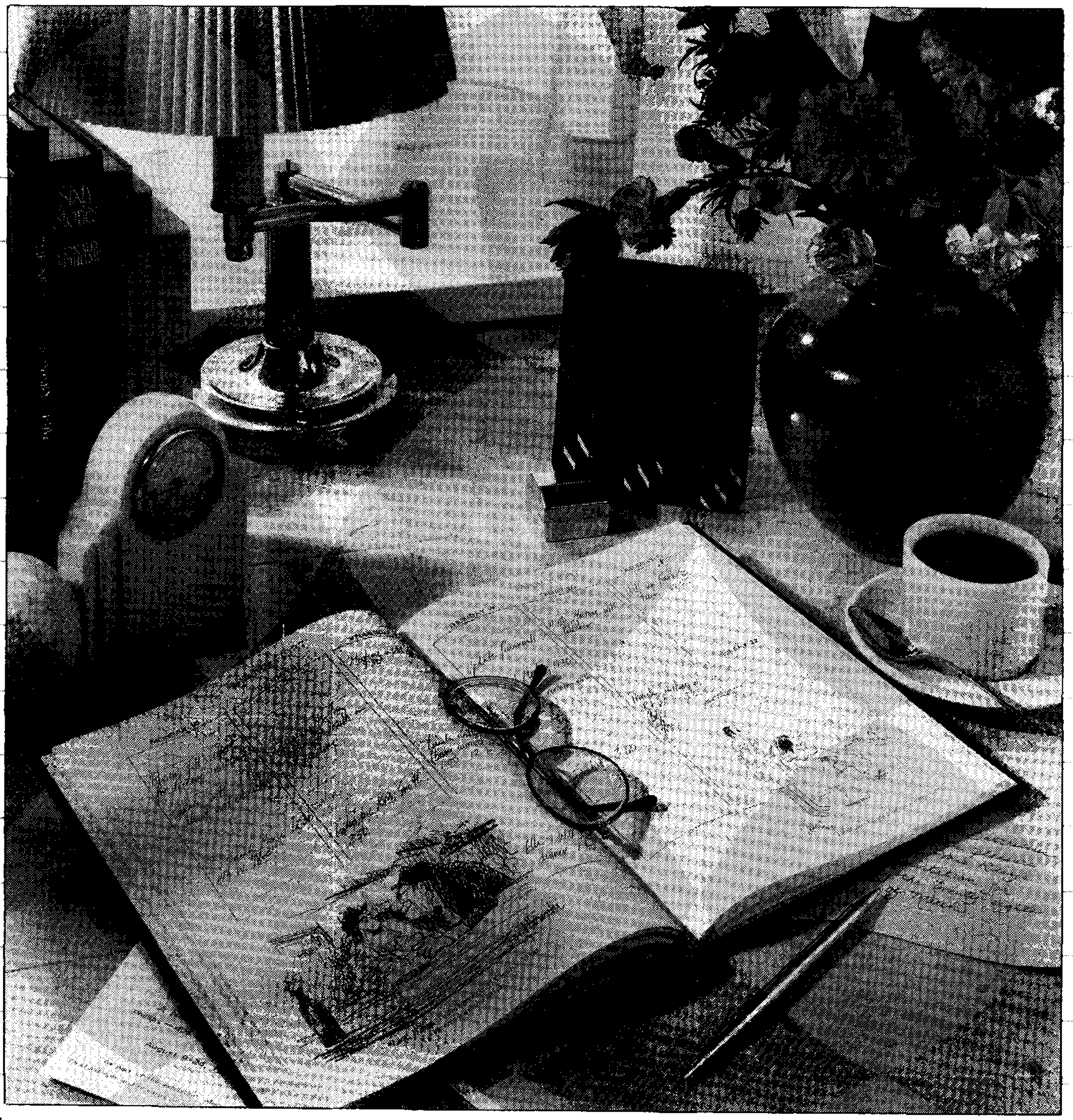

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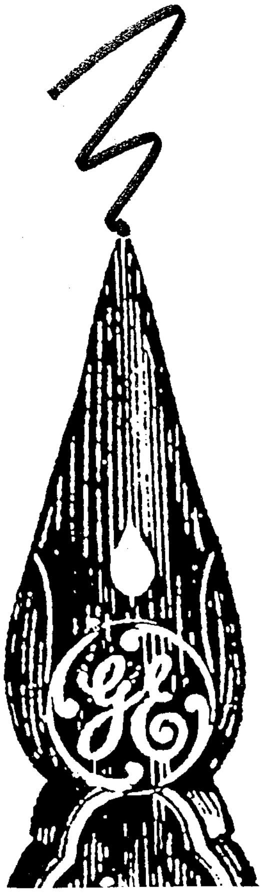

Horace, has remained in Harrison. He is now nineteen, and we meet him on the train to Houston, where he is going to visit his mother, sister, and stepfather. The play tells the story of that disastrous visit, with class abrasions, hurt feelings, and general unease on all sides. "Lily Dale," one of a series of nine full-length plays that Mr. Foote has written about Harrison and its citizens, is essentially a story of character rather than action. It is not especially theatrical, but it is entirely trustworthy—anyway, I believed every word of it. The performance goes well enough, I guess. Molly Ringwald is Lily Dale, a bitchy, hyperactive little showoff, whose spate of chatter barely conceals the panic underneath; Don Bloomfield is sensitive, dismayed Horace; Julie Heberlein is their quiet, defeated mother; Greg Zittel is the coarse, uncomfortable new husband; and Johnny Kline is a cheerful, confident suitor of Lily's. Mr. Bloomfield and Mr. Zittel are very good. William Alderson directed, and the setting, lights, and costumes were designed by Daniel Conway, John Hastings, and Deborah Shaw, respectively.

IT would be tempting to just skip Mark Medoff's "The Hands of Its Enemy," a profoundly trashy work at the Manhattan Theatre Club, if it were not for the presence in the company of Jeffrey De Munn. Mr. De Munn is forced to waste his considerable power and truthfulness as an actor on the fake role of the impassioned director of a college play who is a temporarily reformed alcoholic. There is more to the part than that, but nothing worth going into. The show runs through December 7th.

—EDITH OLIVER

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MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Tulsa* (*Okla.*) *World*]

MINNEAPOLIS (AP)—Georgia O'Keeffe's "Oriental Poppies" looks great hanging just as it has for nearly 30 years, say officials of the University of Minnesota Art Museum.

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[*Adv. in the Los Angeles Times*]

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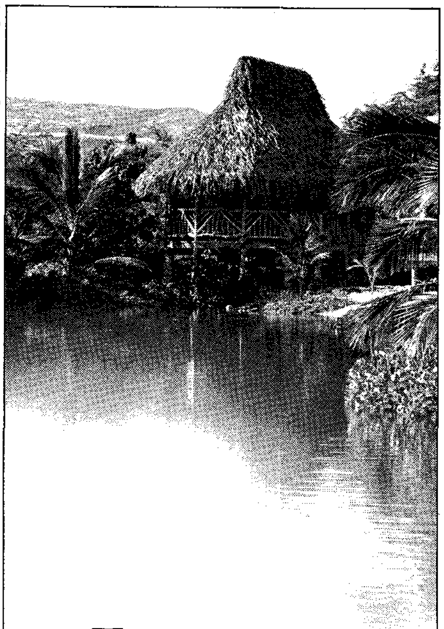

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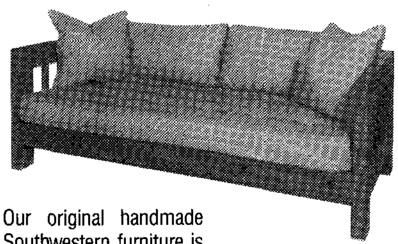

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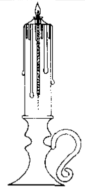

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BOOKS

Children's Books for Christmas

As we all know, there are boys' books and girls' books. Jack London's "Call of the Wild," originally written for adults, has become a boys' book. "The Secret Garden," by Frances Hodgson Burnett, is a girls' book. The distinction is not absolute, and more girls read boys' books than vice versa. I was once mad about "The Call of the Wild" *and* "The Secret Garden." Reading them again, I find that the message of "The Secret Garden" remains shiny and bright, while many of London's ideas are tarnished and outworn—particularly his obsession with pride, breeding, grit, and virility. But there is still power and romance in his story of a dog kidnapped from a comfortable domestic life and sold into slavery in the Arctic, where he works as a sled dog until, after many heartbreaking vicissitudes, he forsakes civilization to join his wild cousins the wolves. As the dog hears "the call," his racial memory is awakened; he feels "a great unrest . . . wild yearnings and stirrings." Reading the book at the age of ten, I, too, felt wild yearnings and stirrings, especially at passages like this: "Behind him were the shades of all manner of dogs, half-wolves and wild wolves, urgent and prompting. . . . And when, on still, cold nights he pointed his nose at a star and howled, long and wolf-like, it was his ancestors, dead and dust, pointing nose at star and howling down through the centuries and through him." In its time (the book was published in 1903), London's throbbing prose enthralled grown men, and it is not surprising that it still thrills ten-year-old boys. If this is what it takes to hook them as readers, so be it.

"The Secret Garden" has inspired equally ardent devotion in the hearts of little girls since its publication, in 1911. There is hardly a literate female alive who hasn't read and loved it. "Rapturous obsession" is the way a children's-book reviewer recently described the feeling it once aroused in her. Unlike many other classics, it has continued to sell. Its copyright expires at the end of the year, and a number of publishers have seized the opportunity to bring out new editions. "The Secret Garden" is a Cinderella story whose heroine goes from emotional rags to emotional riches. It is a rebirth-and-redemption story, a dawning-of-love story, and a celebration of the powers of the Nature Goddess, with a hint at the powers of Pan. Mary Lennox, its ten-year-old heroine, a horribly spoiled, lonely, and difficult little girl, suddenly orphaned, finds herself living at her uncle's great manor house on the Yorkshire moors. Brontëan gloom and mystery pervade the house. The family's dreadful secret, Mary discovers, is the tragedy of Colin, a sickly boy of ten, whose mother died giving birth to him, and whose father, Mary's uncle, finding the child an unbearable reminder of his loss, has abandoned him to the care of nurses. Everyone, including the boy himself, believes that he is too fragile to go out-of-doors. Colin represents everything that is alienated, unnatural, and imprisoned. The opposite side of the coin is Dickon, a twelve-year-old peasant boy, with whom Mary falls in love. It is, of course, not overt love, but love is implicit in all Mary's thoughts about him. She loves his wide mouth, the clean, fresh scent of heather and grass that clings to him, the way he charms wild animals with his reed pipes, and the rough naturalness of everything he does. (As I reread the book, I couldn't help thinking of D. H. Lawrence's gamekeeper, and that the story's subliminal suggestion of passion may be one of the reasons young readers respond so ardently to it.) Mary discovers an abandoned rose garden hidden behind a high wall and finds a key to unlock the little green door. She leads Dickon to it. Working together, they bring the garden back to life and, in the course of this glorious resurrection, transform Colin and restore him to health. Of course, Mary, too, is changed from a horrid little girl into a lovely little girl. Wish-fulfilling fantasies throng the pages of the book: the healing power of nature,

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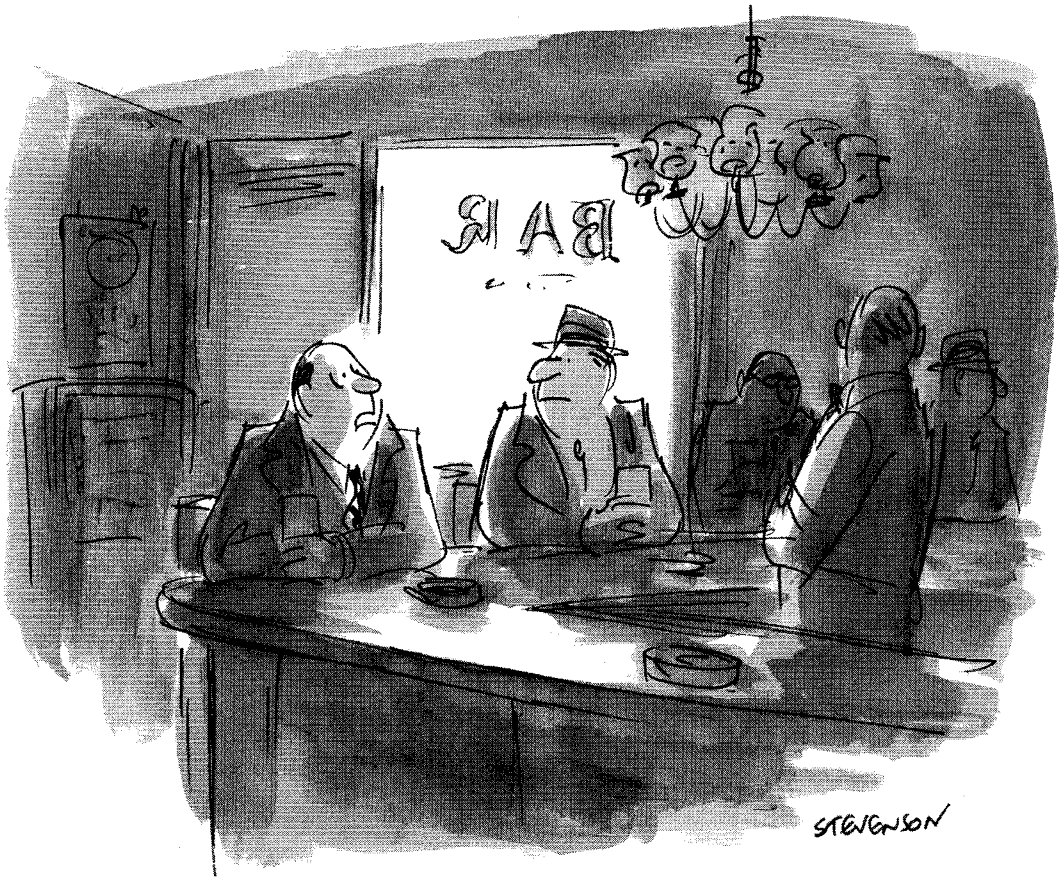


"I feel like all of a sudden my entire life is in the hands of some guy named Poindexter."

• •

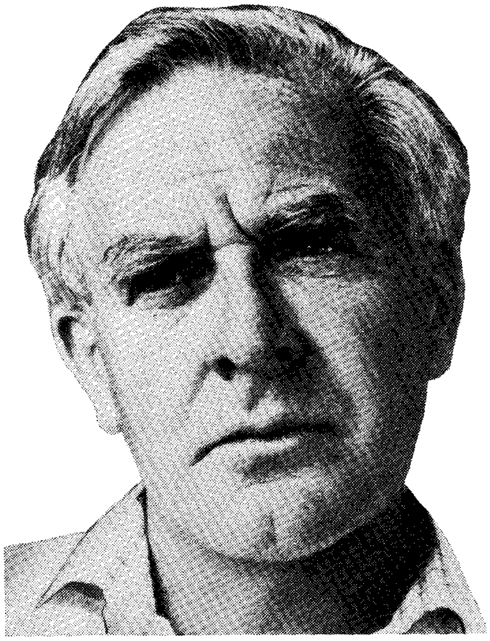
the magic of the will to survive, the power of love and nurture to conquer all evil. Who would be Scrooge enough to call such delightful ideas humbug? Not I.

When she began to write "The Secret Garden," in 1909, Frances Hodgson Burnett was fifty-nine and nearing the end of a long and brilliant literary career. "Little Lord Fauntleroy," published in 1886, had been a huge best-seller. Her other major children's book, "A Little Princess," published in 1905, was also a great hit, but it was her romantic novels for adults, of which she wrote scores, that had made her famous. "The Secret Garden" caused no great stir when it was published. No one would have imagined then that it would survive as her chef-d'œuvre.

As a child, I never thought of authors as real people. Since then, I've learned not only that they are human, as opposed to Olympian, but that their fiction is made up of bits and pieces of their inner selves rearranged to form new patterns. The temptation to trace this evolution can be irresistible, and when I recently discovered that Burnett had written a memoir of her childhood, "The One I Knew the Best of All," published eighteen years before "The Secret Garden," I read it eagerly, looking for the real little girl parts of whom became Mary Lennox.

Frances Hodgson was born in Manchester, in 1849, into a comfortable household presided over by a sweet and gentle Mamma. There were two slightly older boys, and two younger sisters would soon arrive. There was a nurse, and a maid. There was a remote but amiable Papa, and a Grandmamma who wore a lace cap and kept sweets in a silver snuffbox in her pocket. Frances was a plump, rosy child with auburn hair. Her earliest memory was the jerk of a comb through her curls. When Frances was three, her father died suddenly. She was carried into the bedroom where he lay, and would always remember gazing down at him solemnly "without comprehension and without fear." A few years later, a classmate died, and this second view of death filled her with appropriate awe. Determined to test for herself the reported "coldness of death," she touched the dead boy's cheek. She found it "not as cold as ice or as cold as snow," but it had a "soft chillness" that held "no possibility of . . . ever being warmed." All through her life, Frances seldom took anything for granted.

After Frances's father's death, her mother ran his business—he was a silversmith and ironmonger—and managed to preserve an increasingly precarious gentility. The family moved close to Manchester's slums, where Frances glimpsed a raw violence and squalor that fascinated her. Her first novel was based on a scene she witnessed from a nursery window: a ragged girl defied her brutal father with an innate dignity that transformed her, in Frances's eyes, into a Princess in Disguise. This became a favorite theme. In her memoir Frances Hodgson Burnett dwells with feeling on her early discovery of books. Her first book, "The Little Flower Book," had a gorgeous illustration of a flower for each letter of the alphabet. Small, plump Frances sat on a hassock absorbed for hours in its beauty. The flowers were so real that as she looked "there grew before one's eyes the whole garden." Soon after learning to read, Frances plunged into adult literature. By eight or nine, she had read such writers as Walter Scott, James Fenimore Cooper, Harriet Beecher Stowe, and Dickens, and shelves of *Blackwood's Magazine*—a high-calorie diet that fed an ever-hungry imagination. When she was not reading, she was telling herself stories inspired by what she read. Sequestered in a sort of wigwam beneath the sitting-room table, with a doll that became the heroine of the moment, she spent hours devising "thrilling histories," which were told in a whisper, lest she be overheard. After a time, it occurred to



John le Carré

HIS GREAT NOVEL about spying and the nature of the spy himself was published six months ago and at once acclaimed as "his best book," "enthralling," "absorbing," "awesome," while Le Carré was heralded as a "master novelist" and, of course, the "perfect spy novelist." "The most accomplished novel of any kind I've read thus far this year," said *Newsday.* And in a front-page review by Frank Conroy, *The New York Times Book Review* called it "A rich novel [with] a tense balance between the narrative drive of the plot and the intelligent, artful richness of the style ...A splendid book."

A Perfect Spy quickly became Le Carré's ninth great success, immediately reaching Number One on American bestseller lists. (It had already been chosen as his fifth consecutive Book-of-the-Month Club Main Selection.) And now—more than 300,000 copies later—it continues to astonish and move readers here and around the world. For its American success has been duplicated wherever the book has appeared.

In England it has topped the bestseller list, outselling all previous Le Carré novels. "Without doubt his masterpiece," said *The Sunday Times.* "A masterpiece," said *The Mail on Sunday,* "a deeply personal mystery from a real magician. He has brought himself in from the cold." And references to the personal aspects of this book have been an element of its reception in many other countries: "Definitely the most literary, assured, fascinating and autobiographical of Le Carré's novels,"said *Lire,* Paris. *El Diario* of Madrid said, "This is a confession, public yet intimate, shameless yet modest, transparent yet cryptic." And from Holland: "Le Carré uncovers the soul of the spy."

Everywhere immense success has followed immense acclaim. And readers in many countries seem to be echoing the final assessment of *L'Académie Goncourt* in Paris: *"A Perfect Spy* puts Le Carré in that small club of great Western novelists, and one shouldn't be afraid to say so."

We hope you have already read

A PERFECT SPY

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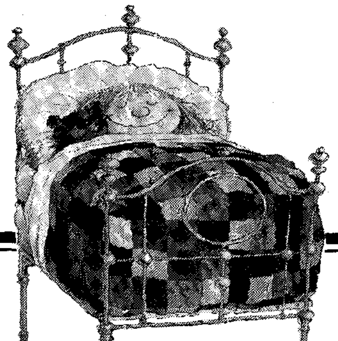

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her to write favorite scenes on her slate, and she soon progressed to pencil and paper, filling the cook's discarded notebooks with wildly romantic and sentimental stuff imitating the stories in the *Young Ladies' Halfpenny Journal.*

Frances attended a Select Seminary for Young Ladies and Gentlemen, and there her ability to make up stories was discovered by a classmate. She often entertained a small group during sewing class, reeling off episodes of what would now be called soap opera—the adventures of a beautiful heroine named Edith Somerville, whose romance with Cecil Castleton was constantly interrupted by ghastly misunderstandings and misfortunes. In this way, Frances began what would become her all-consuming lifework. At school, thanks to richer classmates, she glimpsed the world of the local aristocracy, and she found it enchanting. She became aware, too, of the terrible importance of class. The distance between rich and poor in England was immense, and nearly impossible to cross—a situation whose dramatic possibilities she used many times in her novels.

We tend to imagine that a hundred years ago the world was still unspoiled. In fact, industrial cities like Manchester were even grimmer and grittier than they are today. Frances remembered her childhood as lived under the shadow of factory chimneys that darkened everything with smoke. Even the clouds were tarnished, and a soft drift of soot never ceased to fall. She adored visiting the country, and cherished an early memory of playing in a garden in which everything was fragrant and green and full of the magic of spring. No. 16 Islington Square, the house to which the Widow Hodgson had moved her family, looked out on a landscape of dark pavements and slate roofs, usually shining with rain. Nevertheless, it was near the square that Frances found another magical garden. It belonged to a vacant mansion and was enclosed by a high brick wall with a little green door that was always locked, creating a tantalizing mystery. One day, to her delight, Frances found the door ajar. She pushed it open and entered. The long-neglected garden had become a wasteland of cinders and weeds, but Frances refused to surrender to reality. She walked slowly about, "pretending with all her power," and in her mind's eye the garden was transformed: dirt and rubbish became beds of flow-

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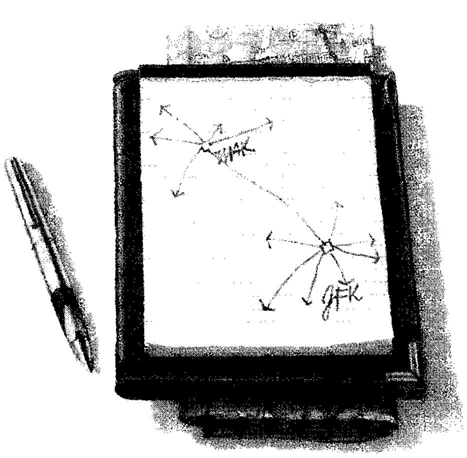

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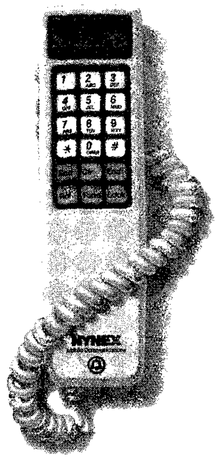

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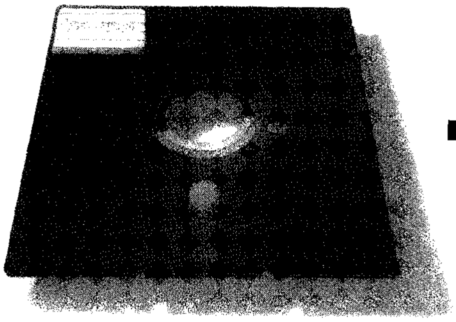

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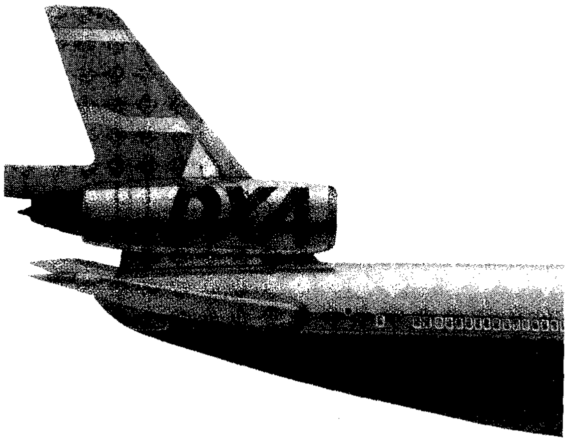

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ers. She declared the dockweeds to be lilies and, she later wrote, "to every poor green thing struggling for life in the hard earth . . . gave a lovely name." A lifetime later, she entered the garden again, in her imagination, and this time her fantasy became the "The Secret Garden."

A recurrent theme in Frances Hodgson Burnett's novels is a sudden reversal of fortune—rags to riches, or vice versa. In her day, this happened frequently in real life. It happened to the Hodgson family when the Civil War cut off the supply of American cotton on which Manchester's looms depended. Many factories closed, and an economic depression gripped the city. Mrs. Hodgson often looked anxious and harassed. One day, Frances saw her mother's hands tremble as she took off her bonnet. "I am afraid I am not a very good businesswoman," Mrs. Hodgson said, and Frances realized how troubled her mother was. Then a great event occurred—a letter from an uncle in America inviting the family to join him in Tennessee, where the Hodgson boys might find work. On May 11, 1865, the Hodgsons sailed for the New World. They were hardly prepared for the log cabin in the tiny frontier town of New Market, twenty-five miles from Knoxville, in which they ultimately found themselves.

For Frances, who was fifteen, life in the wilds of Tennessee was "newly, strangely beautiful." New Market was "a curious little village—one paved street of wooden houses . . . with trees everywhere, and forests and hills." She found it marvellous "to get up at sunrise and go out into the exquisite freshness . . . to wander through the green aisles of tall, broadleaved, dew-wet Indian corn . . . to climb the hill and wander into the woods . . . to inhale the odor of warm pines . . . and pungent, aromatic things." Unfortunately, while Frances continued her rapturous discovery of nature, and wrote reams of stories for her own pleasure, her brothers found little work. Over the next several years, the family's fortunes sank alarmingly. "We are decayed ladies and gentlemen," Frances thought as she pondered what to do about it. With many misgivings, she sent one of her stories to the editor of a magazine. Suspecting plagiarism, he asked to see a second, and then, marvel of marvels, sent her a check for thirty-five dollars for the two. She was eighteen, and her professional life had begun.

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"Waiting for the Party," published by Scribners in 1974—tells us what happened next. The rosy child of the memoir grew up to be a short, rather heavy woman with strong, plain features and large, expressive brown eyes. She loved frilly clothes, and late in life, when her curls ceased to be auburn, she dyed them. Sadly, she, who wove so many fantasies of romantic love, appears to have found little of it in her own life. At twenty-three, she married—reluctantly, it seems—Swan Burnett, a doctor who had courted her for seven years, and the couple moved to Washington, D.C. They had two sons. After an estrangement of many years, they were divorced. Frances Hodgson Burnett adored her boys, and the death of the older, Lionel, at fifteen, was a devastating blow. Fortunately, her younger son, Vivian, survived, and gave his mother loyalty and affection to the end of her days. At fifty, after a long relationship, she married Dr. Stephen Townesend, ten years her junior. Townesend treated her badly, and it was only with difficulty that she got him out of her life. Love may have failed her, but her imagination never did. She wrote incessantly, and referred to herself as a "pen-driving machine." Her work became a stack of more than fifty novels and dozens of short stories. She wrote to earn money, earned a great deal, and spent it quickly. If she lacked romantic love, she had the solace of enormous fame, literary prestige, and an entrée into the most interesting salons of England and America.

Frances Hodgson Burnett was living in Plandome, Long Island, when she began "The Secret Garden." Ten years earlier, she had rented an estate in England and discovered there an abandoned orchard. She had the weeds cleared and roses planted to climb the walls. It may have been at this point that the idea for "The Secret Garden" crystallized, but to write it she must have gone back into the mind of the child in Manchester who lived under eternally smoky skies and dreamed of the far-off, unspoiled country. "The Secret Garden" was published when Frances Hodgson Burnett was sixty-one. Reading the book aloud to the children of friends, she cried and laughed as she read. She had become a commanding old lady who smoked Turkish cigarettes and was always eager to be a fairy godmother, giving people things and interfering in their lives as she sought to make fantasies come true in real life as she made them

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do on paper. Though her literary star had set, she continued to write for another ten years. Work sustained her spirits during the trials of old age. After an illness, she told Vivian, "When I seemed to be actually dying, there suddenly passed through my brain a new book." In her last days, she sat propped up in bed writing on blue-lined paper. She died in 1924, four weeks short of her seventy-fifth birthday.

THIS year, we have another bountiful harvest of new books. As usual, I've found so many I like that choosing is difficult—especially among picture books for young children, a category that seems to get better all the time. From this embarrassment of riches I venture to recommend the following books, beginning with ones for the youngest:

The Random House Book of Mother Goose, selected and illustrated by Arnold Lobel (Random House; $14.95). In this collection, Mother Goose—that very old ragbag of weird, sometimes wonderful, often arbitrary and puzzling snippets from a forgotten past—glows with renewed youth, thanks to the genius of Arnold Lobel. His illustrations are so abundant, and so full of color, fun, and imagination, that the book is not to be missed.

Billy Goats Gruff, by Susan Hellard (Putnam; $10.95). The goats, you'll remember, match wits with an ugly old troll who hides under a bridge hoping to eat them up. In this exciting version, flaps of the pages can be lifted to reveal, to our astonishment, just what the troll is doing at each moment—reading a book of goat recipes, for instance. A sure winner for ages two to five.

Mr. Little's Noisy Car, by Richard Fowler (Grosset & Dunlap; $9.95). This more complex, and even more amazing, lift-the-flap book concerns Mr. Little's efforts to start his jalopy, which is emitting strange grunts, growls, hisses, and squeaks. Lifting the flaps, we discover a bear in the front seat, mice in the back seat, an elephant in the trunk, and much more. A truly inventive, amusing book for the very young.

Five Minutes' Peace, by Jill Murphy (Putnam; $9.95). A funny little picture book about the trials of motherhood. Mrs. Large, an elephant, yearns for just five minutes *alone* in a hot bath, but she is pursued even there by her loving brood. A story that will

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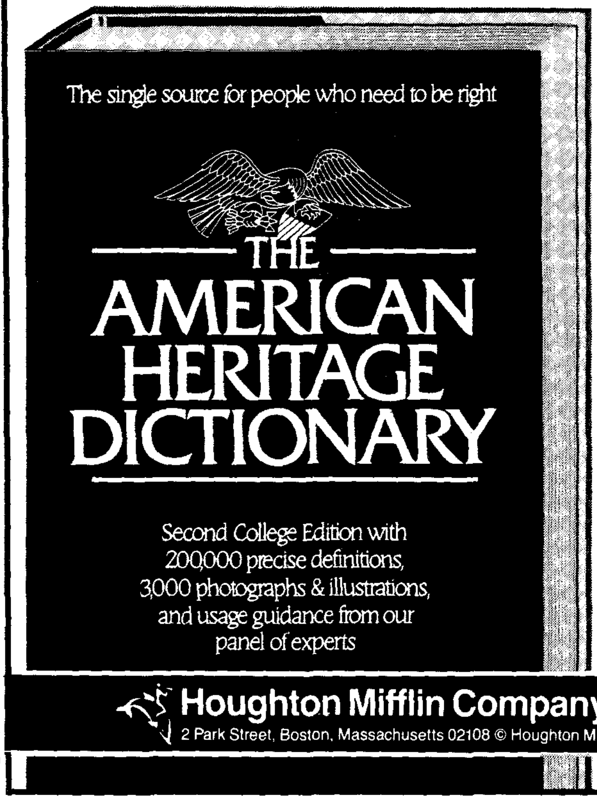
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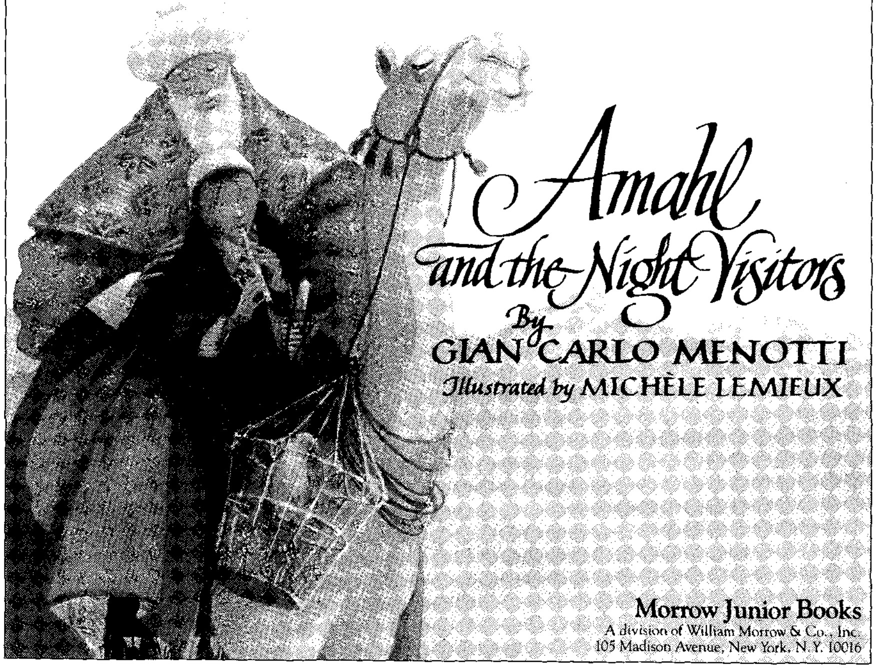
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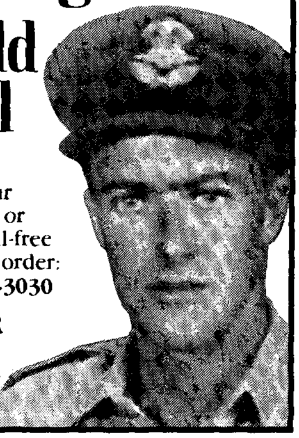

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strike a responsive chord in mothers everywhere, and may possibly give little ones a new point of view.

GOAT'S TRAIL, by Brian Wildsmith (Knopf; $10.95). Large, lovely watercolors tell the story of a goat who leaves a mountaintop to investigate the town below. On the way, he picks up an entourage of assorted animals and leads them, Pied Piper fashion, through town. Spaces cut out of every other page offer tantalizing glimpses of what lies ahead.

TOMIE DEPAOLA'S FAVORITE NURSERY TALES, by Tomie dePaola (Putnam; $17.95). A generous collection of familiar favorites for the bedtime-reading-aloud stage, with plenty of Tomie dePaola's cheerful, stylized illustrations. There are thirty stories and poems in this nice, fat book (a bargain worth noting), with sufficient variety to cover quite a wide span—from age two or three up to six or seven.

PADDY TO THE RESCUE, by John S. Goodall (Atheneum; $8.95). In another entrancing, wordless picture book, John S. Goodall adds a new chapter to the adventures of Paddy Pork, the Edwardian pig. Hearing screams, Paddy rushes to the rescue of a lovely lady pig and pursues her assailant, a ratlike robber, in a breathtaking chase, to a triumphant conclusion. This series of little books by a distinguished British artist has a unique charm.

POEMS FOR YOUNG CHILDREN, compiled by Caroline Royds, illustrated by Inga Moore (Doubleday; $9.95). An exceptionally well-chosen collection of verses by a wide range of first-rank poets, from William Blake to E. E. Cummings and Robert Frost. It will be a pleasure to read aloud. The illustrations are conventional and appealing.

THE following picture books are more sophisticated:

DOCTOR CHANGE, by Joanna Cole, illustrated by Donald Carrick (Morrow; $11.75). The ingenious story of a young lad, Tom, who discovers that his employer, Dr. Change, can take any shape he wishes and, what's worse, use his evil magic to keep Tom a prisoner. Luckily, Tom learns the Doctor's secret spells. There ensues a fine battle of wits before Tom gets the best of this nasty man.

BRAVE IRENE, by William Steig (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $12.95). Irene's mother, the dressmaker, cannot deliver a ball gown to the Duchess and

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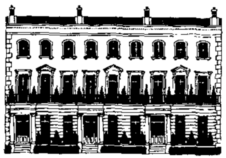

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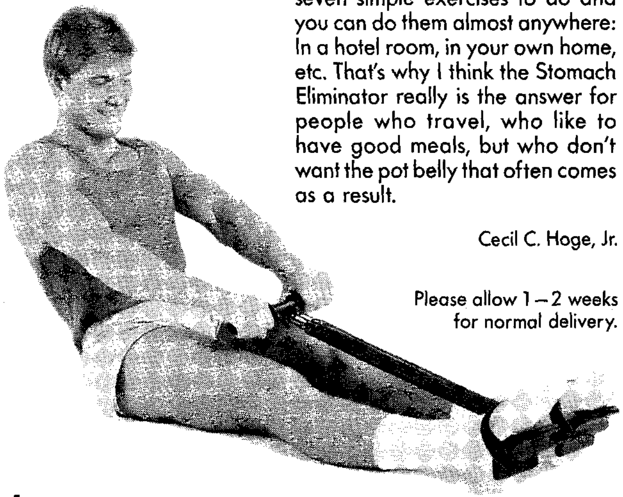
THE LITTLE JEWEL BOX, by Marianna Mayer, illustrated by Margot Tomes (Dial; $10.95). In this modern fairy tale, it is a young girl who sets out to seek adventure and a handsome prince who sits passively in his father's castle waiting to be won. And in place of a genie in a bottle Marianna Mayer gives us three grumpy fat men in a box. The adventures of the dauntless Isabel take many surpising twists and turns, and are complemented by Margot Tomes' lively illustrations.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN, retold and illustrated by Paul O. Zelinsky (Dutton; $12.95). A dozen rich oil paintings by this accomplished artist illustrate his version of the ancient German folk tale of the miller's daughter who must spin straw into gold on pain of death. The artist envisions the story in a late-medieval setting, and he makes the most of it, with a romantic realism that brings each scene to life.

AMAHL AND THE NIGHT VISITORS, by Gian Carlo Menotti, illustrated by Michèle Lemieux (Morrow; $15). A lovely presentation of the story told in Menotti's celebrated opera. Amahl is a lame shepherd boy who sees a bright star in the night sky. Astoundingly, three kings knock on the door of the house where he lives with his widowed mother. Before the night is over, Amahl has offered his most precious possession, his crutch, to the Christ Child, and a miracle has taken place. The illustrations are beautiful.

THE TWELVE DANCING PRINCESSES AND OTHER TALES FROM GRIMM, edited by Naomi Lewis, illustrated by Lidia Postma (Dial; $14.95). Naomi Lewis has done a splendid job of adapting this collection of fourteen folk tales. Some are familiar—Hansel and Gretel, Cinderella—but most are less well known, and are worth discovering. The illustrations, full of eerie magic, make this an elegant book.

SIR CEDRIC RIDES AGAIN, by Roy Gerrard (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $11.95). The further adventures of Sir Cedric, chivalry's least bold knight, take him and his entourage to the Holy Land, where his wife, Fat Matilda the Pure, and their daughter,



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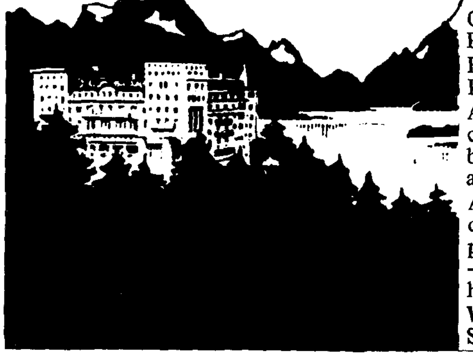

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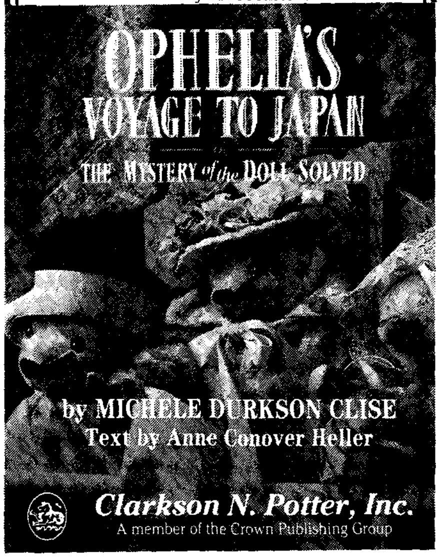

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Edwina the Pest, are abducted by a horrible sheik, Abdul the Heavy, who intends to add Edwina to his harem and make Matilda his cook. Roy Gerrard tells us how these dreadful fates are averted in a verse-story that complements his inspired illustrations. This is straight-faced comedy of a high order, and handsome, too.

Visiting the Art Museum, by Laurene Krasny Brown and Marc Brown (Dutton; $11.95). Sounds dull, doesn't it? Surprisingly, it quickly captures the reader, and we traipse happily along as Mommy, Daddy, two little kids, and the baby wind their way from Egyptian mummies to Greek statues and forge on through the Renaissance gallery, the eighteenth century, and the Impressionists, traverse the twentieth century, and come out triumphant, all (except the baby) amazed to find they've had a great time. The story is rendered in animated-cartoon style. The art on the walls is full-color reproductions of the real thing.

The Flight of the Pterosaurs: A Pop-Up Book, by Keith Moseley (Simon & Schuster; $13.95). No Christmas list is complete without a dinosaur or two. Here we have weird winged creatures of the Triassic shown in evocative illustrations and with a lyrical text, which emphasizes their strange beauty. The book is garnished with pop-up bits that are regrettably fragile but enhance its effect.

A Tournament of Knights, by Joe Lasker (Crowell; $12.89). The factual story of a medieval tournament and of a young, untried knight who must defend his honor and his father's fortune against a powerful challenger. Exciting, vivid illustrations take us behind the scenes to show us the weapons, the arming of the champion (a knight had to stand for two hours while his suit was riveted onto him), and, finally, the stirring combat and the cheering crowd. The text is brief, and we regret only that we are not given more.

The Story of a Castle, by John S. Goodall (Deutsch; $12.95). This versatile artist likes to explore Britain's past by means of paintings that show a single place during successive periods in its history. Here he begins with Normans choosing a site for a castle and gives us scenes in the lives of its occupants over the centuries—until, eight hundred years later, the castle's present-day owners open it to the public, and tourists troop through the great arched doorway where men-

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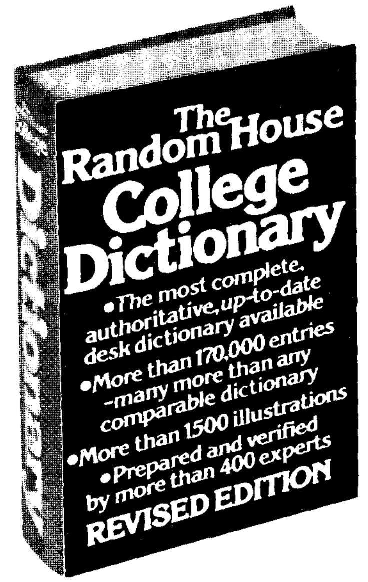
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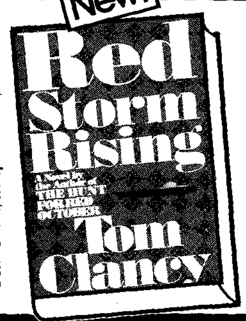

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THE following are what are called in the school-and-library trade "chapter books"—as opposed to picture story books. I'll begin with two short novels for age seven or eight:

HUGH PINE AND THE GOOD PLACE, by Janwillem van de Wetering, illustrated by Lynn Munsinger (Houghton Mifflin; $10.95). Hugh Pine is a porcupine and is solitary by nature, but the world and its troubles just won't leave him alone. His search for the perfect contemplative life takes him to a deserted island and home again to discover that perfection lies within. This fantasy is gently funny, genuine, and touching. The drawings are irresistible.

ADAM DRAWS HIMSELF A DRAGON, by Irina Korschunow, translated from the German by James Skofield, and illustrated by Mary Rahn (Harper & Row; $9.95). The other kids taunt Adam for being fat and awkward and dumb. Then a tiny dragon, small enough to fit into his book bag, becomes his friend and miraculously changes his life. An engaging tale, which shows us that the psychology of failure can be turned around.

THE LAUGH BOOK: A NEW TREASURY OF HUMOR FOR CHILDREN, compiled by Joanna Cole and Stephanie Calmenson, illustrated by Marylin Hafner (Doubleday; $14.95). A truly generous helping of amusement: two hundred and eighty-nine pages of jokes, riddles, tongue twisters, limericks, puzzles, poems, and even short stories, lavishly illustrated in black-and-white. All of it is top of the line—surefire stuff of childhood merriment.

THE SUN, by Seymour Simon (Morrow; $13), and STARS, by Seymour Simon (Morrow; $13). Two books whose remarkably understandable texts, illustrated with gorgeous photographs, introduce us to the mysteries of the universe. Each book is fascinating and brief. Since the two slim volumes complement each other perfectly, the reader can't help wishing they had been combined.

TO SPACE AND BACK, by Sally Ride, with Susan Okie (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard; $14.95). In June, 1983, Sally Ride and four male astronauts spent a week circling the earth in a space shuttle. She describes the experience in a straightforward account that bypasses the technical and focusses on how it feels to eat, drink, and float

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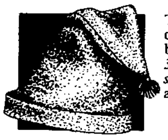
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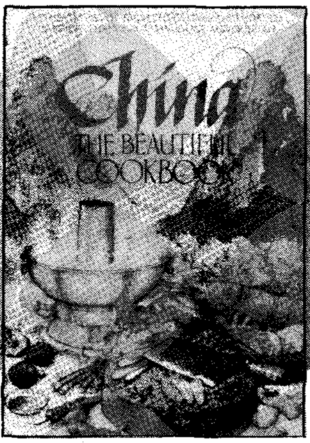

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around in a weightless environment. If one forgets the danger, the experience seems terrific. The book is handsome, and is illustrated with spectacular photographs.

CLEM: THE STORY OF A RAVEN, by Jennifer Owings Dewey (Dodd, Mead; $11.95). Clem, a bedraggled orphan bird, is brought home in a hat. "Right from the start we love this big, ugly baby," the author writes. "And right from the start he loves us back." Her account of life with Clem in the mountains near Santa Fe is sensitive and meticulously reported, without being sentimental—a charming book for anyone who loves wild creatures.

THE LATE, GREAT DICK HART, by Bernal C. Payne, Jr. (Houghton Mifflin; $12.95). A strange fantasy about a boy, Tom, whose deceased chum magically reappears and entices him across the frontier into the world of the dead—a happy, sunny land where time stands still. There is poignancy in Tom's longing to rejoin his friend, and suspense as he must decide whether to remain. A ghost story of unusual power.

MANY WATERS, by Madeleine L'Engle (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $12.95). A fanciful flight backward in time, which extends the trilogy begun with Madeleine L'Engle's much-loved novel "A Wrinkle in Time." Her heroes, the twins Sandy and Dennys Murry, push the wrong button on their father's computer and wake up in a strange desert land populated by Seraphim, Nephilim (fallen angels), and a primitive tribe, which turns out to be that of Noah. The twins keep their twentieth-century cool through many adventures as they wait for the rain to begin. —FAITH McNULTY

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WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the newsletter of the Division of Nuclear Chemistry and Technology of the American Chemical Society*]

Congratulations to these new officers of the Division.

The Executive Committee expresses their appreciation to all of the candidates in the recent election for their participation. With such commitments, the Division would quickly cease to function.

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The Morenci Post Office has changed its operating hours to better serve the community. The window will not be open from 8 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. Monday through Friday, and 6:30 to 11:30 a.m. Saturday.
—*Morenci (Mich.) Observer.*

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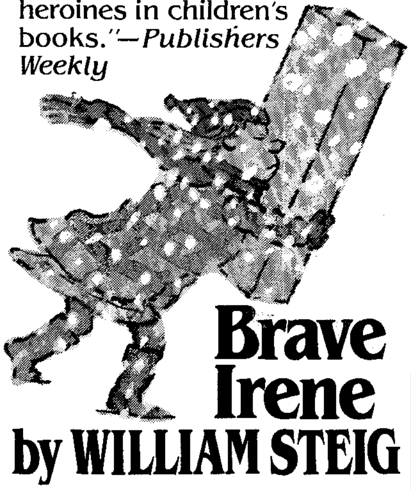

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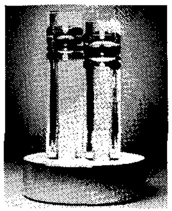

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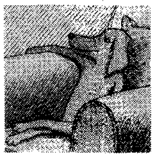

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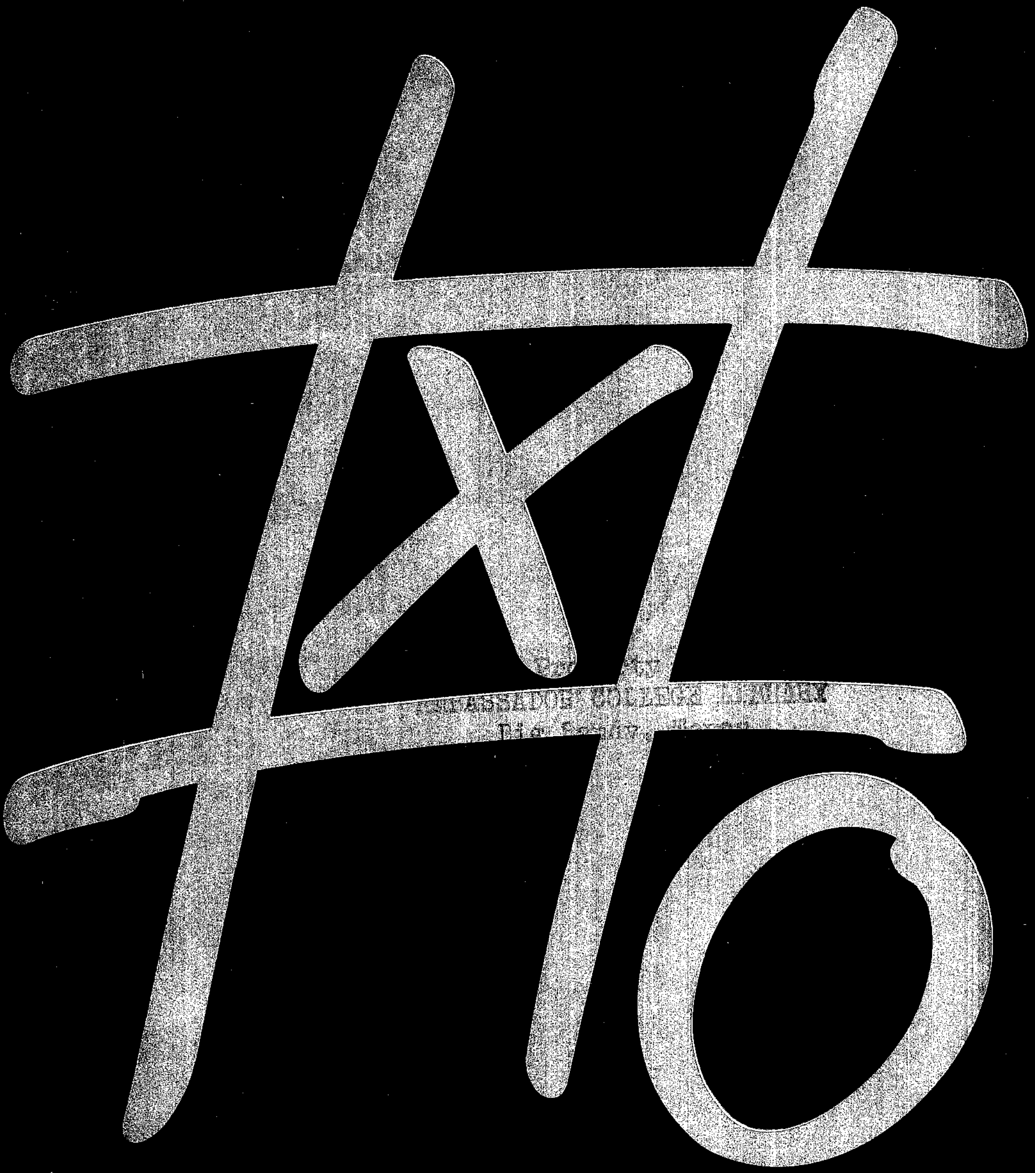

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